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# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

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# THE TOWER LIGHT

Vol. IX

OCTOBER, 1935

No. 1

# Principles to Live By in College

N Friday, September twenty-seventh, Dr. Gerald S. Craig of Columbia University spoke to the County Superintendents and Supervisors and a group of State and County members of Boards of Education, here at College. The meeting was called by the State Superintendent of Education, Dr. Albert S. Cook. More than one hundred guests of the State Department sat with us for luncheon in Newell Hall. But I mentioned Dr. Craig in the beginning because as he was discussing biological and physical sciences he stressed truths and principles applicable to the social sciences and to sociology, indeed applicable to one's individual philosophy for living. Does truth change? Yes. Then as a student and a person you should be conscious that all progress is based upon this fundamental. As new truths are discovered—life in the home, the streets, the church and the school may of necessity be revolutionized. Are we always conscious of this? Or do we rebel?

"Throughout our lives we must understand the relationship of cause and effect"—again said Dr. Craig. This principle applies to material, financial, and emotional situations. A man is wise who seeks for causes back of results. This year it might be profitable for you emotionally as well as intellectually to examine your attitude toward change and changes, and also to examine your understandings of effects and their causes. Tennyson in his Locksley Hall speaks of men's minds being widened "by the process of the suns." College is the time in particular for taking on new habits of living and thinking. Get used to

change; make one of your habits that of critical inquiry. Add to these the quality of idealism, of creative design, with which you are all by

nature endowed and which your college life should foster.

See to it that your higher education encourages and develops these three qualities in you. It is the problem of the faculty of the college to watch and guard and stimulate these principles in you, and in themselves, or the precious years at college may fatally thwart your growth and progress. These years can also militate to change through you, in later years, the course of human affairs for the worse or for the better. May the year's work become a revelation for every student in our college, from Freshman Class to Senior Group.

LIDA LEE TALL.

#### a 62

# Happy Entering

(With apologies to Guy Lombardo)

NE of the pleasantest experiences of returning to college in the fall is the welcoming of freshmen. We, the freshmen of last year and sophomores of today, were especially eager for this event, for we still remembered our royal welcome to this institution. We, too, were anxious to be hosts and hostesses, meeting our new fellow students and making new friends. Our anticipation was rewarded by the attractive, intelligent freshmen who joined our ranks. It will take some time for all of us to know all of you, but already strange faces are becoming familiar and new leaders are being recognized. It is with great pleasure

that we now greet you as one of us.

Have you ever considered your advantages as freshmen? Just think how convenient it is to have the ever ready alibi, "I'm sorry—I didn't know." (Don't take this too seriously. It isn't always accepted, as you have probably discovered.) A more serious and far deeper advantage lies in the fact that yours is the first freshman class to enter State Teachers College at Towson. Are you not eager to grow and thus aid your college to grow? Here is an opportunity to make new friends, new impressions, to do all those things you wish you had done while in high school. Some of you have four years, some, only three in which to accomplish these extensive achievements. May you make the most of these years, and may you enjoy your stay here!

As a final message of welcome from the Sophomore Class, I wish to repeat those impressive words spoken at the Induction Ceremony, "The Campus is yours; the School is yours; the responsibility is yours."

VIRGINIA HAGERTY, President, Sophomore Class.

## A Freshman Trip on a Wondership

All aboard on the Freshman Special! The first stop is the Administration Building where all receive complimentary tickets to social happenings of the year. The after effects of a train trip are soon over and forgotten when a toast of punch is made at neighboring Newell Hotel. At sunset the "Lighting of the Way" turns our thoughts homeward and to hopes of the future. Campus Frolic brings the last great impression. We're off! Our trip will end only at the terminal "Success."

Muriel Jones,
Acting President,
Students Assoc. for Co-op. Gov.

#### 8 C

# And Now It's My Turn

THAVE listened to precisely thirty-eight accounts of summer vacations. I counted them. And not once was I allowed to tell of my vacation experience. As I am a timid soul and not given to expressing myself verbally, I take this opportunity to unburden myself of the account of my summer (one week, to be exact) at the shore.

Nine people set out in three cars on a bright Sunday norning in August and headed south for the Delaware Bay. I noticed nothing unusual along the way except an unnecessarily large supply of gas stations and three railroad crossings with cemeteries a few feet away. After the first railroad crossing and accompanying graveyard we hesitated to do over thirty-five miles an hour.

The first thing I saw, when we drew up behind a row of cottages at the shore, was the sand. It seemed that this was a beach and when Delawarians have beaches, they do them up right with water and sand and all the fixings. One native reported that it took 3,598,191 barrels of sand to make this one delectable beach. The longer we stayed at the place, the more we became conscious of the sand, but more of that later. Anyhow there was some sand.

Next I turned my attention to the cottages, a sorry-looking array that stretched like a broken necklace of vari-colored wooden beads along the shore. I hoped desperately that that ducky green bungalow at the end of the row was the one we were to occupy. But an hour later I found myself ensconced in a grayish mass of wood that barely

held its red attic above the sand dunes. It wasn't so bad though. At least there were rooms inside.

Needless to say, the first thing we did was eat. I did more than that. I insisted upon upsetting the last of the iced tea into the lap of a table-mate. Not content with that, I wanted to put the pickle jar in the same place, but the lap rebelled; it got up and walked right away.

Then we swam. Oh, boy, how we swam! There were two people among the nine who could swim more than a hundred feet without resting. The others felt lucky if they got their feet off bottom without their heads going under. The breakers were lovely too. They knocked us over and poured sand up our suits. Then they made us twirl about upon the bottom of the ocean like veritable mermaids and mermen. I put a patch in my bathing suit after two days of that.

Now and then, during the week, we took time out between eating and swimming for sleeping. We found it essential, and tho we didn't like the sand that crept insistently into our beds during the night we managed to rest in some measure of peace.

I slept downstairs one night on a couch that had more bumps than the Towson car has stops. The breakers kept me awake until far into the night, and—I have a brother. He has the uncivilized habit of awakening at the ungodly hour of six in the morning. His awakenings were always accompanied by muttered imprecations and the swat of a flyswatter. I broke the fly-swatter one day, but it didn't do any good. He found another one. After two nights, I slept upstairs.

One day we visited a place near the beach that called itself a town. We thought "blot on the landscape" was more truthful, but we compromised by calling it a village. It was the kind of place where the men couldn't find any blades to fit their razors and where the natives never heard of a short chocolate. They called it a "pip." Isn't that cute? Furthermore, they had a Justice of the Peace there who was named Hazzard. Did that mean anything? We didn't ask. We didn't want to get married anyhow.

Speaking of weird names, our beach was named Broadkill. (Did they mean it?) And there was another shore that was called Slaughter Beach. We didn't want to get killed or slaughtered, so we went to Rehoboth now and then—to get away from the murderous atmosphere.

When we were thoroughly full of sand, salt and homicidal names, we went home. Before we left, I added the finishing touches to an already perfect holiday. I upset an intractable ash tray three times, and the last time I poured a pitcher of water over the remains. I spent my last hour mopping the floor. Was I ready to go home! I was.

M. COOLEY

#### Reverie

If I would learn that you had ceased to care, I would not cry, nor show an outward sign, I could not let the world know what despair Was raging 'neath this calm repose of mine. I'd wear my brightest clothes, my sweetest smile, I'd be so gay—no one would ever guess That 'neath that mask (for every little while) I'd sigh, and catch my breath in loneliness. But now, just when I am about to speak, I hear your voice, feel your sweet face so dear, Your lips, a silent pledge against my cheek; And know the comfort in your being near. Now I can greet the day, its beauty see—Sure that your love will ever dwell with me.

LORELLE HEADLEY, Soph. 1.



## Little Sparks

As I sit in somber silence Gazing at the ruddy flame My tho'ts, with the sparks Go twirling upwards To heaven, from whence all life came.

I think of the miracles of nature, Of the works of our great Lord God, And how these sparks could mar the virtue Of all of life that's rare and odd.

But these little glowing sparks Bring warmth to all our souls, Give life to all of earth's mankind, Do these little glowing coals.

Submitted by EDWARD TURNER, '35.

## Models: New Tools for Education

HILDREN teaching themselves! Many thousands of them, and how slow we teachers are to learn their lesson by heart! Everywhere in America our boys and girls are building fascinating models of ships, airplanes, and trains. Their wondering teachers look on, a little bewildered, nod their heads and say,

"Oh, they surprise me so much sometimes . . . I could never make that myself. Why . . . I haven't the patience!"

Are an intelligent, gifted body of people—those capable teachers to whom the world concedes most extraordinary patience—are these very teachers going to turn pale green at the very suggestion that they too are capable of doing what any twelve-year-old accomplishes without half trying? Are we, the teachers, unable to spend a few thoughtful hours with glue, cardboard, and razor blade putting together something which can be used repeatedly in science or social studies? Certainly not!

There is nothing mysterious about those handsome, finished looking models which one sees so often in movies, papers, or show cases. That difficult, complicated appearance need not deceive you. Most models are little more than a thick coat of good paint. Underneath they are all cardboard, wire, glue, and little blocks of soft wood.

Effective educational models are easy to construct. The only difficult models are those painstaking copies of mechanical perfection, carefully machined on metalworking lathes so as to demonstrate the skill of the maker. With such work we shall have little to do. They possess far less educational value for the average child than simplified objects.

Why do children make models? There are two reasons. One is to satisfy their innate creative instincts. The other, to learn more concerning the marvellous world abut them.

Why do teachers make models? (We all do make some models.) For both of the previous reasons, and a third greater one: to help others to find out about their world. In both cases it is an educative process, but teachers are educating others as well as themselves.

Editor's Note: This is the second of a series of articles by Charles Meigs on "Model Making for Teachers and Children." "Any teacher can with little trouble turn out in his or her spare time dozens of fine-looking, highly educational classroom models."

Explicit details will appear in later articles.

## Assist In New Zealanders' Problems

THE Auckland Training College of New Zealand from whom we have received a letter is trying to establish a connection between various Normal Schools and Teachers Colleges in all parts of the world in order to broaden their international outlook. They hope to do this by an exchange of ideas concerning our school studies, political issues, our sports and campus life; in general, our complete curriculum.

Mention is made of the fact that no difficulty, such as we experience here, is encountered in New Zealand in obtaining a reasonably good position after graduation. This year it is surprising to note that the student body is composed largely of those of English, Irish, and Scotch descent and strangely enough, there are none of the Maon race (native New Zealanders) attending. They are curious to know just

what nationalities are represented at our college.

There are two of these training schools in New Zealand with a student body averaging about two hundred each. Only one-third of these are men, a situation similar to ours. An allowance of twenty pounds a year is given by the government for incidental expenses incurred during the school year. As the majority of students do not reside at Auckland, "this causes much heart-burning in order to meet the extra living expenses incurred by non-resident students." Both colleges serve as training centers for elementary and secondary school teachers. The latter are only about twenty in number, all of whom prior to admission have been graduated from a university.

It is with all this in mind that the college is trying to set up a connection such as suggested, and the only way by which we can do this is by further communication which they are eagerly awaiting. Will you help them? Give your suggestions to William Podlich, Fourth Year

Senior.

Reported by Dorothy Knoop, Sr. 1.

#### **END**

## **Opportunities**

The room is still; only shadows whisper
In their faraway dusty corners.
And the poet sits silent before his bright fire,
Thinking—remembering—thinking—remembering
That God-given graces neglected by man
Droop in their prison—and die.

M. C.

## Dog Sense

THE creak, creak of the chair as it groaned resentfully beneath the weight of its occupant was the only disturber of the silent late afternoon. The person to whom the rocker so strongly objected was extremely rotund, measuring every bit of five feet in circumference. His eyes were small and gray, and possessed a perpetual twinkle. This twinkle was accentuated by the lines of humor that appeared around his eyes and mouth whenever he smiled—and this was often. His nose, which was short and very broad (coinciding nicely with the rest of his person), was at this time the precarious perch of a pair of spectacles. His ventral expanse taxed to the utmost the strength of his vest, already shy two buttons, positive proof that Mr. Wifflebottom had once more exceeded the limits of his or his vest's capacity.

Suddenly came a terrific disturbance in the rear of the Wifflebottom abode, a series of tantalizing "yip-yaps" coming from the throat of Sparky accompanied by the angry squeaks of an enraged female. Mr. Wifflebottom moaned. He had expected something of this sort, and was, in a slight degree, prepared for it, but this revolution being en-

acted in his backyard was very remote from his expectations.

Ever since Sparky had become a member of that household, silences were continually being disturbed. It seemed that this animal just couldn't stay out of Mrs. Wifflebottom's turnip-bed. Repeatedly Sparky's master had taken him aside and given him lessons in how to stay where he belonged. But it was useless. Sparky would get into the turnip-bed. This was only one of his misdemeanors. Another annoying habit of his was to carry away everything he saw lying around. The fact that daily the Joneses received two evening papers, and the Wifflebottom's none at all, was attributed to Sparky. Yet, with all his faults his master liked him, and was determined that whatever befell, he

would not part with his dog.

The noises came closer and closer to Mr. Wifflebottom's agitated ear. A haunted expression crept into his eyes. A sigh escaped his trembling lips. Then Sparky rounded the corner of the house and raced into full view. The cause of this great speed was due, beyond a doubt, to none other than his beloved master's wife. Armed with a garden rake, and puffing noisily with exertion and anger, Mrs. Wifflebottom also rounded the corner in hot pursuit. This was too much for her husband. Seeing Sparky tearing around the place with the sad remains of what once had been a perfectly healthy turnip clutched tightly in his mouth, pursued by his ordinarily stoic wife, was, as I said before, too much for Mr. Wifflebottom. The haunted look disappeared from his eyes. The sigh turned into a chuckle, and the chuckle turned into a laugh. Tears

streamed down his bulbous cheeks and another button fell to its fate.

Mrs. Wifflebottom stopped in her tracks. Her face, once red, was fast becoming a royal shade of purple. Her mouth twitched, then opened. But, for once she was speechless—with rage.

"Oh, I've n-never seen anything so funny in all my born days,"

panted her husband.

At that, Mrs. Wifflebottom's voice returned.

'Egbert," she said slowly and clearly, to make certain that her words made the correct impression, "there's only one thing to be done. That dog must go. He is ruining my garden. And what's more—just this morning Mrs. Jones brought one of your best nightshirts over. She said she had snatched it away from Sparky who was about to deposit it in the midst of her rose-bushes! The only way out of this perpetual torment is to get rid of him. Sell him-lose him-anything, only get rid of him!"

"But, Maria, isn't there something else that can be done? I-I just couldn't part with him now. I-we understand one another. I couldn't do it," pleaded Mr. Wifflebottom. But his wife was determined, and he knew her well enough to realize that once her mind was made up, it

stayed that way.
"Very well," said Mr. Wifflebottom, resignedly. "Tomorrow I'll

see if I can find a good family for him."

"Make sure that this unfortunate family has no turnip-beds," was his wife's parting shot.

"I wonder why Mamie hasn't written to tell us when she is coming to visit us," mused Mr. Wifflebottom at the dinner table that eve-

Mrs. Wifflebottom shuddered. "Please don't bring up that subject, Egbert. You know how I dread her visits. I spend two weeks of absolute misery while she's here. Why, last time she did nothing but complain of the number of stitches the doctor put in her after the operation. Really, I don't see why she insists on visiting us every year, do you, Egbert? Egbert! I'm speaking to y-, merciful heavens!"

This apparently extraordinary remark was not really extraordinary at all. I'm quite sure that if you had been there, you, too, would have said "merciful heavens." Standing in the doorway, and wagging his tail happily, was the pride of Mr. Wifflebottom's heart. Gripped tightly in his mouth was an object of no particular size or dimensions. Trailing from one of Sparky's cocky ears was a long, betraying turnip-top!

Mr. Wifflebottom was the first to recover. Jumping up from the table, incidentally spilling his coffee in his haste, he ran toward the dog. After retrieving the as yet unidentified object from unwilling Sparky,

he began a minute inspection. Suddenly an ejaculation of surprise escaped his lips.

"What is it?" asked his wife, bending down in order to keep from

missing anything.

"Why, it's a package, addressed to you—and it has never been opened!" he cried. "Looks like another one of Sparky's pranks," he added brightly.

"Well, go on, open it," commanded his wife, impatiently.

With clumsy fingers Mr. Wifflebottom untied the strings and tore

off the muddy paper.

"Here's a note inside," he said, handing it to his wife to read. Eagerly, she tore open the envelope while her husband delved curiously into the contents of the package.

"Can you beat it?" asked Mr. Wifflebottom.
"Well, I do declare!" beamed Mrs. Wifflebottom.

"Look here," said both, simultaneously.

He took the letter and began to read. (An exact reproduction of that epistle is given below.)

May 26, 19—

#### DEAR MARIA:

I thought I had better write you a short note letting you know when I will visit you this spring. The first two weeks of next month would suit me very well. However, if you are planning something else at that time, I suppose that will be all right. But these are the only two weeks I have open so if it is unsuitable for me to come then, I'll have to put off my visit till another year. If you do not have other plans, write and let me know what time you will meet me at the station. As you know, I have not completely recovered from my operation, and the doctor said not to overdo.

By the way, I have sent a package of pills for Egbert. He had such trouble with his stomach from overeating last time that I am sure these

will do him no harm.

#### Affectionately,

MAMIE.

Mr. Wifflebottom chuckled. "Why, Maria, it's way past the middle of June now, and—," but he was talking to thin air. Maria was nowhere to be seen—nor, for that matter was Sparky. But in the kitchen could be heard noises that sounded remarkably like a mixture of a pet dog being fed the choicest pieces left of the fresh ham that ordinarily would not be touched until the Sunday dinner and a female voice murmuring endearing phrases to this same dog. Mr. Wifflebottom smiled. Walking over to the window, he deftly tossed the package of pills into the yard. Chuckling, he resumed his meal.

GERTRUDE G. JOHNS, Soph. 1.

# A Short Short Story

WALKED leisurely down a rather quiet street of our somewhat busy downtown, late one afternoon. Very few people were in sight, and those I could see were not interesting or in the least bit conspicuous. Then *be* appeared.

'Say, buddy, have you got a minute?'' Now, it's not that I didn't have a minute, but I didn't see what difference it made to him, so I con-

tinued walking.

"I don't blame you for running away," he said as he clung to me like a wet bathing suit. My gosh! did the fellow think I was running away? Nevertheless, I walked a little faster. Did he stop? No, I should say not! I thought I had long legs. Well, I know better now.
"I'd never talk to you like this," he panted, "only I never been in

such circumstances before." Well, he had nothing on me, neither

had I.

'When I'm telling you I never done this before, it's the God's truth, sir." Horrors! What had the fellow done now, and what had God to do with it anyhow! This was getting serious. I could appreciate the colors of John Law at this time. I perspired freely, and unconsciously I had broken into a rather awkward hop, skip, and run.

Persistent is a mild word with which to describe him but what could I do! I could think of no better word at the time. Who was this —this—this he? I believe that in another moment I would have begun my paternoster. He started to talk again, this time gasping. I could tell he was weakening for I was breathing more smoothly. (Thanks to

my clean living.)

"Well, pal, you've got me," he said. "I've worked hard all my life for what I've wanted. I've dug ditches. I've swung an axe. I've lifted bundles which were heavy enough to break a horse's back, but never have I had to run a two-mile Marathon! Now mister, will you please show me the way to get to Washington Boulevard?"

ISADORE COHEN, Fourth Year Senior.

#### ೯೩೮ ೂ

"I cannot understand," the Young Man at College wrote to his parent, "how you can consider yourself a kind father. You haven't sent me a check in three weeks. What sort of kindness do you call that?"

The father's reply was brief. "Dear son," he wrote, "that's un-

remitting kindness.

—The American Boy

## Conflict

TE grow up in high school, buoyant, trustful, ambitious, and confident that the world is good. We shall achieve fame, success, happiness. We shall contribute greatly to the welfare of our fellow men. Love, honor, and respect will be accorded us by all; our memory will be treasured by posterity. In fact, all the beautiful fantasies of high school life are to be preserved through all our days.

One by one these illusions fade away. They become uncertainly transparent, as waves of air above a heater. Then they vanish utterly, and we look upon a harsh, real world. We realize the futility of aiming for a great place in men's affairs. The earth's stark poverty beats upon our resentful senses, and we shudder and fight it back. It is not pleasant, this pitiful, hope-starved desert of frustration. We long again for those other days when bare realities did not torment us.

Discontent, restlessness seize every youth. Wretched humanity is all too plentiful. We would like to do something, but what? Morbidly we read every journal, every book which pictures the misery rampant.

And all the while we harbor the subconscious feeling that if others could only understand how we feel, something could be accomplished. We are submerged in a choking, tumultous, internal struggle. There is conflict in the world around us, and conflict within us, too. We may shut our eyes for a time to the world but from the relentless goading of internal strife there is no escape.

Where are we to stand? What ideals shall we hold? We cannot rest in the past, but willing or not, must face the future.

Youth at the crossroads—civilization at a crisis. Where can we turn? To what can we cling in this maelstrom of life?

C. C. M.



# The Way Out

TODAY, in our changing civilization, with all its toil and burdens, we feel the pressing need of enlightenment. You who find uplifting in simple everyday life are very fortunate. With me it is quite different. What with the talk of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict, the Hitleric anti-Semitic activities, and the pessimistic prophecies of the war

jingoists that war is inevitable, one may consider himself unusually lucky that he can find mental relaxation or fortitude in any walk of life.

How shall we free our cooped up, our restrained emotions? How may we relieve our gnawing hearts? Were I extremely pious I would turn to my God, but what can I, who am a sinner, do. What did the people of old do? What can you do?

I believe I have found my way out. No. I need not fight. I need not engulf my emotions within me. I love music. I love art. I love dance and movement. Can these help me out of my difficulties? Yes, they can and they do. But the drama is the outlet through which I maintain mental and physical fitness. The following is the first installment of a series of articles which will be presented in the hope that you too will find that needed something through the appreciation of and participation in the drama.

The drama is the world's most ancient art. In man's earliest days, he worshipped his deities by music and dancing. A little later came man's earliest attempts at poetry and we find the beginnings of pantomime. But man was still dissatisfied; he felt the urge of something still stronger, so he introduced prose into the ceremony. Of course this is not the aesthetic drama as most of us see it today, but is that upon

which the modern drama is built.

Even before man learned to speak, he accomplished the art of acting. In order to communicate with his neighbor, he used gestures; and even until the present day, we still find that in the lowest classes of savages nearly everything is expressed through pantomime and sign language.

The element of magic played an important role in the portrayal of the earliest drama, which came in the form of ceremonies and religious rites. If rain was needed, the warriors danced to appease the spirits. To make a buffalo hunt successful, one needed but to disguise himself as such and go into his dance. When a warrior wished to annihilate an enemy he had but to make an image of his adversary and destroy it, firm in the belief that he had done away with his tormentor. These are the first elements of acting or imitation. Primarily they were religious, for to primitive man, magic was a divine process and to invoke magic was to appeal to the gods. This was very practical, for it aimed at immediate results.

Man is born with the sense of rhythm. Only in civilized man is the sense of rhythm deficient. (Now, fellows, you have an excuse for your awkward dancing.) Civilized man writes prose but the savage is limited to verse. The savage man knew how to give vent to his emotions. Do you?

I. Cohen, Fourth Year Senior.

## Do Something!

Live! Feel! Suffer! Face the corners! Meet retorters! Do something! Be! Are you hiding? No! You can't. Life is fleeting! Hurry! Meet it! Get in front, Be pushed around, Have something happen— Don't be a coward-Don't look forward-Take time now. Grasp your chances. Love-have romances, You won't be sorry— E'en though your smile is forced And your eyes are full. Thank the heavens You've been doing. You have dreams-Memories linger and You'll soon find You are glad You've been free-You've been jostled— You've been hustled About. And yet, You know, you've been in it! You've lived! So, do something! M. M., Soph. 2.

#### <u>ಎ</u>ಲ್ಡನಾ

#### After the Storm

(Lit. Digest 10/23/1909, from Troy Times)

The farmer drives his plough In a soil that's stiff and tough, His horse is lame as hough And has a wheezing cough. The housewife kneads her dough In a handy wooden trough, And bakes it through and through Until it's done enough. The swing hangs from the bough, The wind dies to a sough, The rocks are lined with chough, All seated on the clough The sportsman swings his shough In waters of the lough, That late were high and rough, But now are just a slough.

#### 6 B

#### The Dinosaur

Behold the mighty dinosaur, Famous in prehistoric lore, Not only for his weight and strength But for his intellectual length. You will observe by these remains The creature had two sets of brains— One in his head (the usual place), The other at his spinal base. Thus he could reason a priori As well as a posteriori; No problem bothered him a bit: He made both head and tail of it. So wise was he, so wise and solemn, Each thought filled just a spinal column. If one brain found the pressure strong, It passed a few ideas along; If something slipped his forward mind 'Twas rescued by the one behind; And if in error he was caught, He had a saving afterthought. As he thought twice before he spoke He had no judgments to revoke; For he could think without congestion, Upon both sides of every question. Oh, gaze upon this model beast, Defunct ten million years at least.

Anonymous.

# THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson

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\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

## Inventory

The first issue of the Tower Light for the new scholastic year is before you. Now, in the beginning when we can profit by our conclusions, is the time to track down and corner some concrete concepts as to the function of the printed organ of a teachers college. Is its

function to record the social events which occur in the college routine? Is it to enlighten the readers regarding the comparative excellence of their athletic heroes; to become a record of the many speeches perpetrated during the assembly periods by various entities and nonentities; or to be a steam calliope piping the pointless banalities of high school prose and adolescent verse? Undoubtedly the publication should perform some of the services suggested in the preceding sentences, even to the allowing of an occasional puff of suppressed steam to escape through the calliope to prevent any explosion. But certainly no rational being says that the sole student publication of a four-year institution deserves to exist primarily, or even secondarily, or tertiarily for the above purposes. Rather let it be said that the worthy purpose and function of a periodical published by college students is threefold:

To provoke thought which will lead to firm and intelligent action. To provide a forum for the presentation and exchange of worthy ideas, ideals, and professional information.

To provide entertainment of as high a literary standard as the con-

tributors and subscribers can attain.

While performing its pleasant duty in the field of news recording and its formative services, the Tower Light is dedicated primarily, during this new scholastic year, to the pursuit of those ideals which will make the publication more stimulating to its readers.

THE EDITOR.

#### @ @ B

## Federal Aid?

THE National Youth Administration has allotted to Teachers College six thousand, four hundred fifty dollars of Federal money. This fact reopens, from a different perspective for many of us, the

case of Federal Aid to Education.

Never in the history of our Nation has the Government been spending so much, yet for education appropriating so little. This paradox is explained by two facts. The Federal appropriations for educational purposes, as such, have been decreasing, and conversely, the volume of relief funds earmarked for education has been increasing. Indirect recognition of pedagogical needs seems to have become the policy of the Federal Government.

Only by extremely loose construction can the Constitution be interpreted as empowering our law makers to act in matters affecting education. Nevertheless that august body has from time to time influenced

education in many states. Congress has thereby recognized the threat to the American ideal of democracy in our traditional, unequal system of financing education solely through the states. That the individual states are not now, and probably never will be, capable of attaining, unaided, a democracy-preserving minimum standard in education, is a corollary to the proposition that the wealth of the nation is concentrat-

ing around certain centers.

Federal Aid is, or can be, made legal, and is sorely needed in many states. The point at issue, then, is control. Many people feel that Federal Aid would open the way for regimentation of the schools, propaganda infested curricula, political patronage, and even graft. Such is indeed possible. Let us admit it, and then construct our plans so that these undesirable factors will be eliminated. It is not the part of brave men to say, "Yes, we see the advantages in Federal Aid to Education, but we are afraid that if we do not handle it properly we shall be put to great disadvantage."

Take the courageous, common sense course.

Administer Federal Aid wisely, honestly, and professionally.

Reap the benefits.

THE EDITOR.

#### 60 C

## "Pet Peeves"

HURRY up and get peeved! Win a year's free subscription to the Tower Light. Is there something about anything that you don't like? Certainly there is!

We all have our "pet peeves." What don't you like? What irritates you? Come on, get it off your chest. Tell it in the "Pet Peeve"

contest.

Be humorous, be tragic, be mad—but above all be peeved. Send in your entry; let's have some fun. And don't forget the best peeve wins a year's subscription to the Tower Light.

Here are the rules of the contest:

- 1. Possess yourself of a pet peeve—either serious or humorous.
- 2. Write it as briefly as possible—not over seventy-five words, on one side of the paper, legibly, with ink.
- 3. Sign your name to the "peeve." Don't be afraid. (No name, no prize, of course.)
- 4. Hand the "peeve" in to the Tower Light office any time before October twenty-fifth.

The "peeves" will be printed in next month's issue—and maybe your "peeve" will stare you in the face proclaiming you the happy winner of a year's free subscription to the Tower Light.

SID TEPPER, Contest Editor.

#### **ENO**

# The Library---At Your Service

THE TOWER LIGHT is offering for the first time a new library service. New books, ready to be put into circulation as the Tower Light comes out will be reviewed. We hope this will be of great value to you in selecting good books.

#### **NEW FICTION:**

1. "Vein of Iron" by Ellen Glasgow

Miss Glasgow's new novel is a variation of an old theme. In Vein of Iron, she depicts the real frontier spirit; in John Fincastle, (a philosopher and free thinker), expelled from the ministry; in his courageous wife; in his staunch and stately old mother, in his daughter, Ada Fincastle, the heroine of this story. The Fincastles had lived in Virginia for so many generations that they had become as much a part of it as its hills and valleys; it was their strength, the vein of iron which held them together. It was this same strength that supported Ada through the tragedy of her thwarted marriage to Ralph McBride and helped them together through the ruts of their life—illness, poverty, disappointment and depression. This novel "is everywhere true, sincere and faithful throughout to a profound and stirring reality."

2. "Honey in the Horn" by H. L. Davis

Without being in any sense an imitation of Mark Twain, this novel irresistibly reminds one of Twain. The scene and time are the scene and time of Twain's great stories. Even the hero, a sort of Tom Sawyer, has a girl companion who shares with him the adventure of Northwest pioneer days. One feels the great expanse of years when the tide of settlement moved west. Odd characters, molded by a common cause, give the story an intangible quality. The story is peculiarly American—it moves fast and with sanity. It is a novel to enlarge one's knowledge of western pioneering.

#### **NEW NON-FICTION**

- 1. "North to the Orient" by A. M. Linbergh

  The special charm of this book is that it is written by a woman who though she knows her subject thoroughly, is still able to maintain a layman's point of view. She knows how to present revealing details which a professional aviator might take for granted. Her account of the flight to the Orient by way of the Great Circle Route—from Long Island to the northernmost reaches of Canada and Alaska, along the coast of Siberia to Japan, then up to Nanking—is full of vivid and colorful pictures. Mrs. Lindbergh gives full and clear cut pictures of peo-
- ples and places, her experience as a radio operator, long hours of flying through fog on an unknown route and strange receptions in foreign lands. The book is indeed individualistic, not so much for its account of an epoch-making flight, but as a travel book of the air.

  2. "Mary: Queen of Scotland and the Isles" by Stefan Zweig Mr. Zweig's purpose in writing this biography is to present to the reader a dispassionate and unbiased reconstruction of Queen Mary's career and character. Almost anything a historian needs to know is contained therein. There are court records, letters, memoirs, and trial testimonies. Abilities and weak-

nesses (although they resulted finally in political and economical benefits to her country but meant tragedy to her) are accurately presented. Mr. Zweig, noted for his tolerance and wisdom, has written another biography that is sure to become as

The Pulitzer Prize Winner, "Now in November" by Josephine Johnson, and the Harper Prize Novel, "Honey in the Horn" by H. L. Davis, are now in our library. These are only a few of the many new books you will find good reading.

popular as "Marie Antoinette."

W. J., 4th Sr.

#### 60 B

The visitor called at the village library. "May I have the 'Letters of Charles Lamb'?" he inquired.

"You're in the wrong building, Mr. Lamb," said the new clerk pleasantly. "The post office is just across the street."

### Seven

As is the case with the mystic number three, the number seven is found widely distributed. Seven is scattered throughout the Holy Bible. In the beginning, our Bible tells us, God created heaven and earth in six days, and rested on the seventh. Thus, we have a seven-day week, and the seventh day is a day of rest. God is conceived as embodying seven spirits: the spirits of Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Power, Knowledge, Righteousness, and Divine Awfulness; there are seven spirits around His throne; Michael, Gabriel, Lamael, Raphael, Zachariel, Anael, and Oriphel.

Ten times seven Hebrews went into Egypt, and were kept in bondage for ten times seven years. There were ten times seven elders. Pharaoh's dream, as interpreted by Joseph, signified seven years of plenty and seven years of famine. The Egyptians mourned for Israel threescore and ten (seventy) days; Joseph mourned for his father seven days.

Moses married Zipporah, one of the seven daughters of Reuel, the priest of Midian. Mosaic Law states that a bought Hebrew servant shall serve for six years, but shall be free in the seventh year. Male oxen or sheep were to be with the dam for seven days, then sacrificed.

The three great Jewish feasts last seven days each. Levitical purifications lasted seven days.

The seven senses of man, as given by the Bible, are animation, feeling, speech, taste, sight, hearing, and smelling.

Our Three Graces comprise the first three of the seven virtues: Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. The seven deadly sins are Pride, Wrath, Envy, Lust, Gluttony, Avarice, and Sloth.

Christ said we are to forgive our offenders seventy times seven offenses. The Lord's Prayer is divided into seven parts. We have the seven words from the Cross. In the New Testament, we find the parable of the seven wise and the seven foolish virgins. The Book of Revelation, in fact, is literally packed with sevens.

There are the seven joys of the Virgin (the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Presentation in the Temple, the Finding of Christ with the Learned Men, and the Assumption); and the seven sorrows of the Virgin (Simeon's Prophecy, the Flight into Egypt, Christ missed, the Betrayal, the Crucifixion, the Taking Down from the Cross, and the Ascension "when she was left alone").

The seven churches in Asia were those at Ephesos, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea.

Today in many of our churches, we still have the seven-branched candlestick.

Before we leave the discussion of seven in the Bible, it may be intersting to note that there are seven recognized bibles. These are the Bible of the Christians, Eddas of the Scandinavians, Five Kings of the Chinese, Tri Pitikes of the Buddhists, Koran of the Mohammedans, three Vedas of the Hindus, and Zendavesta of the Persians.

There were the Seven Champions of Christendom: St. George of England, who was imprisoned by the Black King of Morocco for seven years; St. Denys of France, who lived for seven years in the form of a deer; St. James of Spain, who was "seven years dumb, out of love for a fair Jewess"; St. Anthony of Italy, who was rescued from his spell of deep sleep by the three sons of St. George who put out the magic fire of the seven lamps with water from the enchanted fountain; St. Andrew of Scotland, who "delivered six ladies who had lived seven years under the form of white swans"; St. Patrick of Ireland; and St. David of Wales who was released from his enchanted sleep of seven years' duration by St. George.

It is believed by some that there are seven planes to heaven.

Ancient wise men who dabbled in the more or less pseudo-chemistry of their time, expounded these seven bodies of alchemy: the Sun, gold; the Moon, silver; Mars, iron; Mercury, quicksilver; Saturn, lead; Jupiter, tin; and Venus, copper.

Greece had seven sages: Solon of Athens, Chilo of Sparta, Thales of Miletos, Bias of Priene, Cleobulos of Lindos, Pittacos of Mitylene, and

Periander of Corinth.

Then there is the constellation which ancients of the Eastern Hemisphere called "The Seven Sisters," and ancients of the Western Hem-

isphere thought of as "The Seven Brothers."

No doubt, you have often wondered just exactly how many "Seven Wonders of the World" there are. At our last count, there were at least twenty-one (a multiple of seven). First, there are the Ancient "Seven Wonders": the Pyramids of Egypt; the Babylonian Gardens; the Tomb of Mausolus; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Colossus of Rhodes; the statue of Jupiter at Elis; and the Palace of Cyrus. Next, we have the "Seven Wonders" of the Middle Ages: the Colosseum at Rome; the Catacombs at Alexandria; the great wall of China; the ruins at Stonehenge, England; the Leaning Tower of Pisa; the Porcelain Tower of Nanking; and the Mosque to St. Sophia at Constantinople. Recently, anonymous birth appears to have been given to a brand new set of "Seven Wonders"— "The Seven Wonders of the New World." These are Niagara Falls; Yellowstone National Park; the Garden of the Gods; Mammoth Cave; Yosemite Valley; the Giant Redwoods of Washington Oregon, and California; and Natural Bridge.

Sinbad the Sailor, of the "Arabian Nights" tale, made seven voyages to acquire riches.

As is the case with three, seven is found a great deal in the old British ballads.

Shakespeare, in his play, "As You Like It," speaks of the "seven ages of man."

Mother Goose has given the children the stories of "The Seven Sisters" and "The Seven Dwarves." Here too, we find the old St. Ives Riddle:

As I was going to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives. Every wife had seven sacks; Every sack had seven cats; Every cat had seven kits; Kits, cats, sacks, and wives; How many were going to St. Ives?

The reader is also probably familiar with Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables" and Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

There are seven red stripes in the American Flag.

In music, we find seven again. There are seven different tones in every diatonic scale; the eighth is a double of the first. Musical history tells us that along about the beginning of the seventeenth century, di Lasso (also written Lassus) composed his most famous work (which still exists)—"Seven Penetential Psalms."

And don't forget the fateful meaning of seven dots on a pair of bone cubes used in the well-known game of "African Golf."

Judging from the writer's brief reviews of the numbers three and seven, the former seems to be used more frequently. However, this conclusion may be found faulty by one who has more experience. Even so, the fact that seven is used over and over again, and in so many different places, seems to prove that seven has some special significance.

E. M., Fourth Year Senior.

#### @ @ B

An extension class at the University of Hawaii holds its classes on the rim of a volcano so that the students may better study botany, geology, and volcanic phenomena.

Yes, and at some later date Newton's "law of gravity."

## "Thar She Bl-o-o-ows!"

LD-TIME whaling boats were not large vessels; about one hundred thirty feet long and twenty-six feet broad, they carried a crew of thirty men. Consequently, some of the biggest whales were about two-thirds as long as the ships that hunted them. This fact called forth a story that once a whaler was sunk by a whale that rushed at her and stove in her sides.

Nothing that these ships carried was more important than the whaleboats. A whaling ship carried from four to seven whaleboats strung to timber davits along the two sides of the ship, all ready to be lowered into the water. Their sides sloped upward toward the pointed ends, so that too much water could not dash into them while they rushed along, towed by a whale. Usually a whaleboat carried a mast and a sail so that it could get close to the whale without the noise that oars and rowlocks made. This was a wise precaution because, while whales are not much alarmed by what they see, they are easily fright-

ened away by what they hear.

When fishing for whales, the whaling ship (usually a barque) would cruise around the waters where the whales lived. Now whales have to come to the surface to breathe, and when they do, they blow a column of spray high into the air. As soon as a man, posted at the head of the foremast in a sort of barrel, would see this spouting, he would cry out, "There she blows," which sounded like this, "Thar she bloo-oo-ows! Bloo-oo-ows!" Immediately the ship was steered in the direction he pointed. When near enough, the men piled into their whaleboats and rowed close to the whale. In the bow of each stood a man with a harpoon, which was a sharp, heavy spear attached to a long, strong line. Six other men pulled on the oars, and another stood at the stern, steering with an oar.

At the right moment the harpoon was thrown deep into the whale. Away the whale dashed, diving deep into the sea. The line that was loosely coiled in a tub at the stern of the boat ran out like lightning, sometimes so fast that it smoked. As it shot out, away went the boat, towed along at a great speed by the wounded whale. Sometimes a whale would fight a whole day for his life and carry a boat miles away from a ship. But in the end the whale would be killed, and the men would either row back to the barque, towing the whale behind, or else

signal the ship to sail to them.

The rest of the work included cutting the whale and hoisting the valuable parts aboard the ship where it was prepared for storage until the end of the voyage. On the trip home the ship was filled with thou-

sands of barrels of whale oil and many tons of whalebone.

Modern whalers are steamships built in a special way and carry only ten men who work very differently from the old-time whalers.

Paul Miller, Sr. 3.

#### @ @ B

## As You Like It

(With a curt nod to Will Shakespeare)

ALL joking aside, this is a humor column; I'm very, very funny, so I write it; you're ever so foolish, so you read it. If after you have perused you are not amused; don't be discouraged. Remember, the Tower Light comes out but once a month, we allow you a full thirty days to "catch on." Now dust old Dewey and wind up the old reflex action and let's go.

How about taking a peek at some of the censored verses I have dug up from their literary hearses?

"Women's faults are many Men have only two— Everything they say and Everything they do."

"Our father slipped upon the ice Because he couldn't stand He saw the glorious stars and stripes; We saw our father land."

"A maiden at college named Breeze
Weighed down with B.A.'s and M.D.'s
Collapsed from the strain,
Said her doctor, 'Tis plain
You are killing yourself by degrees.'"

For a long time I have felt the stirring of musical genius within my arteries—and now it has come to pass. I have burst forth into theme songs!

The Camp-Fire Girls	. "Smoke gets in your Eyes"
The Soccer Team	."I Get a Kick out of You"
And now for a few musical notes about t	
Dr. Tall	"You're the Top"
Miss Scarborough"	Take a Number from 1 to 10"
Miss Bader	"Love Songs of the Nile"
Miss Blood	"Star Gazine"
Drs. Abercrombie	."Mr. & Mrs. is the name"
Miss Weyforth	."Rhythm is My Business"
The Tower Light	"You're All I Read"
This is a "swell" column	. "That's What You Think"

As "Pop" Sickle, the ice cream man would say, "It's punning time at State Teachers" and so it is; the halls are simply seething with puns. Indeed, it certainly looks as if our "scents" of humor has become "pun"-gent.

Here, read 'em and weep:

"It paste to advertise" (Strike one for Davies)

"No one can find any wild maize anymore; it has to be cultivated. Isn't that a-maize-ing?" (Blame that on Mr. Walthers)

"The astronomy course is way over my head; I'll thank my lucky stars when its through." (Anonymous)

"We learn to do by Dewey-ing" (From the fertile crescent of Ye Editor's cranium)

"A wise man never blows his knows."

"A college bred is a four-year loaf baked on papa's dough" (Three cheers for the N.Y.A.)

And now I shall put a stop to this nonsense by saying bye-bye very humbly and inconspicuously, keeping in mind Will Shakespeare's admonition that there should not be 'much 'Adieu' about nothing.''

SID TEPPER, Soph. 4.



# Ishfay Azinesscray

The fall of the year is the season when those benighted souls who have been bitten by that insidious bug, the Bacillus Piscatoris, get a far-away look in their eyes. At that time they putter aimlessly with a surprising assortment of jim cracks, babble incoherently such jargon as, "just missed him," "flies," "leaders," "squid," "peelers," "whoppers," and "biggest one got away," and exhibit other unmis-

takable symptoms of the interesting malady known in medical circles as Ishfay Azinesscracy. Since fall is upon us despite the lying warmth of the days, it seems altogether fitting and proper to inquire into the nature of this evil which besets the all too frail (alas!) human race while there are so many interesting cases near at hand.

Not all humans are equally susceptible to the attacks of the Piscatoris; the female sex being practically immune. In the rare event of a female falling victim to the disorder, a quick cure is usually effected as soon as she marries a man who has already been inoculated with the bug. It is safe to say, then, despite a few notable exceptions, that the rate of complete domination of the Piscatoris in the female of Genus Homo is exceedingly low. These conditions are reversed in the case of the male of the species, however, for men are very susceptible to the bacillus. It is estimated that nine-tenths of the men exposed to the Piscatoris under favorable environmental conditions succumb to the attacks of that organism, and after the incubation period evidence the first specific symptoms of Ishfay Azinesscray.

The period of incubation (that period between the organism's entrance into the body and the occurrence of symptoms, during which period the organisms multiply) varies greatly with each individual according to his resistance and his environment. Naturally a man would not develop Ishfay Azinesscray in the Sahara as quickly as he would in Ocean City. Whether the incubation period be long or short, however, its end is easily recognizable. When the patient buys any article of fishing equipment and shows it with pride to his family and friends, he may be definitely catalogued as having passed through the incubation

period.

Just as the susceptibility of the individuals varies, so does the range and combination of symptoms evidenced in each victim vary in three distinct types of individuals. Some people—those belonging to Piscatoral Type I—just fish. The longer they fish, regardless of how little they catch, the more allayed and soothed their condition becomes. The classic example of this type is, of course, the gentleman who contentedly fished for a whale in his mother's scrubbing pail. Other people (Piscatoral Type II) find their solace in attempting to snag with large well baited hooks the small fry which, though too small to fairly take the hook, nibble so persistently. This type becomes almost fanatical until they impale the offenders upon their hooks; and when success does crown their efforts the smile on their lips and the gleam in their eyes send shivers down the spines of normal men. The third group (Piscatoral Type III) are those who feel compelled to equip themselves with all manner of expensive and elaborate paraphernalia, who must hire guides, who must engage suitable dates, and who must travel long distances to find a suitable place to try their prowess.

Even though most of the patients in all the Piscatorial groups seem perfectly happy and contented despite their deplorable condition, they are morally the charges of society, and it behooves us to put all our intellects to the worthy task of developing efficient treatment for the malady. Discharge your obligation to society by sending to the Tower Light your favorite cure, either practical or hypothetical, for Ishfay Azinesscray so that it may be published by that public-serving magazine and thus reach the hands of many who are suffering.

W. F. P.

#### a e

## **Assemblies**

N September 18, 1935, Jerry Nathanson, a member of the class of '35, returned to his alma mater as the first speaker in our annual series of "Vacation Varieties." Mr. Nathanson had the good fortune of being one of 12 "hand-picked" councillors at the New York Herald Tribune Camp, Bridgeport, Connecticut. Of the twenty boys under his supervision, eighteen were "graduates" from schools for the delinquent. Mr. Nathanson had to act as president of this veritable "League of Nations," for every nationality was represented in the gang from New York's East Side.

"Children have to be steered straight" truthfully said our speaker in his own informal manner. But to have anything accomplished with these "youngsters" a routine of work has to be used. Their vacation consisted of plenty of healthful exercise and play substantiated by good food and rest. Thus, since "a man's weakness is his stomach" the boys

were won over.

Mr. Nathanson told his audience, in a most sincere manner, of the horrible living conditions these boys had come from and to which they had to return after a short period of two weeks. A serious question for thought was left us, with the probability that one of our number might in time to come offer a solution: "What are we going to do with this unbelievable East Side condition in New York?"

What could be a better close than "Well, I guess that's about all."

Max Berzofsky.

This summer Dr. Tall and Dr. Crabtree were delegates to the World Federation Educational Conference held at Oxford, England. In a very few minutes Dr. Tall gave us a brief but interesting summary of the various meetings and events at this place. According to Dr. Tall,

a more appropriate setting for this conference could not have been selected, for Oxford, a city lying amid the marshes of the Thames River, owes its beauty and prominence chiefly to the presence of the collegiate and university buildings. Among the subjects discussed by the delegation were the following: Adult Education, Broadcasting, Culture, Crafts, Elementary Education, History, International Relations, Geography, and Pre-school Primary Education. Included in the large number present were several people outstanding in elementary school fields, such as Madame Montessori, the Italian educator who introduced improved methods of teaching children. Another of the more fascinating delegates was an American Indian who teaches art in Bacone College, Oklahoma, the only college which offers higher education for the red race.

Because the speaker's period had been shortened, Dr. Tall did not tell us a great deal about the social events. Despite the handicap of time, however, our President made every student sincerely wish that he had had the opportunity of attending the conference.

SARAH STRUMSKY, Soph. 3.

On September 30, 1935, Dr. Dowell related to the assembly audience the experiences of her summer Mediterranean cruise. Since Dr. Dowell was especially interested in her visit to Jerusalem, her description dealt with the Old Palestine, where "the past is always very present." Here, she visited the ancient and most historical shrines, streets, and people. No longer to her was Palestine a distant and almost unknown land. Ancient but unforgotten customs are still being practiced in this region long ravaged by the conquering hordes. Palestine, to Dr. Dowell, is still the same as of old; peaceful in its piety, but stirring in its strength.

MAX BERZOFSKY, Soph. 4.



## The Social Calendar for October

Dip you ever see such a busy place! Members of the faculty are trying to find week-ends for out-of-town pleasure trips. It can't be done. I myself can't see a day until the week-end of November the first. But it's grand, nevertheless. Clubs meeting weekly or semimonthly are the French Club, the Rural Club, Men's Club, Nature and Camera Club, Glee Club, Orchestra, Psychology Club, League of Young Voters, the Chimes Guild, etc., etc.

There are other major events also. The forehanded and foresighted Seniors have scheduled the first subscription dance of the year to be held Friday night, October eleventh. The Parent-Teacher group of the Campus School, known as the Te Pa Chi Club, is holding a bazaar on Friday, October eighteenth, from 3:15 p.m. to midnight. That Te Pa Chi Club knows how to co-operate to successful ends. Out of their efforts will probably come \$300 in the clear to further the work and needs of the Campus Elementary School.

Our Chi Alpha Sigma Society, the honor group of our College, will give a luncheon on Saturday, October twenty-sixth, at the time of the State Teachers Association meetings. The Chi's meet at 1:00 o'clock for fun and work.

By the way, the speakers for the State Teachers Association main meetings this year are:

Friday evening, October 26—President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin, at the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute.

Saturday morning, October 27—Lowell Thomas, at Baltimore Polytechnic Institute.

With Lowell Thomas we say, "And for the next social calendar, 'So long, until November."

LIDA LEE TALL.

#### 6 O B

# Faculty Notes

FROM the woods and the seas, the East and the West the faculty have returned, poorer we know, and wiser we hope. Miss Tall attended the Educational Conference in Oxford, England, as a delegate as did Miss Crabtree also. It was Miss Crabtree's first trip to Europe, but Miss Tall was so familiar with the route that she was able to recognize and point out the most interesting waves on the crossing.

Miss Dowell circled the Mediterranean, and Miss Weyforth visited music centers in Germany and other countries. Miss Tansil and Miss Bersch landed in France, and then drove through several countries of Central and Southern Europe. On certain occasions Miss Tansil found it convenient to understand only English.

Those who followed Greeley's advice and went West travelled by devious routes. Dr. Abercrombie preferred the slow comfort of a freighter; Miss Steele drove her own; Miss Logan believed in helping the railroads. All agree, however, that the West is a place to be visited.

Miss MacDonald and Miss Prickett went to their homes in Iowa and Kansas; Miss Bader, Mrs. Brouwer and Miss Giles were all in Michigan, though Miss Bader also went on to Colorado. Of course Miss Keys went to the chinch-bug country; Miss Daniels was the swimming instructor in a camp in the Wisconsin woods; Miss Scarborough went to Quebec and up the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers.

Miss Hill, Mr. Moser, Miss Yoder, Miss Woodward and Miss Rutledge studied as well as played. We have not yet discovered what

the proportions were.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Miss Hazel L. Jones to Mr. Charles Hathorn on September fifth. Mr. and Mrs. Hathorn are living in Kenmore, a suburb of Buffalo, New York.

Not all of the faculty have been accounted for, but we shall catch

up with them sooner or later.

#### 6 O 00

# 1935-36 Additions to the College Faculty

THE State Teachers College at Towson is interested in reporting the new members of its staff. Dr. Ruth Stocking Lynch, who has been for many years an assistant under Dr. Jennings in the Science Department of Johns Hopkins University, will teach Biology and General Science. The Science offerings of the curriculum have been greatly extended in keeping with the development of the new course of study under the four-year degree-granting plan.

Dr. Eunice Crabtree, formerly a member of the Towson staff, has returned to succeed Miss Hazel Jones in the English Department. Dr. Crabtree will have as her field the Psychology of Reading, Reading Technique, and Oral Speech. The students and faculty are delighted

over the return of Dr. Crabtree.

Miss Margaret Barkley succeeds Mrs. George Odell as librarian. She received her training in the library school of Columbia University which has one of the leading library schools in the country.

In the Campus Elementary School, Miss Hilda Kestner succeeds Mrs. Elsie Arthur Bradford who resigned last year. She will teach the sixth grade. Miss Kestner is a graduate of the State Teachers College at Towson, has taught in public schools in Anne Arundel County, was for a year general assistant in the Campus Elementary School of this College, then studied at Columbia University where she received her B.S. degree. For the past year she taught in an elementary school in East Hampton, Long Island. It is always especially fine to honor with a permanent appointment, a graduate of our College.

Mrs. Charles Lynch, who was last year one of the supervisors of elementary grades in Carroll County, is this year taking the place of Miss Olive Owens, the Second Grade teacher who is on leave of absence with a scholarship from George Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee. Mrs. Lynch taught for some years before her marriage in the Campus School, and the College deems itself very fortunate in having

her return even if only for a year.

## 60 B

## Social Notes

ANYONE passing by Richmond Hall parlor, Tuesday, September twenty-fourth, at four, would have seen many of the faculty and yet many more of the freshmen. Everyone was buzzing about, getting acquainted over tea and cookies. Do you Freshmen feel initiated? The upper classmen welcome you. With your help we know this year will be a success for all of us!

Serious and vital questions are being discussed in the meetings of the League of Young Voters, questions that are puzzling you about our international relationships with Italy and Great Britain. Are you anxious to settle these problems to your own satisfaction, at least? See Maurice Schreiber, the League's president. He will be glad to

welcome you.

The Camp Fire Girls have reorganized their club. This year they will be known as the Handicraft Girls. They plan to sew, knit, and exercise their various hobbies. Every girl is asked to bring her knitting and join the group at its next meeting in the Cottage with Miss Bader.



What is the name of the great dipper? John the Baptist.

## Freshmen Talent

What musical talent we have in our present Freshman class! Have you heard that Miss Prickett and Miss Weyforth together with assistants have collected a list of the "musically inclined"? Can you imagine twenty-four pianists in one class? If you heard Dean Gehring's radio performance, you know her ability. There is a very able saxophonist in Freshman 5, Jane McElwain. We are waiting to uncover more potentialities.

## @ U.S

# On Joining the Glee Club

The man that has no music in himself Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THEN I heard the Glee Club for the first time, singing the beautiful "Thanksgiving Song" by Rachmaninoff, I became very desirous to join in the creation of each delightful sound. I felt that here was an opportunity to satisfy my wish to participate in actually making music. I have listened to innumerable symphonies, sonatas, overtures, etc.; and have enjoyed them immensely. But how much more joy is experienced when one is in the midst of a group—being a part, however small, that produces the music!

My reactions were of a slightly less idealistic nature when I found myself standing next to the piano in the music room. Here I was valiantly struggling through "My Country Tis of Thee" with an amused audience at my back. Not by the farthest stretch of the imagination could I have convinced myself that I was creating beautiful sounds. Apparently possibility of improvement was perceived, for the next Monday I found my name among those who had been accepted.

At the first rehearsal that afternoon I was astounded by the enthusiasm and abandon with which the choristers threw themselves into their work. Now I could understand why some of the Glee Club members were singing in the street car.

WALTER RHEINHEIMER, Fr. 4.

# Football Player's Prayer

EAR Goo—Help me to be a sport in this game of life. I don't ask for an easy place in the line up, play me anywhere You need me. I only ask for the stuff to give You 100 per cent of what I've got. If all the hard drives seem to come my way, I thank You for the compliment. Help me to remember that You won't ever let anything come my way that You and I can't handle. And help me to take the bad breaks as part of the game. Help me to understand that the game is full of knocks and knots and trouble and make me thankful for them. Help me to get so the harder they come the better I like them.

And, O God, help me to always play on the square, no matter what the other players do. Help me to come clean. Help me to study the Book so that I'll know the rules and to study and think a lot about the Greatest Player that ever lived and other great players that are told about in the Book. If they found that the best part of the game was helping other fellows who were out of luck, help me to find it out too.

Help me to be a regular fellow with the other players.

Finally, O God, if fate seems to uppercut me with both fists and I'm laid on the shelf in sickness or old age or something, help me to take that as part of the game too. Help me not to whimper or squeal that the game was a frame-up or that I had a raw deal.

When in the falling dusk I hear the final whistle, I ask for no lying complimen'ry stones. I'd only like to know that You feel that I've been

a good, game player.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Willard E. Givens, secretary of the N.E.A., who quoted the above in his commencement address here very generously allowed it to be presented to Tower Light readers.



# March of the Sports

Have you noticed the new white lines on our campus? Do you know what these signals on our velvety carpet mean? To sticks, girls! That leader of sports, hockey, awaits you. Not only do we expect to find in the line up for inspection some of our faithful players, but we have great hopes of seeing many new recruits. Are you, Freshmen, willing to accept our challenge to play better than we?

Now that our enrollment for the grand march has been completed, we, the spectators, are going to watch with eager eyes the events of girls' athletics. Since we do lack the ability of prophecy—may the best class win!

Edith Jones, Sophomore 1.

# The Rambling Rambler

OANING . . . Wailing . . . Thirteen letter men lost from last year's soccer squad. High-scoring men, first string substitutes; la creme de la creme—all lost on account of that ogre, that nemesis of all colleges and coaches, Graduation. Rankin, Mezick, Benbow, Fost, Gonce, Schwanabeck. And remember that bespectacled little man running around the soccer field yelling at the top of his lungs, Tom Johnson.

Come on, Freshman! Make and support the teams! Our sports calendar for the school year 1935-1936 is just beginning. Do your share! Help to put State Teachers College on the sport map just as our past

soccer and basketball teams did for Normal.

Perusing old Tower Lights, we noticed the praise given to the soccer team after it had won 8 games and lost 3. Well, you old fossilized ancestors, take a look. Here's our record: Won—44; Lost—4—a four-year record that can hardly be equaled the country over. The team has averaged from 50-60 goals a year. Opponents have scored 5-12 goals a year; a major part of this number against the B team. Freshman, you have your work cut out for you!

Motto: Join the soccer squad and see Maryland. Is that team a traveling one! And what opposition! Salisbury Teachers College, Western Maryland, and Johns Hopkins—all home and away. The regular schedule is against strong college teams. To insure adequate practice, nine games have been arranged with high school and professional teams.

Just as the sunshine follows the rain, so does an incoming freshman group follow the outgoing senior group. Talent... good prospects... high interest... all are being exhibited by the freshman. S. Miller at goal, Hewes at halfback, Gordon at forward, and Gamerman are promising candidates. Watch out, seniors and sophomores!

We learn from Don Minnegan that our freshman athlete, Mr. Gordon, starred in football and basketball at St. John's. Well, well! Con-

gratulations, Mr. Gordon!

As far back as 42 B.C., Publius Syrus said, "Practice is the best instructor of all." Keeping this in mind, Coach Don Minnegan has already started several former high school basketball stars practicing the game in which they excel. R. Curland, S. Miller, and B. Gamerman—freshman—as well as "Ups" Sokolow are hard at work getting down the fine points of the game.

Official basketball practice is slated to start about the middle of October. Catholic University, American University, Salisbury Teachers,

and Gallaudet are included on a college schedule.

It used to be, in days of yore, that the Senior Class would have a

mighty and lusty struggle to subdue the lowly Freshman Class in sports. What about a revival? Inter-class soccer, basketball, football, indoor, etc. are a lot of fun. Why not? It'll provide some swell games. Last year, the freshmen played the seniors in soccer. What a game! 10 killed; 5 wounded. Some fun!

Those Fourth Year Seniors are becoming quite uppish. In gym class, they are having special individualized training in archery, cotton

golf, handball, and volleyball. Oh, for the life of a Senior!

Well, that's that! If you read down this far—well, words fail me. If by some chance machinations of the Fates, anyone should feel inclined to favor your "Rambler" with a note of criticism, two little quotations come forth to my rescue: Lord Byron's definition of critics:

"A man must serve his time to every trade, Save censure; Critics all are ready-made, Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote, With just enough of learning to misquote: A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault, A turn for punning, call it Attic salt."

Consoling, I see in the Iliad of Homer, "Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe, are lost on hearers that our merits know."

Morris Miller, Soph. 4.

## **ENO**

# From the Campus School

#### AMERICAN MERRY GO-ROUND

The greatest Campus School headline for the month concerns the bazaar to be held on October 18. The theme, which evidences both originality and careful planning, is "American Merry Go-Round." Each grade under capable guidance is in charge of a project. The Merry Go-Round may take you to the "American Toy Shop," a "Roadside Market," "Cape Cod," the "Show Boat," and even to see the "Indians."

The "Roadside Market" will display its wares outside the building. The other booths will be within the class rooms and assembly room. An added feature in the Administration Building will be a fashion show titled "Hollywood." Supper will be served in the cafeteria.

M. CUNNINGHAM.

(Continued on page 40)

It pays to stop at the

# Towson Fashion Shop

511 York Road

**Opposite Motion Picture Theatre** 

Coats, Bresses, Millinery, Hosiery, Underwear and Accessories \$.79 VALUE FULL-FASHIONED SILK HOSE. OUR SPECIAL \$.59

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Visitors Welcome
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MARYLAND STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

You all know Confectionery

MARTHA A. ANDERSON

York Road opposite Linden Terrace

## SAILING OFF THE COAST OF MAINE

One day my Uncle Charles took my cousins and me on an all-day sailing party. We packed our lunch and left early in the morning. We went in a lovely 22-foot sailboat. On the way to Cape Porpoise (where we were going) we ran into some big waves. They were breaking long before they came near the rocks or shore. However, we had the outboard motor with us and had it going, and got through the breakers. When we arrived we had a swim, then we sailed out of the creek to an island where we ate lunch. About an hour after lunch we decided to have another swim. Then we ate almost all the food that we had left from our big lunch, after which it was time for us to head home for the Kennebunkport River Club.

BETTY WADE, Grade 5.

#### **ENGLISH**

In order to appreciate my ending to "The Tiger and the Lady" you should read the story.

The youth walked to the door, placed his hand on the latch, opened it and ran, for out bounded the tiger. Seeing that it was the wish of the

princess, he threw himself in the path of the beast.

The princess appeared cool at the youth's fate but as the tiger leaped about in search of other prey she hurled herself into the arena and was devoured. Thus they were both killed but united in the next world.

HARRY D. BERRY, JR., Grade 6.

## A VISIT

On our way back from Prudence we stopped at my Grandmother's for ten days. Next door to us was a farm. At the farm was a pony, a dog, and a baby. The pony's name was Ginger, the dog's name was Chum and the baby's name was Lydia. When we rode the Pony, Chum would chase him so we had to put Chum in the house. We had loads of fun and I learned to gallop riding bareback. When we weren't riding Ginger we were playing with Lydia. We enjoyed our visit at Grandmother's.

Sue Crane, Grade 4.



# They tell about an Englishman-

Who closely scrutinized
His income tax blank
And then sent it back
With the following notation:
"I have given the matter careful thought
And have decided not to join
The Income Tax."

Now getting around to cigarettes

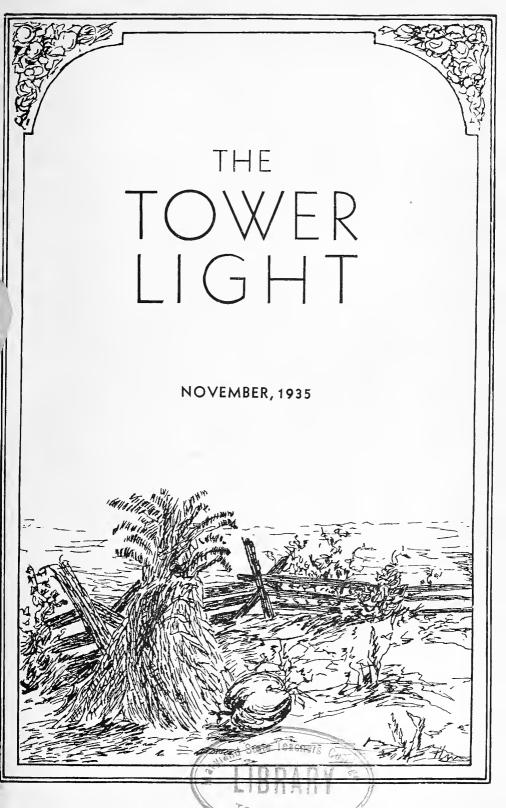
There are no ifs ands or buts

About Chesterfield

Two words make everything clear ...

They Satisfy

Chesterfield ... the cigarette that's MILDER
Chesterfield ... the cigarette that TASTES BETTER





# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College TOWSON, MARYLAND

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# THE TOWER LIGHT

Vol. IX

NOVEMBER, 1935

No. 2

# Through October Fields

To was early morning of a glowing October day. As I swung across the field with school books in one hand and lunch pail in the other, I became acutely laware of a change taking place on all sides of me. I stopped, I looked, I reflected. Ah, yes, autumn was in the air. The flawless blue sky told me so, the playful whispering breeze, too. Still more blatant signs flared up from everywhere. Over yonder on the border of the newly plowed wheat field was a riot of color dabbed against the perfect blue background. Gold, crimson, and brown made a display of a brilliance that belonged to summer. The slender waving plumes of goldenrod stirred noiselessly in the phantom breeze. Rising stiffly above this sea of gold were hundreds of corn shocks which stood at attention in an orderly fashion, while squatting here and there were dumpy pumpkins which rested in safe security among the stanch shocks. "Ah," I sighed, "soon you will be transfigured into grinning jack-o'-lanterns or luscious, spicy pies. Time does not wait."

Even nature's furred and feathered friends suggested to me a turn of events. Proud, magnificent gobblers strutted boldly across the field. I shuddered. Did they not sense that Thanksgiving, the chopping block, and the roasting pan were just around the corner? Did the busy little chipmunk know what fate awaited him. He scurried through the dry crackling leaves to deposit the newly ripened nuts in his winter storehouse.

Thus, I continued my journey through October fields. I was stirred, depressed to know that warm, laughing summer was stepping into the background so graciously to make room for cold, heartless winter. Suddenly I was aroused from my musings by a sharp "clang." It was the school bell. My meditations vanished; I quickened my pace.

JEANNE M. LANG, Fr. 6.

# The Feast of Thanksgiving

1622

Showly and somberly the guests marched to their places. Elder Winthrop intoned a grace for the many blessings of the year. The women began serving the food. Gravely and with little conversation the Pilgrims and Indians ate. Huge piles of apples, plums, and dishes of cranberries were distributed up and down the table. Meat pies, mince pies, and plum pudding added their odor of rum to the pungent steam of hot corn pone and large, well browned turkeys. At last satiated and contented the Pilgrims and their guests rose. Once more Elder Winthrop asked the blessing of the Great Spirit. Slowly the people drifted away still munching fruits and meats. The first Thanksgiving was over.

## 1932

A slight silence followed the seating, and the battle of the gourmands was on. Bowls of steaming turnip soup occupied the attackers for a few minutes and retired defeated. The center advanced under the guise of deliciously tender chicken, luscious turkey, and creamy mashed potatoes, and likewise was demolished. With impetuosity hardly diminished the sauerkraut and pork were reduced. Pausing only for breath, the epicures rushed the hot mince and cool lemon pies. More slowly the chocolate, cocoanut, and marble cakes were conquered and the eaters were finally repulsed by oceans of hot cocoa and coffee and cold, rich milk. The Battle of Thanksgiving was over.

M. Fishel, Soph. 7.



## Autumn Leaves

Gaily swirling o'er the garden wall; Lightly twirling heeding Winter's call; Crisply crunching neath a child's soft tread; Summer's ending sad, they join the dead.

EILEEN McHALE, Soph. 2.

## Science in Education

THREE addresses and an exhibit of work from the schools of Baltimore City were the features of the meeting of the Science Section of the State Teachers' Association on October 25, 1935. Dr. David Weglein and Dr. Florence Bamberger spoke from the philosophical angle, while Mr. E. M. Palmer attempted to aid teachers in a more im-

mediately practicable manner.

Not unnaturally it was the practical side of the meeting that seemed to appeal most to a gathering composed in the main of classroom teachers. Mr. Palmer, director of the Department of Education of the Natural History Society of Maryland, briefly described the aids which his organization is prepared to furnish to the teachers of Maryland. Of primary importance is a large collection of slides reproduced from photographs of Maryland specimens covering a large part of the field of natural history. The excellence of visual instruction with slides need no longer be argued, but the excellence of these particular slides was effectively demonstrated by a number of examples which were projected for the audience. For school assemblies or Parent-Teacher meetings the Natural History Society is able to furnish not only the slides but also a lecture to accompany any set; or even the slides, lecture, and lecturer. Members of the junior division of the Society may be engaged to talk to their compeers in science or hobby clubs. Supplementary to this lecture service is the large collection of photographic prints and exhibits of the actual objects themselves. Especially good exhibits of minerals, rocks, birds, plants, insects, and Indian artifacts are ready. Mr. Palmer emphasized that these were all-Maryland and exclusively Maryland exhibits and therefore have the added value of demonstrating what can be done right in the children's own vicinity. Arrangements can be made for securing these teaching aids by communicating with Mr. Palmer at the Natural History Society of Maryland, 2103 N. Bolton St., Baltimore.

The exhibit of the tangible results of science instruction in Baltimore City Schools attracted the attention of a large number of visitors from other sections as well as of those who attended the science meeting. Comments, some highly favorable and others tending to doubt the value and validity of the work, were frequently heard. But ideas for pupil activity were shown so strikingly and so profusely that no philosophical objections would have been able to invalidate them in the

minds of busy teachers.

Dr. Weglein spoke of science mainly from the standpoint of the high school. Applications of science he considered of greater importance than the theoretical bases of science in teaching the subject to the

unspecialized classes found in public schools. This relative importance he based on the desirability of securing pupil interest. Yet the final note of the talk, to the effect that the aim of science teaching is to develop an appreciation of scientific method, showed that the speaker would not entirely abandon theory, as has been done to the ruin of science instruction in some school systems. Some of the audience wished that Dr. Weglein had had more time to explain the point at which he would make the compromise between theory and application. Dr. Bamberger spoke on the subject of "Provision for Leisure Through the Science Course of Study." Unfortunately she was detained at another meeting until a large part of the audience, including the present reporter, had left.

C. H. Kolb, 4th Year Senior.

#### 60 B

## "We Move Towards Great Decisions"

An address delivered to the Maryland State Teachers Association on Friday, October 25, 1935, by Dr. Glenn L. Frank, President, The University of Wisconsin.

THE American people must, according to Dr. Frank, decide whether the leadership of the United States shall rest upon the basis of a Democracy or Dictatorship; whether economic activity shall proceed under private enterprise or public ownership; whether there shall be a balance of power between local and national government, or a highly centralized power. In discussing those aternatives, Dr. Frank explained that Dictatorship provides a strong government while Democracy provides a wise government. It is the duty of all wide-awake citizens, and especially teachers, to let it be known that what is really needed is a wise government with revised methods of democratic procedure.

The University President drew a distinction between "functional capitalism" (the creation of utilities) and "financial capitalism" (the capture of wealth). The first mentioned type, made "workable in an economy of abundance," is the economic system which he feels the people of the United States require.

Since there is no guarantee that a centralized power would be used continuously for the public welfare, Dr. Frank exhorted his audience to mass their strength against any attempts to "Russianize or Italianize our government," and to strive for the establishment of a balance of power which "will secure efficiency without tyranny and freedom without anarchy."

Dr. Frank concluded by reiterating his plea for an American way of meeting these decisions.

W. F. P.

# Pigs

Bang—the door slammed! "Well, that's that," said Mr. Cuttemup as he sank into his easy chair with a sigh of relief. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Cuttemup and their daughter, Rose, comprised a midwestern family of comfortable means. The three of them had been enjoying a life of contentment—until Mrs. Cuttemup decided that it would be convenient for her if she could marry off her daughter to the son of a business associate. In this way the slaughter house of I. Killum and A. Cuttemup would become quite a prosperous corporation. But Rose would hear of no such thing. She was not in love with her mother's selection, and besides, she didn't like the way he smiled. It was a silly grin, and he had a gold tooth that almost blinded one. So Rose decided to pursue a course in sculpturing somewhere in the East—Paris, or a place like that. That's why the door slammed.

When Mrs. Cuttemup recovered from her terrible grief, in a week or so, she turned to her exasperated, indifferent husband and said, "Arnold, dear, isn't it wonderful? Now we can really mix with the swells—we can tell them that our daughter is spending her time abroad, study-sculpturing. 'Abroad—studying sculpturing'—doesn't that sound just too marvelous for words? Oh, I'm all a-flutter. Think I'll give Mrs.

Arty Fishel a ring. She's it in the social world, you know."

"Yes, love," was the usual, meek reply.

The next few weeks found Mrs. Cuttemup busily engaged in an attempt to crash the gates of the social world—and she was succeeding! Her home was transformed from one of bad taste to one of ridiculous taste. Hubby had to think twice before deciding what he could sit on, and when he did sit, he had a conviction that a standing posture would have been more comfortable. You see, there were no more easy chairs. But the home was stylish and smart-looking, and that was what counted. At least, that's what his wife said—even when she saw her Arnold struggling every evening with his immaculate shirt front.

Mr. Cuttemup managed to bear the strain—until his wife said this: "Arnold, there's only one thing we've neglected to do. I've decided that you need diversion from those frightful pigs. I've been trying so hard to forget all about those fat hogs. What you will do is this—you're going to buy an art museum. Isn't that a brilliant idea, dear?" This was too much for Arnold. For the first time in his matrimonial life he protested—wildly and heatedly. He stormed and raged; he shouted and roared; he clenched his fists and tightened his lips; but he bought the art museum.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Fishel, the social leader, was introducing her newly-discovered friend to the real elite. She accompanied Mrs. Cuttemup, together with the scowling husband, to symphonies and operas. The Cuttemups were painfully learning to appreciate good music. "Aren't you 'dee-lighted', Arnold dear?" she would say to her husband. "We never worry about those infernal pigs any more. By the way, did you make an offer yet for the famous etching, 'Madonna and the Shoestring'? It's valuable for our gallery, don't you know! You'd better get dressed for the concert tonight, dear. Don't stand there and look like a

fool. Hurry! We haven't much time."

One radiant morning in early June, five years after the Cuttemups had started their cruise on the social sea, Arnold opened a letter. He read it to his impatient wife. The printed words were: "We are proud to inform you that your daughter, Rose Cuttemup, has been the winner of first prize in an international sculpture contest held in the Paris Conservatory of Sculpturing." No sooner had the parents voiced their astonishment than in marched Rose, the winner of first prize. She looked at her bewildered parents; glanced at the surrounding furniture, and burst forth in audible laughter. This home—her parents—their clothes—it was all too funny! But Rose realized that her mother and father wanted very much to see what she had won first prize for. So she opened the box that she held under her arm. The mother fainted, the father gloated, and the daughter admired. There in all its dazzling glory—stood the bronze image of a fat, unctuous mid-western hog!

SYLVIA BERNSTEIN, Soph. 1.

## **2**923

# Notes on the Maryland Reservation Trip

E ARLY on a Saturday morning in October, twelve members of the faculty and student body set out from our college bound for the Maryland State Reservation, fifteen miles west of Hancock. The scenes were beautiful, typical of those found all through the state in

early fall.

We stopped at the home of Governor Johnson, first Maryland governor, near Frederick. At Frederick, we inspected the Barbara Freitchie Museum and the home of Chief Justice Taney. We then hurried along the National Highway through Hagerstown to the reserve. Our illusions of a rough lodge in which to stay were dispelled when we saw the well furnished home of the caretaker who was to act as our guide.

After lunch, we set out on a walking tour of the thousand-acre reserve. We returned to the lodge and then went to inspect an apple-packing house about half a mile from the reserve. On Sunday morning, we visited the famous Woodmont Lodge. Our first stop was at a large

artificial lake in which nearly eight hundred wild duck were swimming. We then went to the caretaker's house where we'saw a modern electric incubator. The clubhouse contains hundreds of mounted animals, including deer, bears, fowl, and birds. Here is also a "President's Chair" in which Cleveland, Arthur, Hoover, and Roosevelt sat while being entertained at the club.

Immediately after dinner, we started on our trip homeward. When we arrived at Hancock, Miss Brown offered to take another freshmen and me through Harper's Ferry. Here we stopped at the Hill Top Hotel to gaze at the mountains. This scene is especially beautiful in autumn due to the different colors of the foliage on the trees and bushes.

There were no other stops until we arrived at Towson. After reaching home I thought of the experiences which I had had, and determined to boost another trip to the reserve in the future.

Joseph W. Moan, Fr. 4.

#### ೯೩೮೨

## A New Course

College, several new studies were instituted in the curriculum. Last year, when Astronomy was inaugurated, the fourth-year seniors took the course. The first section to have finished the work this year with Miss Blood is Sophomore Four.

The course consisted of class work, home preparation, and night observation sessions. In the classroom periods the subject matter was discussed and star charts made. On clear Thursday nights, the members of the class assembled at the parking space on the campus where the telescope is placed, and found the constellations which were on their star charts.

One observation was made at the Maryland Academy of Sciences. Dr. Woolf, the director of that institution, proved to be an interesting guide to the visiting students of the Teachers College. Not only did Dr. Woolf point out the most interesting constellations visible at the time, and other phenomena in the sky, but he showed actual pictures of the heavens projected on glass by a special apparatus.

The course included the study of the technical points of the telescope in addition to the planets, moon, meteors, stars and nebulae themselves.

N. NEUBERT JAFFA, Soph. 4.

## Students of the Pear Garden

As far back as 2000 B.C. the Chinese were enthusiastically engaged in the drama. Drama was their chief means of self-expression and through it these Orientals gave vent to their emotions. Because it was such an important factor in the life of this people, it found here fertile fields in which to grow. The Chinese have proved themselves to be good farmers and as a result we are able to look with appreciation at their exceptional harvest.

The first advanced stages of the drama peculiar to this nation were in the form of religious festivals. These festivals were usually held in the temples or palaces of the emperor or priests of a definite district.

Oftentimes, the actors used the open fields for their stage.

There was no definite written plan to follow in these ceremonies for it was the business of the sages to hand down from generation to generation the customs usually followed. However, we do find that during the sixth century A.D. there were specimens of Chinese dramatic literature. There might have been attempts at dramatic literature before this if the sages had been less selfish. They knew that as long as it was the custom to hand down from mouth to mouth the form and customs to be followed in dramatics, there was little chance of losing their jobs. (The old idea of security.)

All of the acting done in these ceremonies and festivals was strictly amateurish; not that the acting was bad, but just that the sages of the time thought that drama was not an art. Poetry, philosophy, and painting were arts. The drama was written in the vernacular and so was not art-verse, the criterion for judging the art of writing. Nevertheless, at the beginning of the eighth century, Emperor Ming-Huany employed actors at his court and paid them. This troup of actors remained at court and was known as the "Students of the Pear Garden." From this time on acting took on a professional aspect and assumed an artificial character which came as a result of trying to satisfy an audience instead of satisfying the actor himself. (Another evil of money, darn it!)

When China came under Mongol rule the sages who had denounced the drama as an art were dismissed from court, and found it necessary to write novels and drama in order to obtain a living. Now that these has-been court favorites found themselves on the outside, they changed their opinions about the drama and as a result the drama acquired new momentum. During the Yuan Dynasty (1280–1368 A.D.) the development of the play grew and there appears the first well defined attempts at dramatic art.

The written drama continued to spread on into the Ming Dynasty (1364–1644). So greatly had it advanced that some products reached the exorbitant length of forty-eight acts. These plays were divided into units of four, each unit being independent of the other and easily produced by itself. The units were similar to the various cycles of novels and plays we have today.

The Manchu Dynasty (1644–1912) saw the development of the theatre into its present form. Militarism is the dominant trend in the plays of this period. This is easy to understand if we look in the history of China. These military plays are usually performed through pantomime which seems little more than an excuse for singing and dancing.

The Chinese libretto is similar to the Italian, although the latter boasts much more literary distinction. In the Chinese form, the tendency is to entertain and to instruct simultaneously—the hero is always triumphant, the villain always vanquished. (Just like the old "meller-drammers.")

Today, we find phases of dramatic art in China which are further advanced than are ours here at home. All of the action is presented, not represented; it is not real, so its interpretation is left largely to the imagination and intelligence of the spectator. The spirit is present although the actual action is absent.

\* \* \* \*

I found it very interesting to learn that the Chinese pass through a much more difficult preparation for acting than does the American. Poor boys are apprenticed to theatrical companies for six or seven years. Here, they learn the arts of acrobatics, swordsmanship, singing, reciting, and dancing. Students must commit to memory a large number of plays and in doing so must learn not only the dialogue and music but every detail of stage business. Chinese acting is regulated by tradition, and this tradition overlooks not even the flicker of an eyelid.

After six or seven years of professional acting the apprentice is able to pay off his indebtedness to the director. Then he is free. His social position is low but he is capable of making a sizeable amount of money.

Despite the fact that there is much money in professional acting, there are those in China who still maintain the ancient ideals and continue to use that form of expression as a means of emotional outlet.

I. COHEN.



# Dr. Ruth Stocking Lynch

AMIDST an atmosphere of test tubes, chemical compounds, and various other scientific paraphernalia, Dr. Lynch informally shared her life story with an interviewer. The science department should feel proud of its choice, as Dr. Lynch will undoubtedly contribute much to the lives of the students as well as to the historical tra-

ditions of Teachers College.

The inhabitants of Elyria, Ohio, were the first humans on this planet to meet Ruth Stocking; and the public elementary and secondary schools of the same state provided her education. She earned the A.B. degree at Goucher. While at this Woman's College she was active in the glee club and choir. Moreover, she was an efficient basketball coach for intramural teams. A talent in journalism was developed through assumption of the athletic editorship of the annual. At Goucher too, Ruth Stocking gained much from three outstanding personalities: Dr. William E. Kellicott, biologist, Dr. Lillian Welsh, physiologist and physician, and Dr. Thaddeus P. Thomas, economist.

Dr. Lynch has spent much time at the Johns Hopkins University in the capacity of assistant to Dr. Jennings and as an instructor in the department of Zoology of the Graduate School. Several Hopkins personalities have influenced her life; among these were Dr. John B. Watson and Dr. Dunlap, psychologists, Dr. Lovejoy, philosopher, and Dr. Jennings, biologist and philosopher. An outline of Dr. Lynch's pursuits in the fields of education and science is given in "American Men of

Science.'

Everything at Teachers College seems to please Dr. Ruth Stocking Lynch. The novelty does not seem to wear off. We hope it never will. She admires the campus. "It is beautiful; it is the most beautiful campus I have ever seen. It is large, not crowded, and has a beautiful plan." Dr. Lynch's opinion of the student body is very favorable. She feels that the students have an unusual degree of real interest in what they are doing. The embryo teachers know their direction, they have a

purpose in life.

It is sometimes difficult to justify one's choice of a life vocation. However, Dr. Lynch's direction in life was definite. She was very much interested in human beings; she wanted to do some constructive work with society. These ideals led to the study of sociology. In order to study man more directly, she branched off to the study of psychology. Physiology was necessary in order to understand psychology-relation of mind and body. Physiology led to the more fundamental field-biology, the study of all life. Ruth Stocking Lynch decided to devote most of her life to the great field of study—biology. Thus, her successful

career today is the result of a fundamental ideal—the endeavor to un-

derstand human society.

Dr. Lynch does not believe that one can teach science to students; one can only help them to develop a scientific method—i.e., an open mind, a critical attitude, and a habit of basing conclusions on observations. She believes that fundamentally the student should cultivate habits of surveying with a critical mind and evaluating from personal observations rather than take printed words or illustrated means as final truth. Her aim is to urge people not merely to think but to actually try.

Successful teaching of science in the elementary schools is a rather new field. Dr. Lynch was very enthusiastic about the position of science in the present and future elementary school curriculum. She felt that the new teaching of science was amazing, fascinating, and very encouraging. She indicated that teaching of science in the elementary schools was very encouraging and in some instances appeared to be carried on more efficiently than in many colleges. Today youth is realizing that science is real. With further opportunity and encouragement, the younger generation will be open minded to all life.

Would you like to know more about Dr. Lynch? Perhaps she will write about some of her experiences in a later issue of the Tower Light. Or if you cannot restrain your curiosity, walk into her office and talk

to her. I'm sure you will enjoy your visit.

I. H. M., 4th Yr. Senior.

## a 923

# Miss Barkley—Our Librarian

o any of you have a pet puppy? Our librarian has one which she greatly enjoys. Compare notes with her. In her spare time, too, she finds much pleasure in attending the theatre and concerts and in reading. Another of her particular interests is New York—one shared by many of you who have been or are planning to go on the New York Trip.

Miss Barkley was graduated from Goucher and for seven and a half years served as secretary for the State Teachers Retirement System of Maryland. She then attended Columbia University School Library Ser-

vice, and now she has come to us as our Librarian.

Miss Barkley's own words about her work here at Teachers College are, "The work is so new I feel almost like a Freshman, but everyone is so lovely to me that I thoroughly enjoy my work and I know that I shall find even more pleasure in it as it becomes more familiar to me."

LARUE KEMP, Sr. 4.

## A Query From the Registrar

Did you know that twelve members of the Freshman Class are either younger sisters or brothers of former students at the College? These freshmen are Lucy Azzara, Belle Vodenos, Ruth Smith, Ruth Day, Louise Firey, Ruth Garrett, Mildred Kelbaugh, Ruth Peregoy, Dorothy Anthony, Hazel Moxley, Sidney Miller, and Isadore Seeman.

## @ (B)

## Pet Peeves

THE TOWER LIGHT is pleased to express the gratification it feels for the way its readers have accepted the first of its 1935-1936 series of contests. No less a pleasure is it to announce that the winner of the Pet Peeve Contest is Le Roy H. Wheatley of Freshman four. Congratulations!

Honorable mention goes to Miriam Cunningham, John Schmid, Isador Sokolow, Charles Haslup, Paul Miller, Walter Ubersox, Charles Hopwood, and Edward MacCubbin.

Two of the Pet Peeves are printed below:

PET PEEVE—LE ROY WHEATLEY, Fr. 4.

My Pet Peeve is smart answers from teachers on quiz papers. By way of explanation:—My biology paper, recently returned to me bore one of these answers. The question was, "Define Biology." Neglecting to call it a science, I defined it as "Dealing with living, organic matter." And then comes the point of this epistle. The professor wrote, "So does a butcher." What's the use? You can't win.

My Pet Peeve-Miriam Cunningham, Sr. 5.

I tentatively place the crown of "pet peeve" on crepe paper decorations. Perhaps no other thing causes the author such hearty tugs of hair as the sight of a delicate ruffle of the despised material over a booth advertising ploughing machines or the latest thing in gravel.

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Housewife—'Don't bring me any more of that horrid milk. It is absolutely blue."

Milkman—"It ain't our fault, lady. It's these long, dull evenings as makes the cows depressed."

## Baltimore's Public School Teachers' Chorus

Ar eight o'clock every Monday evening in Polytechnic's music room, the choristers stand at attention and fix their eyes on Mr. Denues. From chord-time until nine-thirty there is no speaking—all is musical.

The chorus is composed of teachers and their friends who are interested in chorus work and who enjoy singing. No members are professional singers, and many of them sound terrifyingly like you and—me!

Each year the chorus presents several programs, preparation for which gives rehearsals a fine persistent spirit. Many of you heard last year's Christmas program—'Bethlehem'—a cantata which was very effectively produced. This year you may hear one or more of our programs; the first, on Friday, October 25, was presented at the State Teachers' Meeting. The second will be at Christmas, and the last during the Easter holidays.

Students who graduate from State Teachers College will find in the chorus a strong connection with their Alma Mater, particularly those who have participated actively in the Glee Club. They will find, too, that their singing experience under Miss Weyforth's guidance has prepared them to read at sight compositions which at one time would have appeared to be only black, black dots on white.

STELLA L. COHEN, '35.



## The Three Arts Theatre

The Theatre Bureau of the Junior League opens its season at the Three Arts Theatre at 844 N. Howard Street with that favorite of all children, Jack and the Beanstalk by Charlotte B. Chorpenning. The first performance will be Tuesday, November 26, at 3:45. There will be matinees on Wednesday, November 27, and Friday, November 29, at the same time. On Saturday, November 30, there will be a morning performance at 10:30 as well as a matinee at 3:45. The tickets are 50c and 75c unless bought in a block of 25 or more when they sell at 25c a piece.



## Faculty Notes

The faculty of the State Teachers College was represented in several meetings of the State Teachers' Association. Mrs. Brouwer was elected chairman of the Art Section, and Miss Neunsinger will serve as secretary of the same group. Miss Birdsong was one of the speakers in the panel discussion of the Teachers' Training Section. Mr. Walther very ably introduced the speaker for the Geography Section. Miss Steele represented the college at the Saturday morning business meeting. Miss Tall has, of course, been an executive of the Association for two years, first as President, and then as Vice-President.

We think Miss Keys attended some of the State Teachers' Association meetings, but we know she had breakfast with her former advisory

section on Saturday morning.

Miss Van Bibber recently took a week-end trip over the Skyline Drive in Virginia. She didn't look as sleepy on Monday morning as did Miss Bersch after her recent jaunt to Virginia. Miss Bersch left Baltimore by boat, but since she had neglected to take her bathing suit, it seemed better to take another means of conveyance back to Baltimore.

Miss Woodward has taken over the management of the Book Shop. Those who went on the trip to the State Game Reserve believe that Miss Brown should go into the business of personally conducted tours. All details were carefully looked after, and the excursion was a pleasantly interesting one, which might well be repeated. The other faculty members who went were Dr. Dowell, Dr. Lynch, Miss Daniels and Miss Blood. We suspect that tales might be told about these dignified personages, but we shall spare them and you this time.



## A Newcomer

A wonderful gift truly heaven blest,
Is a babe held tight to his mother's breast.
As sweet as the cries from the birds in morn,
Is the cry of this babe that is just new born.
He enters this world without a care,
As we build for him castles in the air.
"Dear Lord, I pray, you my baby keep,"
Is a mother's prayer while her child's asleep.
"Love and guide him with your strong, willing arms,
Always shelter him from all mortal harms."

FLORENCE KROLL, Soph. 2.

# Ease in Pulling

SCIENCE has manifested itself in a new way. This recent manifestation is in the form of a new type of dentist's chair which enables

the dentist to make operations agreeable.

The chair is a very ordinary looking one, yet when the patient places his head on the head-rest, a lovely tune drifts through his brain. This beautiful refrain does not enter through the ears, for then its reception would be secondary to that of the sound of the grinding drill. Instead, the refrain is transmitted through the bone in the head from plates that are fitted in the head-rest and connected with a phonograph in another room. By this arrangement the music can be heard only by the person in the chair.

Tests have shown that this ingenious invention has a quieting effect on patients—the same effect that music is said to have on mentally and physically ill people. If this invention should appear practical to some of our modern Baltimore dentists, would we commend them?

Anything for "ease in pulling!"

S. FRIED, Sr. 1.



# Ten Questions

- 1. What furnishes the motive power to ships going through the locks of the Panama Canal?
- 2. Who painted the Sistine Madonna?
- 3. In what novel does the character, Becky Sharp, appear?
- 4. Distinguish between (a) "Mosaic" and (b) "mosaic."
- 5. What was the earlier name of New York?
- 6. What African negro republic owed its founding to the efforts of Americans?
- 7. In what state is the Muscle Shoals power development located?
- 8. Who said: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"?
- 9. When it is 12 o'clock noon in New York City, what time is it in San Francisco?
- 10. What is the Matterhorn?

Answers on page 24

# THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson

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\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

## Harvest Time

OVEMBER is usually the month of thanksgiving and rejoicing; the month of barns bursting with nature's bounty, of fields yellow and brown with the fruit of the earth. On the other hand, November may be the month of keenest disappointment and despair; the month of lean harvests, of barren fields. The wise agrarian at this time,

balances his books and evaluates his planning and his industry by

measuring results as evidenced in his harvest.

We, too, need to evaluate the harvest growing from our activities here at Teachers College. Optional attendance of assemblies on Tuesdays and Thursdays by fourth-year Seniors should give those students opportunity to develop by exercise the quality of discriminating and wise use of time. We hope this freedom will become a perennial at this institution.

Prompt payment of Student Activity Fees benefits every student by enriching his college life with financially secure organizations. We congratulate the Students' Association for Cooperative Government and the Administrators of the College on their discovery of the fertilizer which so effectively stimulates that crop.

City and County students are being placed in the same sections. We are confident that this planting was definitely planned, and that in each subsequent year, the resulting harvests of goodwill, comradeship, understanding, and professional unity, will do much to advance State and

National understanding.

Permission to smoke in places equipped and reserved for that purpose removes the necessity for duplicity and deceit if one wishes to pursue "My Lady Nicotine." Besides being a psychological disinfectant, this new responsibility is prima facie evidence that the Administrators can and will adjust to personal as well as professional needs of the students. None can doubt that this is indeed a fruitful seed.

Radios take root slowly here at Towson. The set in the Student Officers' Room gathers dust; the magnificent instrument in the Auditorium is used as an amplifier for physical education rhythms; and the machine in Richmond Hall Parlor is continuously tuned to popular music with a break now and then for Lowell Thomas and "The March of Time." There are many programs of timely significance to the study of health education, history, economics, art, English, and music regularly broadcast during (and too often only during) school hours. These programs pass unheard unless instructors make provisions for receiving them. It therefore behooves the students and the instructors to co-operate in enriching their courses by making real the potential harvest latent in our radios.

The Visual Education Room is another tool which has been allowed to remain idle during much of the time when it might have been put to use. Besides lanterns, a reflectorscope, and a motion picture projector, Teachers College owns an extensive collection of slides which may supplement courses in history, geography, and art. The facilities of the Baltimore Museum of Art, together with motion picture films, and film strips from the Extension Service of the United States Department of Agriculture are also at our disposal. Thus, the

range of effective visual education is increased to include science and psychology in addition to those subjects already mentioned. It is true that this seed of visual education is growing, especially in the field of art; and since it is growing, let us increase the acreage as rapidly as possible.

We have found much in our harvest here at Towson for which to be deeply and sincerely thankful. Through careful evaluation of the crops we have reached some conclusions concerning directions toward which

we might move for even greater harvests.

May we prune out the dead and non-contributory while we preserve and husband the vital and constructive.

THE EDITOR.

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## Vas You Der, Charlie?

VERY month, the Tower Light is sponsoring a different contest. Last month it was the "Pet Peeve" contest; this month it's going

d to be a "Tall Story" contest.

What's a tall story? Shame on you! Don't you know? Don't you remember the time you caught that seventy-five pound fish? Or that time you crossed the goal posts with six men hanging on the respective parts of your anatomy?—and you girls, tell us about that tall, dark, and handsome Romeo "who just wouldn't let you be."

Surely you know what a tall story is. It's anything that will make the other fellow gasp, "You don't say so!" "And then what happened?" "Wasn't that terrible?" "Quick, what did you do?"

Come on, lads and lassies, get busy, "write" away.

Here are the rules of the contest:

1. Think up a "Tall Story"—true or untrue.

2. Write it in about 100 words, on one side of the paper, legibly, in ink.

3. Sign your name to the "Tall Story" if you wish to be considered

4. Hand the "Tall Story" in to the Tower Light office before November 22.

Get the idea?

I'll wager we have enough material in the school to make Baron Munchausen look anaemic!

(P.S.—To all whom it may concern:

I will not hereafter give any more anouncements in the assembly about any of the contests-The Tower Light office has graciously endowed me with a publicity expert.)

## **Assemblies**

#### DR. CRABTREE

## October 7

Dr. Crabtree compared the play "1066 and All That" given in England to our "Of Thee I Sing" in order to demonstrate to her audience that the English people have a decided sense of humor. This drama is the "best English theatrical play of 1935, a miracle of craftsmanship

made from the historical travesty of the same name."

The play deals with Common Man as he travels through the eventful centuries that have made up the background of English history. He visits Rome, talks with Henry VIII, meets Queen Anne, and watches the trial of Christopher Columbus, who was the incarnate "slangy" English spoken by Americans. In the last act, Common Man in an airplane nine miles above the dense and noisy traffic, says, "After all, history is only what we can remember"; which strikes everyone as being a rather salient observation from a common man.

S. STRUMSKY, Soph. 3.

#### October 10

It became our great pleasure on October 10th to greet our friend Mrs. Johnson, who left us 28 years ago to teach in Farrel, Alabama, the famous single-tax city. Mrs. Johnson's purpose was to give the assembly audience a picture of single-tax work done in Alabama, but as a preliminary explanation, which eventually turned out to be the speech proper, she dealt with the question, "What do we want in citizenship?" Character, according to Mrs. Johnson, is not to be found by judging the inactive regressives, but rather those who say about all faults, "What are we going to do about it?" Good character and citizenship run together, inseparable comrades.

Our speaker convinced us that good character does not begin when we are adults; neither does citizenship begin when we are twenty-one and of voting age. We must be of good character today and of good citizenship today. Most important to us as teachers and members of the human race—good characters and good citizens are not born, but created, or rather, create themselves. "Our bodies are constantly being transformed by the renewal of our minds." It is therefore, by the exercise of sufficient will power, that any of us may be transformed, "over-

night," into a good character and a good citizen.

## DR. ABERCROMBIE October 14

Dr. Abercrombie spent ten weeks of the past summer aboard an "unpretentious" steamer sailing on the Atlantic Ocean and through

the Panama Canal. She said that she took the trip to rest up from what had happened last year, and to prepare herself for what is to happen this year. Dr. Abercrombie visited twenty states and included Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, and Jacksonville; she also stopped in British Columbia and the Panama Republic. One of the most beautiful sights on the whole trip was the lunar eclipse as it appeared in the southern skies. Dr. Abercrombie urged all the faculty and students to take this wonderful trip, not only for the rest that one would get while cruising on the waters, but also for the widened traveling experience to be gained by visiting the various states, Panama, and British Columbia.

S. STRUMSKY, Soph. 3.

## · October 15

The assembly audience had the opportunity to hear for the first time Mr. Blum, Assistant Sanitary Engineer of the Maryland Bureau of Sanitary Engineering. Mr. Blum gave us the history of the bureau and the vast importance of its work. The bureau has done marvelous work in providing Maryland with a good drinking water supply and an efficient system of sewage disposal. We were congratulated by the speaker, in that we have a public water supply and sewage disposal.

Since the water supply of the state is extremely important in relation to health, the Bureau of Sanitary Engineering gives the drinking water monthly tests consisting of a bacteriological survey, a chemical survey, and a sanitary engineering investigation. The organization has accomplished many fine things, one of which was helping reduce the yearly death rate of Typhoid Fever from 42.8 in 1910 to 2.4 in 1934, an all-time record.

MAX BERZOFSKY.

October 24 turned out to be our lucky day. It was then that Mr. Alden G. Alley paid us a visit; the second in three years. Our speaker had just returned from his thirteenth trip abroad, and because of his connection with the National Council for the Prevention of War, he came to Towson to impart to us his first-hand information of the League of Nations and its work in the Italio-Ethiopian affair. "No community can have peace unless it has the instruments of peace." The world community has these instruments or tools of peace: the World Court and the League of Nations. It is the duty of the citizens of the world community to use these tools in maintaining peace.

After the World War, the nations of the world turned from anarchy to law. But in 1931 the first crisis to world peace appeared, when Japan reverted to anarchy, broke treaties, murdered women and children, and stole Chinese territory in defiance of the world. "Ever since 1931 every nation is learning to be a better killer than any other nation." It is with the second and present crisis, the Italio-Ethiopian

conflict, that the future of civilization is threatened. If the convict, Italy, is rewarded with success, and crime is found to pay, it will not be long before all nations are thrown into another maelstrom by their greed for power. "Civilized existence drifts back to barbarism if collective security is banished. The whole force of a community must stand behind law in order to obtain ultimate peace. It gives us hope to know that the peoples of a world community realize that there is a wrong in the present action of an imperialistic power against a small and powerless nation." We must raise the intelligence and moral stature of every person, to be able to cope with the problems which up to now have caused wars.

"No one will play a bigger part than the teachers in awakening ideals and strengthening the concepts of humanity and justice in the young people of America; besides, these possess the intelligent capacity

necessary to work out the practical details."

M. Berzofsky.

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# Maxwell Street: A Metropolis of Diverse Nationalities

AXWELL STREET, where traders and hagglers of all races and colors gather to form virtual country fairs, oriental bazaars, and ordinary junk markets, is a picturesque scene in a frequently visited spot of Chicago. Here are food and drink to gratify the most meticulous desires of an ingenious gourmet; apparel to satisfy the demands of stevedores and fops; jewels to adorn the features of peasant and princess. Here are radios and accessories to satiate amateurs, professionals, and ordinary amusement seekers. Here are books and magazines which cater to the interests of romantic, adventuresome souls as well as to those philosophically inclined. Should you desire anything, it can be provided in Maxwell Street if you have the necessary funds.

Here, similar to the bazaar and the fair, the clever retailer flaunts his commodities. Should the gaudy apparel or strange odors of uncommon food fail to attract your senses, the merchant resorts to force. Many a vendor succeeds in grasping a Maxwell Street visitor by the arm or shoulder with such messages: "Come on, I'll fix you up with a good suit," or "Young man, let me sell you this gold wrist watch." Actually, most hawkers have small sidewalk shops, but the larger part of the stock is on exhibit on the stalls, pushcarts, trucks, and marked-off lots of bare ground. Consequently, there is more security and freedom

in purchasing articles on the street than in the shops. Many a customer buys "a cat in a bag" in the poorly ventilated and illuminated 2 by 4 shops. One learns by experience; misfortune in a shopping expedition to the Maxwell Street region should not be considered as a serious disaster. Later visits will provide entertainment and satisfaction in bargaining. Maxwell Street is the meeting place of many nationalities and displays specific commodities desired by each race. Good business depends upon linguistic ability. It is not uncommon to find a Jewish merchant who speaks several languages other than his native one. While listening to the continual chattering conversation between haggling shop trader and customers, one forms a concept of human nature in its elemental forms.

On corners and in the middle of streets, men with the gift of gab sell nostrums and quack remedies to cure everything from fallen arches to baldness. Negroes are agitating for equality of rights among all men—white and black; policemen scattered among the throngs of gullible listeners shrug or frown. Beggars persist in asking for alms. The Salvation Army blare away amidist the other discordant sound liberated on Maxwell Street. Here you may find anything you are seeking and on a large scale. The hours spent in observing life on Maxwell Street will always bring back cherished memories of this bit of the Old World set in the great city of Chicago.

I. H. MILLER, 4th Yr. Senior.

#### 2000

#### **ANSWERS**

- 1. Electric locomotives.
- 2. Raphael Santi (1483-1520).
- 3. In Vanity Fair, by William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863).
- 4. (a) Pertaining to Moses, to the Law, institutions, etc., (b) An inlaid design of small particles of glass, stone, etc., of various colors.
- 5. New Amsterdam.
- 6. Liberia (founded in 1822).
- 7. Alabama (on the Tennessee River).
- 8. Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892), in Locksley Hall.
- 9. 9 A.M.
- 10. A high mountain in the Swiss Alps (14,780 feet above sea-level) famous for its peculiar shape and the dangers of its ascent.

### Social Notes

GAIN we shall celebrate the annual get-together of the Freshmen Mothers with the faculty. On Friday, November 8, the county mothers arrive. Saturday afternoon is devoted to conferences of mothers with teachers. In the evening, the students will present songs,

The meeting of the League of Young Voters was very profitably spent in a discussion with Miss Snow of the Italio-Ethiopian affair. The China-Japan question was compared with that of the Italio-Ethiopian. Plans and problems of the League of Nations were brought before the group. Questions were asked of the speaker and further discussed.

Parlez-vous Français? It is the thing you know. French songs are sung, and French is spoken as much as possible. Our ambition is to

dramatize French plays.

And now we shall have some really splendid drama. The Mummers' League again takes the stage, and the school eagerly awaits a performance. Committees for properties, costumes, scenery, and play study have been designated. The club is moving briskly and efficiently

toward a finished production.

Did you attend the Merry-Go-Round? Then you know how charmingly everything was arranged. Over the first floor was spread the Show Boat, the Plantation, the Indian Reservation, the Mountain Cabin, and many more. Every child boasted a costume representing his particular section. The entire school was in gala array.

M. MELAMET, Soph. 2.



## City of Havre Alumni Dine

Iss Tall, Miss Bersch, Miss Tansil, and Dorothea Becker (class of 1934) attended the "City of Havre" alumni dinner held at the Southern Hotel on the evening of October 12th.

To be eligible for membership in this organization one must have made at least one crossing on the City of Havre, one of the ships of the Baltimore Mail Line. There were about fifty persons attending the dinner and they included former passengers from various points in the East, Captain McCaw, Commander of the ship, his wife, and officials of the Baltimore Mail Line.

Miss Tall is a charter member of the Alumni Association and has

held the office of President since the organization of the group.

## Lillian Scott, '30, Honored

ILLIAN SCOTT of the Class of '30 has just returned on the Berengaria from a tour of the British Isles as a member of the U. S. Lacrosse Team.

The English Lacrosse Association arranged the tour which lasted for six and a half weeks. The U.S. Team were coached by the very competent English for one week at Brighton—in southern England. From then on they played games in different sections of England and Ireland against their district teams. Two International matches were also played.

Various people and organizations in the British Isles entertained the U. S. team. In each section the U. S. players stayed as guests in the homes of the British Lacrosse players.

It is hoped that the English team will again visit the U. S. as they did in the spring of 1934—in order to help women's lacrosse in the U. S. to spread into more sections of the country. At present it is only being played in the East.

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## Senior Benefit Dance

Yes, it rained that night. But did that keep the crowd away from the Senior Benefit Dance? No indeed. They knew that despite the rain on the outside, "Autumn Loveliness" awaited them on the inside. The soft lights and the autumnal scenery were created by the interwoven ideas of the Senior class with the help of their adviser, Miss Keyes, and their art director, Miss Neunsinger. The sweet music was the sole responsibility of the Peerless Orchestra.

The auditorium was crowded with members of the present student body, their friends and many students from previous graduating classes. The receiving line included Dr. Tall; her distinguished guests, Mr. and Mrs. Blakeman; Miss Keyes; and Miss Diefenderfer. Many faculty members also were ready to greet us.

When the tower clock struck the hour of one, reluctantly we left the colorful setting of the auditorium for the cold, drizzling, outside world. We had sepnt a most enjoyable evening.

M. DISNEY, 4th Yr. Sr.

#### Stupendous Success

Senior Six, Section spree Savory sandwiches Silly skits—sunny singing Several surprises Such success seldom surpassed. Held on October 4,

D. MIDDLETON.

#### **&**

### Orchestra

THE Orchestra has been following its regular schedule of Monday rehearsals. An additional half hour is given here and there for the students who are learning their instruments. At present this latter group comprises a third of the membership. This augurs well for the future completeness of our ensemble.

The membership of the Orchestra includes:

First Violins—Dorothy Wohrna, Malcolm Davies, Helene Davis. Second Violins—Pauline Mueller, Frances Waltmeyer, Martha Holland, Hilda Walker, Helen Fleckenschildt, Elaine Ward, Blanche Klasmer. Reeds—Harold Goldstein, John Klier, Jane McElevain. Cellos—Patricia Callahan, Emily Armour. Organ—Charlotte Hurtt. Bass—Charles Hopwood. Piano—Charles Haslup. Tympani—Rebecca Howard. Drums—Lee Tipton.

Our new members are rapidly fitting into the organization of the Orchestra, though we greatly miss our graduates of last June. We are

very glad to have with us again our one fourth-year senior.

#### യെ

#### Glee Club Picnic

Delicious bits, humorous skits, and vocals galore helped to make up the very delightful evening spent by those who attended the Glee Club picnic in the glen.

Have you heard the Freshmen croon?

D. MIDDLETON, Sr. 6.

## Glee Club

THE art of chorus singing is one of the most democratic of all the arts. If you don't believe it, take a look at the Glee Club membership roll for the coming year. Of the one hundred six members, thirty-nine are Freshmen, thirty-eight are Sophomores, and twentynine are Seniors. Of the latter, eleven are special seniors returning to complete the work for their bachelor's degree. The officers for the year, following the same democratic pattern, are:

Abraham Berlin, Senior	President
Eleanor Wilson, Senior	e-President
Fourth Year Seniors	
Margaret Snyder	lccompanist lccompanist
Edith Jones, Sophomore	Secretary .Librarian presentative

Two phases of the Glee Club work are being stressed this year; the musical, and the social programs. The plans for the musical program are a deep, dark secret at present, but may soon develop into a welcome surprise.

MELVYN SEEMAN

#### ೯೩೮ ನಾ

## Breakfast at Eight-Forty-Five

AT Miss Keyes' excellent suggestion, Senior 5, 1935 planned a breakfast party on October 26. What a conglomeration of adventures and experiences were revealed! Teachers certainly do surprising things. They button up collars of third grade boys; they find snakes in cloakrooms; they build fires in huge furnaces. Some teachers prepare their rooms in the summer, and find them occupied by someone else in September, due to the mistakes of superintendents. Organs that cost seven dollars repose gracefully in the corners of one-room schools. Somebody's next check is going into a fur coat. All of these teachers are bombarded daily with apples, oranges, bananas, sandwiches, and cakes.

And so Senior Five gossiped and hob-nobbed for almost two hours, and planned another such get-together soon.

D. C. F.

## The Kaleidoscope

AMYSTERIOUS personage stalks the corridors of the State Teachers College and listens in on campus tete-a-tetes. He hears everything, sees everything, and tells every bit of it. You can't escape him, and if you try—but it's really no use. Oh, we forgot to mention that this mysterious personage is us. (Good grammar, what?)

One thing we must tell on ourselves immediately. We love to use the plural pronoun. Makes us seem more important, rather like a Fourth Year student.

Let's put the faculty in the limelight by devoting to it a whole paragraph. If you can guess who the following persons are, you may consider your education complete. Miss — comes from Cecil County and she is a Presbyterian Democrat. A certain professor loves to laugh at his own jokes which often take the form of punning. (Misses — have the happy ability of going to sleep in public.)

Next in order of importance come—no, not the Seniors—the Freshmen. Everyone seems to like the new addition to the school. The ladies in particular go about ah-ing at the mere thought of the special type of bashful he-men the schools are putting out nowadays. At least, we hear they are bashful. Two freshmen on the soccer team, however, are reported as being rather fond of paying attentions to blonds and brunettes alike. The professors aver that the freshmen are hard-working, serious-minded and witty. Believe me, that's something to live up to!

Shall we get the love interest over and done with? If you are embarrassed by any of these revelations, go off some place alone and blush. Don't let people find you out.

Remember Bill Gonce and Margaret Spehnkough? They have announced their desire to test the theory that two can live as cheaply as one. We wish Bill and Spehn luck and happiness.

This is real romance for you. Two freshmen, up for the same class office, press-agented themselves so well that they convinced each other of their respective excellent characters. Now they walk the campus hand in hand. Incidentally, we learned that the gentleman did a better job of talking to his classmates.

One romance, begun in the freshman year, has slowly faded and died. Oh, dear.

What two members of the T.L. staff are a source of inspiration (?) for two freshmen girls?

Speaking of ended romances, one young dormitory student is no longer "Rushing" around.

But romance endures, now and then, even for a year. At the Senior Benefit Dance, these familiar faces were observed: Catherine Riggs, Helen Hargett, Tom Johnson, Elwood Beam, Elizabeth Goodhand, Jimmy Tear, and just dozens of others.

A burly Senior lost his ring, but he knows where it is. So does

everyone else in the school.

Fall theme song for the ladies: "You've Got to Be A Soccer Hero." Bright remarks by Campus Cut-ups:

What does the dew do?

Mr. Walther has a nerve giving us an assignment.

These questions ought to be hard for a third grade—They are for me.

I have nothing worthwhile to say. (Don't fire us, Mr. Editor. We had to tell.)

It seems that there are four male geography teachers in the school: Mr. Walthers, Mr. Walters, Mr. Walter, and Mr. Walther. If you want to be a conformist, go ahead and use the fourth pronunciation.

The chairman of a men's section dashed up to an assembly marshal

and gasped, "Lend me a slip. I haven't any on me." Well, really!

Various seniors report that they have begun timing Mr. Kolb when he gets up in history class.

Things we would like to know:

Whether the sighs that accompanied a lengthy lecture on scientific thought, by a student, were the result of rapt interest or—Why students do nothing about the loneliness of the Special Third Year Group?

Some time ago the mother of a certain senior came a-visiting at the school, and we found out that the young lady has become what is commonly called a phrase-maker. She introduced to her mother one young man whom she dubbed "my prize hobby" and another "my prize tenor." Does she think she has a corner on prizes? Laugh this one off if you can. A famous pianist, a Fourth Year student, was presented in this manner: "May I introduce Miss ——? She can play the piano almost as well as

Miss Birdsong informed her students that they might find "The Gang" on her reference shelf. Our opinion is that that is a strange place to keep old friends.

Comment upon an uninspired work of art: "If that's Victory, I'd

like to see the other fellow."

Next month we shall inform you concerning all you have been doing this month. (Sounds like a "continued in our next.") We don't think we're so bad at this haunting job. Hope you like us as well as we do.

### Dorm Notes

Miss Powers is our new nurse—What is this epidemic among the boys?

We're sorry not to have Miss Weyforth in Harmony Lane this year.

Either all the lamps or the overhead lights should be on in Richmond Hall Parlor, "Jawn."

Eddie Fost, through his acquaintance with the WCBM Hawaian boys, was mighty kind to afford us music one recreation hour.

We house a young artist—see her Y.W.C.A. tearoom posters.

Beware! Be sure lights are off at 10:30—the Student Council Campus-es are most effective.

We have noticed a resident Freshman boy spending his week-ends playing checkers with the brown-eyed Tilghman lass.

Two resident girls of Senior Six show excellent, persevering qualities as chaperones. Ask Mr. Brumbaugh!

#### 6 B

## "Mutiny on the Bounty"

PROCLAIMED the greatest of all sea dramas "Mutiny on the Bounty" begins at the Century Theatre, November 22, after being more than a year in production. Aside from entertainment, it presents an authentic visual document of one of the most notable chapters of maritime history—the mutiny on the H.M.S. Bounty one hundred and fifty years ago. In the annals of the sea there is no more fascinating story than that told of the Bounty which set sail from England in 1787, bound for Tahiti.

"Mutiny on the Bounty" faithfully follows the original British Admirality records and the sensational story written by Charles Nord-

hoff and James N. Hall.

Irving Thalberg, producer of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," is at the producing helm. Frank Lloyd, who filmed "Calvacade," is the director. Charles Laughton, as Captain Blighs; Clark Gable, as Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; and Franchot Tone, as Midshipman Byam, head the brilliant cast.

Reported by W. Johnson.

## The Library—at Your Service

Ach month we are trying to include among our reviews books that will satisfy individual tastes in reading. This month we are offering a great variety. Because of the lack of space we find it convenient to mention a few new books with just a word or two about them.

#### 1. "AND GLADLY TEACH" by Bliss Perry

Mr. Perry reminisces and brings to the reader his experience during fifty years of service as a teacher. He touches very modestly his own achievements, but pictures very wittily the institutions and men with whom he has come in contact. Among the outstanding descriptions in the autobiography are: comments on the honor system; teaching of composition; and picturesque sketches of Hopkins, Wilson, and Eliot. The final chapter is beautifully written—Mr. Perry's favorite sport of fishing furnishes him with an excellent image for retrospection. One cannot read the book without feeling a great admiration for one whose life was filled with such profound attachments for his profession.

#### 2. "Peter and Gretchen of Old Nuremberg" by Viola M. Jones

Miss Jones, in her book, "Peter and Gretchen of Old Nuremberg," has written a most delightful story for juveniles of the second and third grade.

The story tells some of the adventures of a little boy and a little girl, seven years old. Peter and Gretchen are very good friends who share each other's sorrows and joys. When Peter's cat, Hansie, is lost it is Gretchen who helps Peter find him. When Peter goes on a picnic with his grandfather, Gretchen goes with them. Into all their adventures some of the quaint customs of the peasants of old Germany are woven.

Throughout the story are many clever and attractive pictures which make the youthful reader enjoy the book more. If you have a small niece or nephew why not plan to start him reading good books by giving him or her the story of Peter and Gretchen for Christmas?

E. H.

3. "MARJORY FLEMING," transcribed and edited by Frank Sidgewick—just off the Oxford University Press, 1935.

Marjorie Fleming kept copy books as a part of her lessons, the original of which are now in the National Library of Scotland.

"Those who require an introduction to the works of Marjorie Fleming must first realize—and then continually bear in mind—the fact that, despite their world reputation, they are the product of a little girl, an early-nineteenth century Scottish girl, who died before she was nine years old. They consist of three 'journals', some verses, and a few letters all written in the last three years of her short life. In quantity these literary remains, prose and poetry, are approximately equivalent to the libretto of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta."

---INTRODUCTION

These short bits are from Journal I: "Isabella (a cousin) teaches me everything I know and I am much indebted to her she is learned witty and sensible.—I have been washing my dools today and I like it very much." Or "Three Turkies fair their last have breathed And now this worled forever leaved Ther father & their Mother too Will sigh and weep as well as you—Here ends this meloncholy lay Farewell poor Turkies I must say."

E. G. W.

#### 4. "MINUTE STORIES OF THE OPERA"—Grabbe & Nordoff

When a person attends the opera, one of the greatest obstacles to complete enjoyment of it is that the singing of the text is often unintelligible and therefore much of the dramatic significance is lost. Since this is the case, the opera-goer should acquire some familiarity with the opera he is to hear in order to be able to appreciate fully both the music and the drama. "Minute Stories of the Opera" furnishes such information. It gives the stories of the operas in clear and simple style and furnishes a clue to the music through brief sketches of composers. Suggestive and imaginative illustrations do much in helping one get a feeling for the various operas described therein.

CHARLES A. HASLUP

Among the many new books:

#### FICTION

1. "The Inquisitor" by Hugh Walpole

The last in a series about Polchester and its people. Well written, but heavy reading.

2. "Lucy Gayheart" by Willa Cather

Not as outstanding as "A Lost Lady" but a satisfactory character study.

3. "İLLYRIAN Spring" by Ann Bridges
Gives an admirable description of middle-age romance.

#### **NON-FICTION**

- 1. "Dwight Morrow" by *Harold Nicolson*Complete and beautifully written but illuminating.
- 2. "SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS" by D. C. Peattie

  Audubon is really made to live, not merely as a nature lover, but
  as a man.

#### Watch for our reviews of:

- 1. "SALAMINA"—Rockwell Kent
- 2. "A LIFE OF GALSWORTHY" Mariot
- 3. "EDNA, HIS WIFE"-M. A. Barnes

#### കയ്ക്ക

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#### <u>್ಲಾಲ್</u>

#### THE HAUNTED CASTLE

This summer our family went to Atlantic City. We visited the haunted castle. It was very spooky looking. I saw a man sitting in a swing. Every time he swung, the leaves on the trees rustled. A little farther on I saw two men sitting at a table. Every time they tried to eat, the table rose and ghosts looked out from under the table. Several ladies stood around. Suddenly they turned into skeletons. A grandfather's clock struck as I was going by. A skeleton looked out. By the door stood a ghost with his arm outstretched. I read, "Shake me." But I didn't.

MILDRED GENE HARTLEY, Grade 4.

## As You Like It

HERE, read it and get your lachrymal glands "alachrymaling." "Humor is not mere balderdash. It must contain mirth, realism; it must be laugh provoking; it must come from the skilled hand of the artist."—That comes from an article called "Taking Humor Seriously" by J. Edwin Knowles.

Now aren't you ashamed of yourself? I work so hard to get your jokes and what do you do—but laugh at them! Fie, on you, cruel world! Alas and alacka, no one understands me! Now that I have

worked myself up into a frenzy, we can begin.

"Jest" for fun, take a squint at these:

"When do the leaves begin to turn?"... "The night before exams!" (Many a truth has been told in a joke.)

Mac--- 'Ginger-Ale.''
Waiter--- 'Pale?''

The low life—"No, just a glass!"

Jean Harlow—"I'll endorse your cigarettes for no less than \$50,000." Mr. Chesterfield—"I'll see you inhale first."

Editor—"This isn't poetry, my dear man, it's merely an escape of gas!"

Would-be-contributor—"Ah! I see! Something is wrong with the meter."

Motto for pedestrians: Pedestrians should be seen and not hurt.

Nothing has done more to put the home on a sound basis than the radio.

A coach is a guy who lays down your life for the Old Alma Mater!

Dentist's epitaph in a Connecticut cemetery:

"When on this tomb you gaze with gravity,
Cheer up! I'm filling my last cavity."

I passed a cop without a fuss;
I passed a load of hay.
I tried to pass a swerving bus;
And then I passed away.
(Sent in with the compliments of "Len" Wolf.)

Out of the mouth of babies comes the following part of the column. These are answers received by teachers from their pupils:

A fugue is what you get in a room full of people when all the windows and doors are shut.

An heir is when anybody dies you get what is left.

What are rabies and what would you do do for them? Rabies are Jewish priests. I should do nothing for them.

A spinster is a bachelor's wife.

In Christianity a man can only have one wife. This is called Monotony.

Science is material. Religion is immaterial.

The animal which possesses the greatest attraction for men is woman.

Nitrogen is not found in Ireland because it is not found in a free state.

When you breathe you inspire. When you do not breathe you expire.

All brutes are imperfect animals. Man alone is a perfect beast.

"Give me an example of a collective noun." . . . "Garbage can." "Correct—'It was me who broke the window'." . . . Ans. "It wasn't me who broke the window."

Letters in sloping type are in hysterics.

In the U.S. people are put to death by elocution.

Well, that's about all that is not copyrighted—hope you liked it. And bouquets to you nice folks who offered suggestions, criticisms, and contributions.

Your humor "columniator," SID TEPPER.



## The Rambling Rambler

From the sidelines during a soccer game come remarks in various forms such as: "Wet blanket, Smitty"; "Get that ball, John"; "Take it easy, fellows." I assure you, kind people, the utterers of these very sage remarks are plagiarists in the lowest sense of the word. To insure against this "outspoken" highway robbery, Coach Don Minnegan ought to copyright his famous phrases.

Well, until next fall, Play Day is gone. Memories, sweet and pleasant, are all that remain from a grand and glorious day of revelry, fun, and companionship. Who won? Who cares? It was fun. Instead of the "Blues" our Irish tenor should have led the "Greens." Boy, can he

vell!

Our soccer team is going onward and upward. U. of M., Salisbury Teachers, Western Md., Hopkins—all passed. The game with U. of M. was tied at 2–2. Two extra-periods were played with no additional scores. U. of M. acquitted itself nobly for its first soccer team. "Pee Wee" Smith was the victim in this game. He headed two "beautiful" balls into the goal, but both were disqualified for some reason or other.

Miss Birdsong wanted to know why the boys of Soph. 4 had to go to Salisbury on Friday. However, when she learned the worthy cause of the trip, she soon forgave them and wished them the best of luck. Ah, Sweet Victory, we salute thee! "Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course; and again we are graced with wreaths of victory."

1-0. A comment from a player: "Aw, we ran all over them."

Next came Western Maryland. This time, the boys left right after Miss Birdsong's period. "Cumon, you psychologists!" Let's study the minds of the Green Terrors and beat them at their own game! Another

tie graces our records: 2-2.

The team's most recent conquest is Johns Hopkins. A bit of revenge in this game for that 1-hit baseball game lost last spring. About 6:30, a horde of famished "Indians" attacked the unprotected dining room and all but devoured the dishes and tables. 3-2. Victory well-earned.

Basket-ball practice is in full swing. Our squad has a very novel and original way of "warming up" and getting the kinks out of their muscles. In order to practice in the adultorium, the players must move the chairs. I must say, they certainly do an excellent job of it. Only 65 chairs broken as yet. Give the boys a chance! No kiddin' though, we have some fine freshmen material as well as experienced sophomores.

As Ray Perkins would say, "Well, so long, reader! Old scout!"

Morris Miller, Soph. 4.

## Sport Marches On

PLASH! Rain on the Maryland State Teachers Campus, after six weeks of perfect weather. Classes continued indoors! Students sent special request to the Weather Bureau for the continuation of fair weather. (Looks as if the teachers of tomorrow enjoy their wide open spaces!)

Flash! Congratulations to Miss Eleanor Clabaugh. She proves herself worthy of her family of tennis stars. The championship goes to

her with the scores of 6-1, 6-2.

Flash! Advancement is being made! Tennis classes for Freshmen and Seniors show much progress. The coaches have hope of locating a second Helen Wills Moody in the ranks of the Maryland Teachers College

lege.

Sport marches on. The season has just begun, but hockey is well under way. Interclass competition is to be on November 3 or 6. Four Seniors, thirty Sophomores, twenty-one Freshmen plunge into battle for the leadership. May the best team win!

Sport marches on! Basket-ball promises to add interest about Thanksgiving time. Eyes and ears at attention! Watch for the march

of sports!

E. Jones, Soph. 1.



## Safety in the Universe

You would never guess what goes on in the starlit heavens above us," said grandmother to Carol. Safety is taught there as well as on earth. Notice that every bright, glistening, glittering star has its own position. They obey Mother Moon and never get confused when moving. Some mischievous little stars do not obey her. These are the shooting stars which come whirling and twirling down to earth. When they touch the ground they fade and fade till there are no more. This is what happens to those who don't obey their parents. When they play in the safe way they have much fun. As grandmother finished her tale Carol gazed up at the blue heavens above her and said slowly, "I guess if we keep the safety rules we'll have more fun too."

DOROTHY WHORTON, 6A Montebello School

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## Important Notice, Alumni

The alumni are welcome to use the facilities of the dormitory whenever they wish to come to Baltimore for week-ends. There is only a nominal charge of 25 cents per night and 25 cents per meal. Since the enrollment in the dormitory this year is smaller than usual, there is more room for visiting alumni. The latch-string is always out!



Leaf tobacco being sold to highest bidder

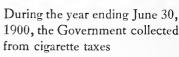


From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from

> 13,084,037 lbs. to 326,093,357 lbs.; an increase of 2392%

It takes mild ripe tobacco to make a good cigarette.





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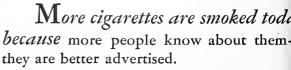
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an increase of 8725%

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1935 Member 1936 Associated Collegiate Press

# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College TOWSON, MARYLAND



## THE TOWER LIGHT

Vol. IX

DECEMBER, 1935

No. 3

## "And on Earth, Peace"

YSTERIOUS packages, surreptitiously hidden in dark corners, frantic efforts to add a bit more to the always too small annual fund, delicious fragrance from the combination of dates, raisins citron, and brown sugar, all proclaim that the Christmas holiday is near.

But why is this being done? Soft whispering with someone who knows what another wants most, some effort to buy that which will give the greatest happiness, many calls to the different social organizations to learn how best to help those in need, quiet meditation on the big problems which can bring about conditions for the betterment of all mankind; is this being done because of custom, because of tradition, because it is advocated by our friends, our church, and our country, or is there another reason?

At no other time of the year does the world appear to forget self, my, mine, and begin to think of others, of you, and of yours. Rarely, if ever, does there seem to be as much joyous living. Never does the world seem quite so close and the vastness of space to lose some of its awesomeness. If only this annual transformation could last and the external signs continue and internal changes remain constant. What could help men hold fast to this side which glimpses the divine, the infinite?

Peace on earth, goodwill to men may be a command, it may be a goal, it may be a religious ideal, but can it be achieved? If, in this complex, industrial civilization one expects one hundred per cent efficiency as one expects prompt response to the accelerator, to the dial of the radio, to the receiver on the telephone, if one expects to have all the component parts of a man-to-man relationship analyzed by an efficiency expert and know at the end when he is to give more, take less, be courteous, considerate of others, and the like, it will be a worse world for

all the effort, because this exertion of power will only annihilate that which we want most to keep. But goodwill to men, living harmoniously with others, is not an accident, nor a gift of the gods to a few people which have become random samplings of fine living. Goodwill is made up of intelligence; knowing people, their strengths and weaknesses, their emotions, their desires, their wishes, their aspirations, their fears; knowing the life of particular individuals, what they have lived through, what life has done to them, what they have done to life, their life and others' lives around them. Knowing this will help, in part, not to judge as well as to be tolerant of men, but it will help in understanding and appreciating a man in the world of men.

But knowing people, a person, facts, is not enough. One must have the ability to put himself in another's place. And what a Gargantuan task this is! How utterly impossible it is for one to really do this. One may call on his own memory, recall his own experiences in life, compare situations and try to imagine the feelings of another, but is it possible to become another? The finest kind of constructive imagination is needed if one is to try to put himself in another's place. Can we imagine what it would be like to have nothing, to want something enough to steal it for ourselves or for our families? Can we imagine what it would be like to be brought up in a broken home with nothing but economical and affectional insecurity on all sides? Can we imagine a life so driven that to kill is the only way out? Will our security, our lack of knowledge of the man, or our ignorance of men and life blind us, and keep us from interpreting another's life? Can we imagine, and then be able to add to this imagination a constructive element and see that life as it is, and reconstruct it in our minds and see what it could have been, what it can be, what we need to do to help, what the world needs to do to help, and what the individual needs to do to help to reconstruct his own life. Certainly a smile, a basket of food, a pale-pink lace-trimmed surprise gift is not the answer to "Goodwill to Men." The answer calls for continuous profound thought, reflection, memory, and constructive imagination combined with unusual foresight and great vision which will lead to action. But is this all the answer to life, to the problem of living with others? If this were true, one would have need to stress only these faculties and qualities and all would be well with the world. This may make very great humanists, Confucian gentlemen and ladies, perhaps, but is that the end for which we are striving? This may give us knowledge, understanding, perhaps a form of wisdom, but direction, purpose, and the meaning of life will be lack-

Christmas, the celebration of the birth of Christ, means to many of us much more than the Nativity. The humbleness of birth, the scene in

the manger, the shepherds in the field, the star, the angels' song, "glory to God in the highest," Herod, the king, the wise men of the east, all have great meaning for the world of men; the men in the fields, royalty on the throne, heaven and earth united to sing the glorious song of a New Life, in which there was a-new-life-for-all-men.

Divine, but in human form He walked the earth and gave man a pattern by which to live. To men, He gave positive simple principles. Love God, love thy neighbor, give, come, know, seek, forgive, believe,

... and those timeless words He meant for us.

PAULINE RUTLEDGE.

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## Trees and Christmas

Por weeks now there has been a chopping and a sawing, a lopping and a hacking in the great woods of America. Holly and long-leaf pine have been raped in the South, mistletoe and crowsfoot have been torn from their moorings and packed tightly into boxes for shipment, and in the North, with axe and saw, balsam, spruce, and hemlock have been laid low by the thousands for the celebration of the joyful Christmas season. Railroads have been receiving numerous appeals for flat cars from back on the single-track lines where, during most of the year, an uncertain service is maintained only because of the bull-headedness of public service commissions. By now a long stream of greenery is moving steadily into cities and towns throughout the land.

The biggest item of this trade in green Christmas decorations is the Christmas tree. Carefully flattened and bound into firm bales, each year hundreds of thousands of conifers are piled on flat cars, and sent

out of the North to you.

Like the Christmas festival itself, the Christmas tree seems to have been pagan in origin. There is, to be sure, the Christian myth of the blossoming of trees in the dead of winter on the first Christmas, a part—and a beautifully conceived part—of the cycle which represents all the natural world as betokening the birth of the new faith; and it is true that this story resulted in the medieval custom of adding the forced blossoms of hawthorn and cherry to the decorations of the Christmas season, but it is doubtful whether this custom is directly related to the Christmas tree tradition. There was, however, among primitive peoples an almost universal tendency toward tree-worship, especially among the North European forest-dwelling Teutons and Kelts, and it is

only natural that this propensity should linger long after Christian missionaries had driven the cult of the Druid from open practice. To what extent the present Christmas tree custom is based upon such general reverence for trees, and to what extent it is based upon legend and myth peculiarly Christian, is a problem in proportion which probably never will be solved.

Despite these facts, one of the earliest references to the actual decoration of trees is neither Christian nor Teuton nor Keltic but Latin. In the Georgics Vergil wrote about the worshipping of Bacchus by the hanging of little images on pine trees:

Et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina laeta, tibique oscilla ex alta suspendunt mollia pinu.

Nevertheless, it was not until Luther's time that the real Christmas tree appeared in Central Europe. We in America owe its vogue primarily to German immigrants, for even today it is far from being a universal custom. Only an American, German, or Bohemian child would consider Christmas a failure without a Christmas tree.

Today, in the United States, the Christmas tree, in spite of past objections, has become an industry. Certain of the sillily-sentimental -modern tree-worshippers - formerly saw in the custom a cruel nipping off of the lives of multitudes of innocent young trees. The more practical forest-lovers saw in the spread of the Christmas tree cult a threat to flourishing woodlands. But neither of these objections have proved valid. The stickily sentimental objections of the first group have gently oozed away in the face of the superior sentiment which can be attached to a well-decorated and well-lighted evergreen tree. It has been proved to the second group that a large market for young trees is distinctly favorable for the development of the forest. First, it encourages the farmer to reforest his wastelands by offering him a good profit on his investment within a reasonable number of years. Second, it promotes extensive forestry projects by providing a market for the trees removed by thinning-cuttings. This second is of distinct importance in that it prevents the total waste of such thinnedout trees, which are usually too small for any other purpose, and, at the same time, provides money for use in bettering the remaining stand. Therefore it may be said, that the demand for Christmas trees has resulted in positive gains for American and Canadian forests, rather than in any losses.

In addition to these two sources of supply, where the production of trees for Christmas use is, after all, merely incidental to other activities,

there have been developed plantations, the sole object of which is to supply the Christmas market. A great deal of research has been done in the interests of such plantations, particularly along two lines: preference of buyers as to species, and the keeping qualities of various varieties. By investigation in the former field, it has been discovered that the balsam fir (Abies balsamea) is by far the favorite, although the spruces (Picea alba, P. rubens, P. nigra) and, to a lesser extent, the hemlock (Tsuga canadensis) are also popular. Red cedar (Juniperus virginiana) and the pines (most often the scrub pine, Pinus virginiana) are usually local products and bring relatively lower prices. Along the line of varietal characteristics, the ability to retain the needles for long periods after cutting is the chief factor in the investigations.

Notwithstanding the fact that the growing of trees for the Christmas market is now a commercial enterprise of considerable extent, there still exists some degree of opposition to the cutting of Christmas trees. That such opposition must rest on an aesthetic, rather than upon an economic, basis does not diminish, but augments its effectiveness. The decoration of living trees is becoming more and more common each year. It is to be hoped that living Christmas trees will continue to be increasingly common in future years. For Christmas is the festival of the living—a promise of the renewal and strenghtening of all life; the living tree, man's natural shelter in past ages, is the perfect symbol of

that promise.

HAVEN KOLB.

#### **&**&

## The Color of Christmas

HRISTMAS in church and home, even in our prosaic and mechanical age, is almost inconceivable without the presence of delightful evergreens. At first the church frowned upon the intrusion of paganism into the sacred season. This was not due to any antipathy to the natural emblems in themselves, but on account of the superstitious sentiments which were bound up with them. Yet there was ample scriptural warrant for the practice. Isaiah had written: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary." Altogether, the ancient church was wisely tolerant in her attitude toward heathen ideas and customs, for she recognized that many of these ideas, like adorning houses with evergreens, were endeared to the people by immemorial usage. Instead of banning them, therefore, she more often permitted their continuance, directing her efforts toward investing them with a new sanctity and meaning. While they were often made

to represent higher and holier things, the older decorations were not altogether discarded; hence the curious and interesting mixture of ideas, pagan and Christian, which became charmingly entwined with the greenery of the season. The plants which, more than any others, symbolized the festival were holly, ivy, mistletoe, and rosemary.

In some old Christmas songs holly and ivy are linked together and sometimes appear in strange contrast to each other. Holly is the man's plant, while ivy is the woman's. The poems carry on a kind of debate as to which shall have the preëminence. In medieval times these songs must have been popular, for they still exist in a variety of forms, the unfailing mark of wide esteem.

The mistletoe is, perhaps, the fullest of romance. It could not have been difficult to start this vine creeping up the tree of Christmas. This symbol of affectionate joy and peace passed quite naturally into the festival of amity and goodwill. But a comparatively modern tradition, reënforced by Washington Irving and many others, has spread the impression that while mistletoe is eminently proper at happy family gatherings, it would be "awfully wicked" to take it into a church. That is now everywhere the common belief. Yet there is much to indicate that the supposed ecclesiastical taboo was, at least, not universal in the Middle Ages, and very likely did not exist at all.

But what has become of the romantic rosemary? This was once the choicest of the Christmas decorations. According to the popular tradition, it made its way into England during the first half of the fourteenth century. There is little wonder that this herb of pleasant savor was accorded a high place among the Christmas greens, for there was no part in the drama of life it did not hallow. Gray-green branches were cut from the hedgerows, and when hung around the rooms, or strewn on the floors, presented a pleasing contrast to the more somber greens of the holly and ivy. Not by the color did rosemary find its way into the season; its insinuating perfume placed it there. So, beside the beautiful but scentless holly and ivy, hung the fragrant and "memory evoking" rosemary. Imagination played around it and wove pretty legends. It was believed that all its aromatic qualities were acquired, when, upon it, the swaddling clothes of the Infant Savior were hung to dry. The flowers are a deep lavender, but according to Spanish folklore were originally white. The change of color took place in honor of the Virgin, when, during the flight into Egypt, she cast her purple robe over a rosemary bush while resting with Joseph and the Babe by the way. It is a great mystery why rosemary was allowed to drop completely out of Christmas; for by many tender ties it seemed to be inseparably bound up with it.

E. L. and E. M.

## Gift-Giving—Universal

THE Yuletide season originated long ago in ages steeped with mystery and vagueness. This holiday celebration of the sun-worshipping Aryans was one of feasting and gift-giving. Probably this was the first season of celebration when the members of a family or clan gave unto one another in thankfulness to a higher heavenly power. Follow the footsteps of civilization to a more familiar festival of thankfulness, Christmas. One need not expound the philosophy of ideal Christmas gift-giving and receiving. To the world-wide community of modern times, Christmas is an almost instinctive holiday, when kiddies cuddle in bed on the eve when "Santa" is expected to climb noiselessly down the chimney, and when grown-ups hustle the children off to bed to hurriedly decorate the Christmas tree and surround it with as many toys as Johnny and Sally have "written for." They are exerting a supreme effort in the attempt to prove that there is a "kind man who drives with reindeers over the snow and drops toys into the socks of all the good little children." Were we to visit foreign lands during the Christmas season, all nationalities would be found celebrating, in one form or another, a holiday quite similar to Christmas, entailing both theme and ideals.

Come with me, in spirit, to a time one hundred-sixty years before the birth of Christ, and Christmas. Here we see the birth of a Hebrew holiday quite similar to the Yuletide of the Aryans, and later, to the Christian holiday of Christmas. A memorable event has taken place in Judah; at last, Judas Maccabeus has thrown back the advances of the Syrians and Greeks, and once more Palestine is free from oppression, nationally and religiously. Legend tells us that the Hebrews once more began the work of cleansing their sacred grounds which had been desecrated by the Syrians. Needing fuel for the shrine's "Eternal Light," the Hebrews sought for holy oil. Their search was rewarded by the finding of only one small vessel of oil—just enough to burn for a day and a night. But lo, a miracle! The light burned without end for eight days, just time enough for them to get more holy oil and finish their work of making the shrine fit for worship. It is thus that "Chanukah" or the "Feast of Lights" began; and in praise to the Miracle-Worker and their protector, they celebrated, and to this day commemorate, an eight-day holiday season brimming with feasting, masquerades and gift-giving.

Modern trends in the celebration of these festivals are probably familiar to all who participate in them, but when we speak of "Chanukah" to non-Hebrews, very rarely is the true concept of the holiday familiar to them. "Chanukah" is most memorable to the children, for

it is on this that "Sammy" stands silently near his revered father, waiting, hoping. Before long, the busy parent turns toward Sammy, smiles, and speaks. "What's the matter, Sammy?" The youngster extends his hand, palm upward, face bowed, feet fidgeting nervously, impatiently. His father smiles, bends over to one side, you hear the tinkling of coins, and Sammy feels the weight of them in his palm. He laughs, runs toward the door to go out and spend his fortune. "Don't forget, Sammy; put something in the 'pushke' (charity-box)."

True gift-giving is not followed by a formal "Thanks" or "Thank you." From the heart comes a silent appreciation which transfers to the giver, and the giving is repaid. When we give, as our forefathers have done before us, we do so in acknowledgment of "services" proffered by the contact one has with the members of his family and his acquaintances. It signifies a token of the esteem one has for another. Since heartfelt thanks are thus experienced by both giver and receiver, such occasions as these have gone through time, a sign of everlasting faith in mankind.

MAX BERZOFSKY. LEONARD WOOLF.

#### 6 9 A

## The Guiding Star

THAT night the waves seemed calm. They lapped against the boat with a lulling swish instead of their usual pounding roar. The captain leaned against the rail at midship. It was Christmas Eve and this man, like all true sailors on that night, felt like the Wise Men years ago, when they followed the star across the plains to find their expected King, for that same star was guiding him as his ship followed its course across the sea.

Reluctantly he turned his eyes toward the music hall from which issued shouts of laughter which brought his mind back from that Far Eastern Land. The officer smiled; there, inside the door, was Christmas like the celebrations on land, with sparkling young laughter and glistening trees surrounded by piles of gifts. For a moment he watched the gayety inside, but almost magically his eyes were drawn back to the sea. He preferred his Christmas with its guiding star and tender thoughts of Christ.

E. PRATT, Soph. 7.

## A Christmas of Long Ago

THE little old lady sat gazing dreamily into the fire that burned cheerily in the fireplace. Suddenly to her ears came the sound of sweet singing! She pondered awhile, and then remembered. Why, of course, this was Christmas Eve, and the carolers were singing beneath her window. How sweet and sad they sounded! As she rocked,

the little lady dreamed of another Christmas of long ago.

Again she was a girl—the charming Miss Priscilla Dean. How well she remembered that one, special Christmas when she had gone to visit her grandparents on the farm in Virginia. Grandad and Uncle Joe met her at the station in the old family sleigh. What fun it had been to snuggle down into the warm fur, and toast her almost frozen toes on the heated irons that Grandma had so thoughtfully sent for her. For miles they rode through the snow—she, all the while, marvelling at

the white beauty of the country.

How glad she was to see again the familiar farmhouse, nestling among the hills, covered with a mantle of falling snow. It had all looked like the scene from a tiny Christmas garden. When they reached the house, she jumped quickly out of the sleigh to meet the folks. She was greeted by dear old Grandma, who bustled her immediately into the warm kitchen, and placed her before the wood stove. It seemed that all Grandma ever thought of was the comfort of others. Soon she was besieged on all sides by relatives, answering hundreds of questions about the kinfolk back home.

After a hearty supper of old ham and flaky hot biscuits, they all gathered in the front room to pop corn before the big open fireplace. They strung it into the most beautifully colored necklaces Priscilla had ever seen. Cousin Bob brought in a big hemlock tree, that he had cut in the forest, and placed it in its usual corner. What fun it had been to hang the lovely strings on its stately boughs! And last of all came the really great event—when Aunt Susie climbed upon the ladder, and hung the beautiful tinsel star on the topmost branch of the tree. Time to go to bed came much too soon, and everyone had to go upstairs, supposedly to bed; but, later, if one had been spying, one would have seen strange white figures gliding down the stairs to leave queer, mysterious packages under the tree.

Christmas Day! It was the most beautiful morning Priscilla had ever seen! The very air sparkled and sang, as if it, too, were full of the joy of Christmas. After a big breakfast, they all again gathered in the front room to open their presents. Laughter and joy reigned as each new gift was unwrapped. The lovely lace shawl that she had bestowed on Grandma, brought tears to the dear old lady's eyes. Then, to her de-

light, appeared the lovely fox skin that Cousin Bob had so proudly tanned for her. At ten o'clock, every one went to church to hear old Parson Quirk, in his quacking, quavery voice tell the story of the first Christmas. After the service, they piled into the big sleigh for the long, cold ride back to the house and a hot turkey dinner. As soon as the feast was over, the family all gathered in the parlor before the roaring fire, and listened to Uncle Dave tell of his strange adventures in foreign countries. Somehow, they had all dozed from the heat of the fireplace; and Uncle Joe had to awaken Priscilla in time to take her back to the train.

What a wonderful Christmas it was, mused the old lady, as she settled back in her chair. Many years have passed since the time of her musings, and many journeys has the dear old lady taken. Slower and slower went the rocker, as her eyes dropped wearily. The little old lady was taking her last journey.

LORELLE HEADLEY, Soph. 1.

#### 6 Y

## What is Living?

Is living counting the hours of day, Awaiting each moment to pass away? Is it wondering when the day will end To leave you at rest with pleasures and friend? Is it passing the world without even a grin, Nor striving success and love to win?

Is living gold-hoarding for future years, Heedless of others' sorrows and tears? Is it placing your fortune in garments fair, To bring forth splendor and beauty rare? Is it living not to extend a hand To the poor, and the needy, who live in our land?

Isn't it life to be loved by all Who'll help you, if you rise or fall To discover delight in the smile of a child Who wins by her ways, so sweet and mild; To find brimming joy in work or play, Just living, and loving each moment, each day?

H. V. McIntyre.

## My First Christmas at Sea

Twas the afternoon of December twenty-third, nineteen thirty-two, when the Coast Guard Cutter *Pulaski* left the base at Staten Island and pointed her bow toward the open sea and her patrol of the southern area of the New York division. The brisk east wind was whipping up white caps, making all the sailors prepare for a miserable cruise.

On the morning of December twenty-fourth, due to a shift of the wind to the south, a heavy fog set in and the *Pulaski* asked, and was granted permission by radio to proceed to the quiet waters of Delaware Breakwater, to cook our Christmas dinner which consisted of turkey and all its trimmings. In a few hours, just as our festal preparations were at their height, the radioman received a message for us to proceed to sea and look for a small fishing vessel which had left Atlantic City five days before and had not since been heard from. The Captain computed the approximate position of the fishing craft and immediately, through the still lingering fog, headed out to sea past the jetties of the Delaware.

Early Christmas morning the lookout on the fo'castle head sang out "Lights Ho!" and there, through the slowly lifting fog, we could discern the fishing vessel, rolling in the sea, illuminated only by the searchlights from vessels which were standing by to render any possible assistance. When they sighted our Coast Guard Cutter, however, they immediately slipped away. The *Pulaski's* dory was prepared for lowering and a properly outfitted boarding party, well armed with hot coffee and food for the hungry crew, was mustered. Later the fishing vessel was taken in tow, and at 10:30 A.M. on December twenty-fifth, we arrived at the mouth of Atlantic City Inlet. A smaller boat then guided the fishers into the inlet, a safe harbor for small vessels.

The *Pulaski* headed for Delaware Breakwater with a light-hearted and happy crew. Christmas at sea had indeed been spent for a worthy cause.

ROGER Z. WILLIAMS.

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#### A Plea

Wake Babe—wake to pity us. Return from land of unknown pilgrimage. Grant us faith and hope and love— Give us truth with mercy wove.

M. Melamet.

## The Night Before Christmas

UTSIDE a chill wind whistled around the corner, and downy snowflakes scurried noiselessly past the window pane. But the big living-room inside the old brick house on the hill was warm and glowing with an air of cheery holiday comfort. In the grate of the huge stone fireplace at one end of the room, roared a crackling fire. The yellow and red flames leaped and bounded in a spritely fashion as they spread a soft, mellow light over the room. On the mantel of the fireplace were red-berried holly and shiny, green mistletoe banked carelessly, but artistically, against the wall. And just below, two tiny stockings, which might have belonged to a nymph, hung by the chimney. In one corner stood a chubby little pine tree displaying its Christmas finery like a young girl showing off a new dress. Dozens of bright, twinkling electric lights peeped out from their hiding places among the tree's branches as if they were playing hide and seek with the tinsel angels. The Christmas decorations were completed by three long, slender candles burning in the window which looked out upon the cold, white world. Ah! How delightfully gay and warm the whole atmosphere was! The Christmas spirit filled the air.

JEANNE M. LANG, Fr. 6.



## The Gift of the Tramp

As Pop Klein stood on the crowded street and watched the mass of bundle-laden people pass by, he thought of the time of Christ's birth now only two days distant. He was an old man, stoop-shouldered and wrinkled. His coat was ragged and frayed, his shoes cracked, the cardboard undersoling of one worn through. Just a few minutes before a well-dressed gentleman had felt sorry for the aged man, and, moved by the spirit of giving, had thrust a coin into his cold, old hand. Already Pop was planning the meal he would order—potatoes, beans, ham, bread, and coffee, yes, two cups of coffee to take the chill of the night air from his bones.

Down the street his feet shuffled as he hurried to appease his twoday appetite. A glaring window caught his attention and he paused long enough to recall the time when he was young, and, while not too prosperous, could care for his young wife and son. Now they were

gone and only he remained, an old and broken man.

A child who was also torn and tattered, stood near. He stretched his hand out as if to clasp an especially gaudy drum. To Pop, who

watched him, the child appeared to express in that longing for the multi-colored toy a yearning for all things which were not his; clothes,

food, home and family.

Pop turned from the child to rid himself of the picture. An unseen hand clutched at his short coat. He half turned, then resolutely pushed forward. Still at his heart the memory of his own small son was persistent and would not permit him to be on his way. Pop Klein returned. Hesitating, he gently placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Get your damn old hand off me, tramp," the boy shouted. Drawing back as though bitten by his pet dog, Pop hastily withdrew. That night a warm, well-fed, and contented old man slept on a park bench and dreamed of a young son in heaven who would never call him old.

Frances E. Fantom, '35.

60 O

## Lexington Market

NE's first impression, upon entering Lexington Market, is that or colors, odors, people—all in great profusion and variety.

There electric bulbs draped with strips of orange and red crepe paper flutter in the breeze from many electric fans; pyramids of golden oranges; clusters of frosty grapes; plump, juicy green pickles; rough, husky brown coconuts; bins full of green spinach; barrels of gray oysters; rows of glistening fish, and many other vivid things to dazzle one's eye. The plant stands, with their radiant banks of flowers, add their part to the colorfulness. Chrysanthemums like great golden pompons, spicy red carnations, little, curled tea roses—all seem to be waiting to tempt the lover of flowers who passes by.

The odors—spicy, fresh, sweet, sour, fishy—are enough to revive the most jaded appetite and make the mouth of even the most disdainful connoisseur water. The aroma of olives, sauerkraut, fragrant cheeses, smoked herring, and the odd, pungent-smelling imported

delicacies sorely tempt one to stop and buy.

And then the people—there are foreign-looking old ladies with bonnets, bearing on their arms golden wicker baskets laden with good things to eat. Tired looking darkies plod wearily up the long aisles. Bright-faced young people hurry along, doing bits of last-minute marketing, in order to be home in time to cook supper. Ragged urchins of assorted sizes dash wildly in and out, bumping into heavy market baskets and tramping on tired feet. The beaming, white-aproned stall keepers dispensing their fragrant wares seem indeed to be the vendors of the food of the gods.

And over all, good humor prevails.

ELEANOR SCHNEPFE.

### The Evolution of the Christmas Card

In this rapid age, infant industries grow to giant proportions almost overnight, as the radio and moving picture have done. Now, they, and others of similar swift development, have been joined by the industry of the designing, making, distributing and selling of Christ-

mas cards.

Christmas cards are quite different today from the Yuletide greetings of old. The first Christmas card was designed in 1846 by J. C. Horsley, a member of the English Royalty, for Sir Henry Cole, who wanted it to send to friends as a special form of greeting. As Christmas cards go today, the Cole-Horsley card would not be given much consideration. It was made on Italian hand-made paper, and not upon parchment. It had no block printing, no medieval design or gorgeous coloring. It was decorated with a "trellis of rustic work in the rather rococco style" with a division in the center, and two side panels representing two of the acts of charity; "feeding the hungry" and "clothing the poor." The center panel depicted a family party including three generations, celebrating after having done their appointed charitable acts. The card was much criticized by friends of the temperance cause as it represented a merry family party about to drink a toast from wine glasses filled to the brim. The card was lithographed, copied by hand, and one thousand copies were sold.

Varied ancestry may be found for the Christmas card. There were lover cards, and illustrated note paper, and, in Germany, the illuminated cards sent on "Namenstag," the feast of one's patron saint. In 1844, a man of Luth had issued a card bearing a laughing face and "A Gude New Year to Ye." As this had practically no circulation, it is thought that Sir Henry's idea might have come from the "Christmas pieces" written by schoolboys on paper decorated with flourishes and

scrolls.

In 1862, Christmas greeting cards came into general use in England, when Charles Goddall and Sons issued a series of beautiful cards drawn by the leading artists of the day, and costing hundreds of pounds. The originals were later sold to magazines or picture houses to be used for

other purposes.

America, where the Christmas card had taken such hold on the public, followed England's lead, but slowly. At the Vienna Exposition of 1873, the flowered business cards of Louis Prang, a Boston lithographer, attracted so much attention, that a woman in his London agency suggested putting a greeting in place of the firm name and issuing them as Christmas cards. Then the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, two years later, disseminated the Christmas card idea.

In 1894, the Christmas card had become so popular that an authority on the subject had a collection of cards filling seven hundred volumes, weighing nearly seven tons, and containing 163,000 varieties. By that time the Christmas card in England was falling into a decline because of increasingly poor design. Besides, cheap cards from the continent were being imported in large quantities.

The development of the Christmas card has gone on by leaps and bounds during the last twenty years. The last decade and a half has seen the birth and almost magical growth of greeting cards of other

kinds.

What makes a greeting card popular or unpopular has never been determined. Two of the most popular cards ever printed contained verses by Edwin Markham and Henry Van Dyke. Five hundred and eight thousand cards, using this letter verse, were sold:

"It's an old wish
On a tiny little card;
It's simply Merry Christmas
But I wish it awfully hard."

The Christmas card has found a place in the field of fine arts, and it now may be seen disporting itself as the handiwork of artists who, before, have held aloof from anything so trivial. The Art Alliance is responsible for this lift in its status, and such artists as J. J. Lankes, Thomas Handforth, Ralph Pearson, Walter Teague, and Rockwell Kent have taken it in hand.

Christmas cards belong to all. They serve all ends and find their way to all places. They are sent by social leaders, and kitchen maids, bankers and bartenders. In "season's best wishes" printed or engraved, friends exchange greetings, and politicians lay up votes. "He is a lone creature who does not get his share of cards at Christmas time."

E. L. and E. M.



#### Impressions of the Prairie

A barbecue in the moonlight Quiet hills in the background And the noise of howling coyotes. Melodious songs in the firelight Twanging guitars of the cowboys And the scent of ash-roasted potatoes.

CLARA BESTRY, Soph. 1.

## Caroling

HRISTMAS is the only festival for which carols not only have been written, but also have been sung continuously. Let us see how this custom so effectively uniting music and religion originated.

French historians say that as early as the year 129, Telesphorus, Bishop of Rome, instituted the custom of celebrating the Nativity with songs of Noel. Generally speaking, however, Christmas was celebrated without carols, unless the term be applied to Yuletide drinking songs.

The birth of the true carol was about 1200 in the Italian village of Grecia. It happened at a most auspicious time, when religion was at a low ebb; when Christ was regarded as an awful judge. Saint Francis of Assisi and his friars composed, in a simple tongue for the common people, songs of the "Christ Child." They arranged a realistic play depicting the circumstances of the first Christmas. Since very few people could read, these simple dramas made religious concepts clear to the common people. Singing by the clergy was introduced between the scenes of these mystery plays. The people enjoyed these vocal interludes, soon mastered the words, and joined in the singing. Quickly there developed the custom of singing the carols apart from the plays.

Retaining their essential character of childish simplicity and religious fervor, the carols passed from Italy to Spain, France and Germany.

About this time also (fourteenth and fifteenth centuries) the English clergy was busy helping the people to enter with spiritual joy into the observance of Christmas.

The earliest known copy of an English carol is a bit published about 1410:

"I saw a sweet, a seemly sight,
A blissful burd, a blossom bright."

This illustration with its alliteration and homely simplicity, is typical of our old English carols. Besides, the whole composition is brought into personal relation with the singer in its beginning, "I saw," rather than the general "There was."

Thus carols have developed, still carrying with them their essential purpose—to bring religion within the conception of the populace. Now the custom of carol singing has grown to such proportions that we sing them in church choirs, glee-clubs, in streets, over the radio, and in our homes.

SARENA FRIED, Sr. 1.

#### The Star in the East

". . . for we have seen His star in the East and have come to worship Him."

THAT a wonderful way to start a religion! All the mysticism of the Eastern concept of a good religion is conjured up in that statement. His star...

What was the Star in the East? Was it a supernatural phenomenon foretelling the advent of the Christ, or was it merely a natural happening that can easily be explained by modern astronomy? Is Christianity founded on Divine intervention and plan, or only upon the works and sayings of a good man? An astronomer would say that the Star in the East was a "nova," or one type of variable star. That is, it is one of the less bright stars which suddenly becomes exceedingly brilliant and may remain so for several days or even years. Sooner or later, however, it gradually dims to its former insignificance. Such a "nova," situated near the equator of the sky, might have been conceived by the mysteryloving astrologers of the Near East to be the sign of the birth of a new mystic destined to stir the world, for during the nights that it was visible, it would rise in the East, pass a little south of the zenith, and set in the west. If the Magi were in the same parallel of latitude as Bethlehem, they might have construed that it was guiding them "to the place where the young child lay.'

It might have been, as the Magi thought, a sign of great things to come; something really supernatural. In that case, we are justified in believing in all the story. But who are we, not to doubt it anyway? If we are religious and whether we admit it or not, we are, for man is a religious being—who are we, not to believe? My point is, that supernatural or explainable, the "Star in the East" part of the Christmas story is indeed significant.

Even if the phenomenon were only coincidence, we are nevertheless indebted to the appearance of that "nova" thousands of years ago for some of the best thoughts that have entered the mind of mankind—some of the finest results in the arts—music, sculpture and painting—and, last of all for a lightening of the mental burden of mankind each year through the influx into everyone's heart of the Christmas Spirit.



## The Witches' Revenge

"OME, come, my family! What is wrong here? I have just returned from my long sea journey and is there no cheery Christmas greeting for me?" As Michael glanced at the little group gathered about the fireplace his smile faded, and a frown replaced it. "Tell me quickly—what has happened? Is someone seriously ill? No one here, certainly, for here we all are. You, my dear mother," he patted the gray hair of the delicate looking woman, "and you, my father and sisters."

"The old log," murmured one of the young girls, in a voice filled with tears, "the old log burned up before the new one was lit."

"Bad luck, bad luck," muttered Michael's father.

The young man's face cleared and he laughed. "Rot! You do not believe that, merely because the old Yule log burned up before the new one was lit, bad luck must visit us. Come, let us rejoice and make merry; this is Christmas."

"Never has this happened in our family before." The old man's

eyes filled with tears.

"The witches, the witches," moaned the mother, "will surely visit us because of this."

"Yes, and there was no piece of crooked metal in my stocking; that

will bring us bad luck, too," soberly stated the little sister.

The other sister joined in, "When Mrs. Cruther's Yule log went out last Christmas, all of her cattle died during the year, and when the metal was left out of Gerry Scott's stocking, the witches set fire to the house, and everything in it was ruined."

"Yes," added the little sister, "and Mrs. Thomas says no good will come from you leaving the farm and going to sea. She says the

witches are just waiting for a chance to get even with you."

"Oh, nonsense. If they come after me I shall prove to be a good match for them. Let us eat and be merry. Rejoice on Christmas; do not mourn." And, by a continuous flow of chatter, Michael gradually cheered up the family, and they set about preparing the meal.

The monotonous life of the farmer did not suit Michael but he did like its pleasures. All day long he participated in the various events—

wrestling, boxing, running, and dancing.

The next day dull, thick gray clouds hung close to the earth. All was still, and any slight noise that did arise, seemed to be amplified. As Michael's mother kissed him goodbye—for he was off to sea again—her brow knitted and she whispered to him, "Take care of yourself, dear boy."

Michael laughed, "Oh, the witches won't come to sea after me."

"Hush! Don't anger or tempt them," said the father.

On the road Michael turned to wave to the old couple standing before the door of their cottage. Chuckling to himself he murmured, "Witches!"

\* \* \* \*

The storm did not break until the boat was beyond the sight of land. Waves leaped high—splashing over the boat and splashing the men who went about their duties on deck. Far up on the top of the mast the wind whistled, whined, and laughed eerily. And then water, pouring from the clouds, thundered down on the decks. The waves swelled to gigantic proportions; they rolled along, turning, writhing, twisting, throwing foam in the faces of the crew who were working frenziedly on deck. Thus, physical torture was added to mental.

Michael stood at the steering wheel and stared with stinging eyes into nothingness. Who could see through this opaque sheet? "Steady, steady," he said through clenched teeth. The ship lurched, rose, sank among the waves and rose again. Never had Michael known fear, and even now when the huge mast snapped and crushed a side of the boat, not a single frightened thought entered his mind. Even when he knew that death was certain, he remembered the happy Christmas; and then the Yule log. "The witches! Were my parents right? What a foolhardy son was I, to laugh at the bewitchers. But why should they take my mates, too? Why do they not punish me alone for mocking them? Oh forgive me, my parents, and you, my mates!"

More water gushed over the broken side of the ship. The wind shrieked shrilly; an immense wave swept the deck, and cleansed the

ship of all men and debris.

With evening came the end of the storm. It seemed unnatural that those gently rolling mounds of water could have been stirred up to make such dangerous mountains, or that this gentle breeze could have become a raging maniac. The broken and deserted ship rocked along, mourning for its broken parts and its attentive human keepers—waiting only for the day when the witches would return and finish their acts of destruction.

M. McClean.



## THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson

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\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

## The Art of Giving

"He can dish it out, all right, but can he take it?" That pithy little slang expression implies a world of difference between "dishing it out" and "taking it." Yet great as is that difference the contrast between "dishing it out" and giving is even greater. "Dishing it out" is a helter-skelter, unplanned scattering, while giving is an

art involving definite skills of various types. Since this is the case, any attempt to limit, define, or prescribe forms for giving must of necessity fail. However, there are certain "points of coincidence" reached by most of those who have studied the art of giving. Foremost among those points is the conclusion that, just as the sculptor is the dominating factor over his medium, the giver is the dominant factor over his gift. Shakespeare very neatly expressed that fact when he had Ophelia say, "... for the noble mind rich gifts wax poor when the givers prove unkind..." To illustrate the point under another light: it was not the value of the Wise Men's gifts which made them remarkable, but the fact that the men, themselves, carried their offerings over the long distance that they might worship the Christ Child. Surely, then, we can sing with the Song Celestial, "the gift's worth, O my Prince, lies in the mind which gives, the will that serves."

What are some of the techniques which artistic givers master? Paul, in his second letter to the Corinthians said, "God loveth a cheerful giver." We might add, "and so does everyone else." Certainly the spirit of the donor is extremely important in determining whether he is just dishing it out or whether he really is giving. Besides the technique of controlling his motives and attitudes the giver must develop the skill of making the gift appropriate to the person and the time. Fundamental too, is the skill of presenting the gift in a tactful manner.

As we consider giving from the points of view above presented, we find we might well change our pithy little question to inquire, "He can dish it out, all right, but can he give?"

#### @@23

## Once Upon a Time

NCE there rode above the housetops, in a sleigh drawn by eight reindeer, a merry gentleman whom I shall call Santa Claus. In times gone by, people knew what this name meant. They loved its bearer and respected him, for he brought to their homes not only gifts of toys and candy but a spirit of joyful anticipation and happy mystery. Children wrote letters to Santa Claus, and firmly believed that he would give to them all they asked. Parents told beautiful stories about the generosity of the chubby gentleman and read to their children "Twas The Night Before Christmas." As a matter of fact, parents enjoyed the legendary fantasy of Santa Claus as much as their children, for this same fantasy lent to the Christmas celebration an atmosphere of gay goodwill and unselfishness.

But the true meaning of Santa Claus has long since faded. Parents

no longer tell their children that Santa represents the spirit of unselfishness. Christmas has become a matter of money now. Mrs. Jones tells George that Papa has to pay for all the Christmas presents and that George must be a little less demanding this year. "Santa Claus," says Mrs. Jones, "is just a pretty story the teacher told to amuse the chil-But Mrs. Jones is not the only one who is guilty of routing Santa. There are those gentlemen who stand on street corners at Christmas and inform little boys and girls that they must give money to the Salvation Army, or Santa Claus will not give them anything for Christmas. It becomes, then, a matter of "pay for what you get or you don't get it"; and Santa's reputation for free generosity goes floating through the air. Then there are the intellectuals who have the idea that it is insulting the mentality of children to spin the Santa Claus yarn every year. The whole fantasy is sentimental and silly, and if parents do not enlighten their children, the latter will figure out the fallacy themselves, sooner or later.

Is it right for adult society to destroy a beautiful illusion that is so real as to make it spiritually true? Is it ever right to put into a child's heart cynicism, a sneering attitude toward a spirit of unselfishness that should exist in the hearts of all people? It is my belief, that in losing faith in Santa Claus, the child loses the true meaning of Christmas, which is "Goodwill to men." It is the duty of parents and teachers, then, to keep alive faith in unselfishness and goodwill—that faith which

has been embodied in Santa Claus.

MARGARET COOLEY.



#### Questions

- 1. From what poem is the following: "Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house"?
- Give within 200 years the date when the idea of dating time from the birth of Christ was first conceived.
- 3. Who was King of Jerusalem at the time of Jesus's birth?
- 4. Of what village and country were Joseph and Mary residents?
- 5. When was Christ born?
- 6. When was the first Christmas card made?
- 7. What are the four evergreens used at Christmas?
- 8. When was the earliest practice of gift giving?
- 9. What is the origin of the hanging up of stockings?
- 10. From where do we get the idea of Santa Claus?

(Answers on page 42)

## The Library—At Your Service

Books are keys to wisdom's treasure; Books are gates to lands of pleasure; Books are paths that upward lead; Books are friends. Come, let us read.

EMILIE POULSSON.

As we promised, "Salamina" will be reviewed, but we regret to announce that Marrot's "A Life of Galsworthy" will not be published until the spring of 1936. For those of you who are puzzled about Christmas presents, we hope you will find our suggestions helpful.

"Salamina"—Rockwell Kent. 23 full-page Illustrations and 62 other Drawings by the Author; 336 pages—N.Y.: Harcourt, Brace

and Company—\$3.95.

A great number of artists are traveling and then writing books of their travels, illustrating them elaborately. Rockwell Kent has done just this. He built a house in Greenland and lived there for a few years. It was in the building of this house that he became so well acquainted with his neighbors. They actually helped him little in the building, but "every day was a prolonged social event that brought me the acquaintance of many charming people." Salamina, who gives her name to the book, is one of the most interesting. Mr. Kent deserves much praise for his presentation of Eskimo characters, lives, circumstances and problems. He thought he could live as the Eskimo, but in his own words, "Theirs is a life that we at times in thought revert to. They fit the life; we don't. I thought that I could turn and live with animals; I couldn't." The real heroine is not Salamina, but the sunshine and freedom of Greenland "as on Van Gogh's yellow house in Aries, its light is gold." WESLEY JOHNSON.

## **RES**

## Christmas Suggestions

JUVENILE:

1. Van Loon, H. W.—"Around the World with the Alphabet." N.Y.: Simon and Schuster, 1935, \$1.00.

Starting with A for Athens, Mr. Van Loon takes his grandson around the world and the alphabet in an unusual way.

2. Hunt, M. L.—"The Boy Who Had No Birthday." N.Y.: Fred Stokes and Co., 1935, \$2.75.

An imaginative story told against the rich background of Quaker life in an Indiana village in the '70's.

3. Mackinstry, Elizabeth (Illustrator)—"Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." N.Y.: The Macmillan Co., 1935, \$1.75.

The re-creation of an old fairy tale beautifully illustrated.

 FLACK, MARJORIE—"Up in the Air." Illustrated by Karl Larsson, N.Y.: The Macmillan Co., 1935. \$1.75.
 Makes a legend of an historic event—the sending of the first

passenger balloon up in the air.

5. Fox, Genevieve—"Lona of Hollybush Creek." Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1935, \$2.00.

Tells of the hardships of a cripple orphan who comes to Holly-

bush to live.

6. Ouvieto, Laura—"The Birth of Rome." Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1935, \$2.00.

Presents the early legends of Rome in such a way the child can absorb and retain them.

#### ADULT:

1. Masefield, John—"Victorious Troy." N.Y.: The Macmillan Co., 1935, \$2.50.

A rousing tale of youth at sea.

2. Halliburton, Richard—"Seven League Boats." N.Y.: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1935, \$3.50.

Amusing stories of true adventures in every part of the world.

- 3. Lait, Jack—"Our Will Rogers." N.Y.: Greenberg Publisher, 1935, \$1.00.
  - A brief biography of Will Rogers by a man who knew him intimately.
- 4. Schlink, F. J.—"Eat, Drink and Be Wary." N.Y.: Covici-Friede, 1935, \$2.00.

The final word in what to eat, and why, to be a qualified scientist.

- 5. Norris, C. H.—''Hands.'' N.Y.: Farrar & Rinehart, 1935, \$2.50.

  The story of builders and the women they love, splendidly told.
- 6. Harrison, Marguerite—"There's Always Tomorrow." N.Y.:Farrar & Rinehart, 1935, \$3.50.

Tells of the author's experiences as a spy and reporter.

Any book that we have reviewed so far will make an unforgetable Christmas gift.

# A Book for Christmas and for the Round of the Year

LEIGHTON, CLARE—Four Hedges: A Gardener's Chronicle. Macmillan, 1935. \$3.00.

TN making this book Clare Leighton has combined her talents as author and artist with the rôle of gardener in the Chiltern Hills of England. As author she has written an intimate, serene, delightful book about the earth, weather, seeds, and the living and growing things, including weeds, which make her garden a place of fascinating color, life, and design. The artist has illustrated the account with many delicate and beautiful engravings on wood that become an integral part of the chronicle; from the daffodil shoot and the swallows on the telegraph wires to the portrait of Cornelius, the hedgehog, and the scene at transplanting the walnut tree, the engravings are sensitively executed. As gardener, Clare Leighton transmits to the reader her anticipation, agitation, and joy in work, rewards, and willing slavery to orchards and vegetable and flower gardens within the four hedges, so recently rough meadowland and still windswept chalk hillside. Returning to England in April after having been away for a long time, the gardener begins her chronicle with the spring month, and in twelve chapters she follows the round of the days through the year. Artist, author, and gardener carry the chronicle rhythmically through the year to the end of winter when on a March day the long-awaited "little tulip kaufmanniana is in perfect shape and bloom, showing itself to me for the first time; and I am not disappointed."

Not only is this a delightful book to read; it is a joy to see and to handle. One wants to turn the pages slowly and to read lingeringly. The wood engravings are used for full-page and for small illustrations which fit the text harmoniously and are blended with the typography to form an admirably balanced design of printed pages. The reader feels the book's charm and its artistic unity as Clare Leighton enjoys in her perfectly shaped tulip "the organic unity that links its pointed petals of yellow and pink with the leaves that curl tight round its

stalk."

M. B.



#### A Successful Week-End

THE Freshmen Mothers' Week-End this year was quite a success, especially the Saturday session. The informal meeting, in the foyer of Newell Hall, of mothers, students, and instructors was a very interesting and pleasant feature. I had looked forward eagerly to that portion of the program, as naturally any mother would be interested in making the acquaintance of those who will have so much influence on the life of her child. Having tea served at that time was a delightfully homelike touch.

Doctor Tall, assisted by members of the faculty, very ably discussed the questions which were asked. The modern trend which the College has taken is shown by the fact that the courteous privilege of asking questions was extended to us. Breaking bread together at the evening hour has always symbolized friendship and goodwill, and the hour spent in the dining room, where we enjoyed the gracious hospital-

ity of the College, was not the least part of the day.

The entertainment provided by the students after dinner was very well planned and presented, and I am sure all the visiting mothers appreciated the effort made in their behalf. I believe many of us will be more able to appreciate and understand our children's tasks and references to the College, for having been with the faculty and student body even for a day; we shall feel ourselves a part, even though a very small one, of the great educational institution which is the State Teachers College.

CLARA B. WHEATLEY.

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#### Freshmen Mothers' Week-End

To me Freshmen Mothers' Week-End will always be one of the memorable occasions in connection with my school life at Teachers College. I can recall that mothers have always been familiar sights in the schools, but such an affair as this one in their honor was unlike any I had ever attended. Along the corridors and in the foyer one heard familiar phrases as "Have you met my mother?" or "Did your mother meet Miss——?" The warm hospitality extended by the faculty to the mothers impressed me greatly. I felt that this was indeed a splendid and ideal opportunity for our mothers to get an insight into our new College life and surroundings, to become acquainted with our teachers, and to meet our fellow classmates.

DOROTHY CROMWELL, Fr. 1.

## Faculty Notes

R. Tall has been busy with outside speaking engagements during the past month. On Friday morning, November 1, she was the chapel speaker at Goucher College. On Tuesday, November 19, our president was on the panel for the "Character Education" program which was a part of the meeting of the Maryland Congress of Parents and Teachers held in Baltimore. On Friday, November 22, Dr. Tall spoke before the entire student body of Forest Park High School on the subject "Jane Addams."

The instructors in the Music Department attended the Music meet-

ing held in Washington on November 15 and 16.

There was a general exodus of faculty members for the Thanks-giving holidays. Miss MacDonald planned to spend the holidays in New York. Miss Diefenderfer visited at her home in Pennsylvania. Miss Stitzel went to her home in Hagerstown. Dr. Tall and Miss Tansil attended the meetings of the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools held in Atlantic City on Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving.

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## Alumni Notes

THE Cecil County Alumni Unit held its annual meeting at the home of Miss Katharine Bratton, Elkton, Maryland, Saturday afternoon, November 2. After a brief business meeting, talks were given by Dr. Lida Lee Tall, Miss Carrie Richardson, a member of the Sarah E. Richmond Student Loan Fund Committee, Miss Hattie Bagley, a representative from the Harford County Alumni Unit, Miss Caroline Coe, vice-president of the General Alumni Association, and Miss Mary H. Scarborough, field worker. Refreshments were served and a general good time was enjoyed by all.

At this meeting, the Cecil County Unit again became a pioneer in Alumni work, by making the first contribution to a Culture Fund,

for its Alma Mater.

The Alumni Association announces with sorrow, the passing of Mrs. Mary Smith Field '98, Chairman of the Cecil County Alumni Unit, suddenly, at her home, Elkton, Maryland, on November 16. In the death of Mrs. Field, the Alumni Association and the College have lost a valued worker and a devoted friend.

The Washington County Alumni Unit held a business meeting in Hagerstown, November 15, to elect officers and to make tentative plans for the year. The following officers were chosen:

Chairman—Lois Helm, Class of '30.
Secretary—Catherine Schnebley, Class of '24.
Treasurer—Jane Martin, Class of '31.

Mrs. Ruth Parker Eason, President of the Alumni Association, was a guest at the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity Luncheon, on Saturday, November 16. Mrs. Eason expressed her appreciation of the society and her pleasure in meeting with its members.

Mr. Townley Wolfe, a graduate of 1885, died Thursday, November twenty-first, at Hughesville, Charles County, his home. He was a retired principal and was an important member of the Alumni Association. We mourn his passing.

The Harford County Alumni Unit met at Circle Inn, Bel Air, Maryland, on Saturday, November twenty-third, at 2:30 p.m. The special purpose of the meeting was the induction of the Harford County graduates of the Class of '35 into membership. Esther Thorpe, '34, the president, presided. Special guests present were: Dr. Tall, State Senator Risteau, Miss Ella Logan, Miss E. Heigle Hill, and Miss M. H. Scarborough. Miss Hattie Bagley, the inspiration and guide of the unit, presented the new members, and Dr. Tall received them into full membership. Informal talks by the guests were given. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Sarah Sheridan, president; Esther Thorpe, Ruth Schillinger, Margaret Murray, Mary Osborne, Rebecca Gilbert, vice-presidents; Eleanor Sterbak, secretary-treasurer. A very pleasant social hour followed, during which refreshments were served.

Founders' Day celebration will be held on Sunday, January 19.

#### ೯೩೮೨ನ

#### Notes on the Orchestra

"Have you any musical ability? Can you play any instrument? What instrument can you play?"

At the present, the Maryland State Teachers College at Towson may well be proud of its orchestra, for this organization has gone

through a rapid process of development.

It took patience, tact and hours of practice with the co-operation of every member, to progress to such an extent as to have been able to give such a fine performance as our orchestra rendered at the Freshmen Mothers' Week-End dinner.

The program included:

Trisgian	Lusey
Day-Dreams	Holiday Sketches
Little Waltz	Holiday Sketches
Sweet Dreams	
	Seredy
	Tschaikowsky

At the conference in Richmond Hall Parlor, on Saturday afternoon, Dorothy Wohrna played a violin solo, "Sarabande," by Bohm.

The orchestra has been accompanying in assemblies and expects to

do more.

Preparation of music for the Christmas dinner and pageant has already begun. Because of the nature of the music, arrangements suitable for the instrumentation of our orchestra are not available. All of it has to be arranged for the occasion. That program will include:

The orchestra will play three Folk Dances for dancing and to accompany the singing.

#### ೯೩೮ೂ

## After Student Teaching

I have walked through sun-stroked woodlands, and gardens drenched by the moon. I have watched the dawn peep through the middle of Chesapeake Bay. I have heard the heaving waters of Niagara

tumble at our great northern boundary. I have known beauty.

Now, after these weeks of student teaching, I pause again to meditate on the word—beauty—with a meaning such as I have never known—the beauty of Milton's ready smile and understanding, silvery laugh; Mildred's ambition and leadership; Patsy's helping hand; Edward's true spirit and watchfulness, and Vera's friendliness. These are God's true beauties!

JANE BARTELL, Sr. 2.

## Christmas at the Dormitory

ALAS and alack, a few more days before classes will be over and the Christmas vacation will have begun! But before that precious moment a picturesque, colorful evening of feasting, song and merriment is in store for us all. Time for the Old English Dinner has come around and elaborate preparations of savory dishes and appropriate entertainment are under way. Every nook and corner of the dormitory displays holiday trappings, reeks with pungent odors of mistletoe, pine, and holly and is alive with the Christmas Spirit. All is in perfect readiness.

All the peasantry young and old have accepted the generous invitation of the King and Queen and have gathered, first, before the fireside in Richmond Hall to witness the great ceremony of the lighting of the Yule Log. As the timber dwindles to dying embers the jolly as-

semblage wends its way toward the hall of feasting.

At the hour of six both lads and lassies, men and women, accompany guests and friends into the spacious Old English dining hall. Many tables placed together form four rows the length of the hall. According to tradition, the King and Queen, with their lords and ladies, occupy the end of the room in full view of the other tables. We sing grace to the accompaniment of the chimes, seat ourselves. The jesters herald the approach of the main dishes for this important occasion. A candle-bearer leads the procession; the others follow to the strains of jolly music, bearing huge platters with all due pomp and ceremony. The first platter holds the trusty boar's head, and is borne to the board by the server; next, comes the luscious peacock pies, then the tasty plum pudding, and last of all, the steaming wassail bowl. Thus the feast continues and, to the soothing strains of music from both voice and instrument, one and all sufficiently appearse their tremendous holiday appetites. Shield of braun with mustard, Virginia potatoes and peas cods; apple sauce, manchets, shred pies with cheese, and mulled ale disappear. Apples, nuts and raisins, with comfits and marchpane complete this delicious repast. Indeed, one can scarcely rise to his feet after such a hearty meal.

Our jovial guides now lead us on to the lord's hall, where young and old lend their happy voices in the ever-cherished carols. The carolers leave the hall but the joyous tunes they have been singing are resung from door to door by enthusiastic groups, thus giving the cheer to

others that the songs had kindled in themselves.

The whole village drifts to sleep with the melodious music of Christmas time filling their last waking thoughts. The New Dawn will be tomorrow!

MURIEL DISNEY.

#### Christmastide in the Campus School

Long before the Thanksgiving season arrived, the Campus School faculty began to organize its program for the greatest holiday of the year, Christmas. The school has become quite conscious of the need for improved oral English. This celebration will afford an excellent opportunity for its use.

Before the holidays, during the last week of school, there will be a series of group festivities for four days to which students and faculty members are welcomed. It has been decided that on the Thursday of the final week the Dramatic Club will present "The Birds' Christmas

Carol."

On Friday afternoon a carol program will be given in the Auditorium for College students, so that we may leave with joyous music in our ears.

Marion Cunningham, Sr. 5.



#### **Teddy Bears**

The editor clamored for poetry. For some strange reason he said to me, "I want a poem about a Teddy Bear." Could our good editor be going mad? So it sounds I do declare!

But here it is and it's pretty bad!

Teddy Bears— We had them once, All fuzzy and big and brown. With padded feet And button eyes, All shiny and bright and round. Then one sad day In the throes of play, At being doctor and nurse, We cut too far In the hide of the b'ar, And the ol' thing up and burst! As the sawdust spilled And we saw we'd killed The pet of all our toys, We put away our childish play And now we break the boys!

MARY OWEN, Fr. 3.

# Ye Kaleydoscoppe (With a hey nonny nonny!)

If thou, dear my reader, hast any imagination whatsoever, use it right promptly; for art asked to believe that these poor items are writ in the style and language of dear old Shakespeare. Ourselves, now, have never essayed this experiment, and so these old eyes are raised to heaven with a solemn prayer that we at least remotely resemble aforesaid masters of our one-time beautifully spoken language.

Ye Editor hath asked our manifold selves to define ye caption of ye column which ye see before ye. (Whew!) We proceed at once to haul out Samuel Johnson's remarkable tome concerning the English language and therein we find this: "Kaleydoscoppe, an optical instrument which by an arrangement of mirrors causes objects viewed through it to appear in a variety of symmetrical and beautiful patterns." Fancy that! Odds bodkins, bless my soul, and what not! Here, indeed, is well nigh an impossible task. We are forced to present thee and thine actions as a "beautiful and symmetrical whole." We may, in time to come, accomplish this feat, but we seriously doubt it.

In learning this vilely tedious language, we came across, by mere happenchance, this term, "buss." To our great astonishment we found, upon further research, that the word "buss" is old English provincial for "kiss." Well, buss my soul! (Very well, Sir Editor, if that's the

way you feel about it.)

And now we do progress—we might even say we take a running leap—toward the true work of these paltry printed paragraphs; namely, to gossip with you concerning the news of yesterday and today (but mostly yesterday). Sound, ye trumpets! Perpend, ye mere mortals! The students of the State Teachers College do now present to themselves this assurance of a fact already known to us, which is: "We have hereby decided, being of sound mind and body 'spite of divers cares and woes inflicted by certain instructors, that this has undoubtedly been the most glorious autumn the world hath witnessed in many a long year." And who is there to doubt the unbounded wisdom of such an illustrious body?

We resort again to Johnson (and to a certain bright youngster) for a definition: Degeneration, something that gets lower and lower, as,

for instance, an elevator or a punster's reputation.

We welcome back, to the stately portals of our old English building, the long absent seniors. In short, we are indeed glad to see ye, student teachers. And ye may keep your children's bright sayings to yourselves.

The tiny freshman with the colorful name hath lately taken to de-

scending from the coach at the first fare and walking the rest of the way, always providing that there is sufficient company. If there be others like her, ye may hand your names to Dame Munn and she will notify us—always supposing, of course, that ye crave publicity.

Alas and alack! Is it really true that another innocent young wench

hath taken to stalking a fourth-year soccer star?

Mr. Walther, professor of geography, instructor in art and thrice giver of unexpected tests, hath informed some students that Fuller brushes in scrub forests do grow. And they murder people for telling jokes about traveling salesmen! (We admit that that was out of place. They did not have traveling salesmen in Elizabeth's time—not our kind—but then they didn't have Mr. Walther either.)

Yea, 'tis pity indeed. The regular senior group groweth daily more uninteresting. Hardly one rumor of merry quips, unlawful action or nursery walks have we heard. Ah, 'tis a sad world when seniors refuse to be bad.

A la Sir Walter Winchell—Flash! Mr. Kolb firmly believeth that he can expose the literary tricks of any writer. Mayhap, he would like to tackle Master Shakespeare. Come, come, my lad.

We wonder, by the way, what Sir Walter would be thinking should he have to write his column in this wise. 'Twould not be pleasant thought, we warrant. Already we begin to lisp as a result of this stuff.

Ourselves have dug up two slams, one for the people who do congregate in our stately halls after lunch and talk mightily, and another for the freshmen who languish upon the basement steps for conferences. On second thought, we shall bury the slams. We find that we cannot write them up in this strange dialect.

Some fair damsel hath given us a list of the things that are lacking in certain men students. For instance, they do not give up their seats on the street cars to the weaker sex; they do not dance with the demoiselles in Room 223; they walk "cabbage" with the girls, etc., etc. It lieth with us then to find fault with the women. We deem them over-critical of the men.

Famous sayings of the royalty:

Lady Weyforth: "Stew-dents" (But indeed it is the correct pronunciation. So tush to you.)

Countess Van Bibber: "Let me recapitulate." (Verily, if we knew a five-syllable word, we should use it as often as possible.)

Duchess Bader: "Sounds nice. What does it mean?" (We fear that the students never know.)

Baroness Rutledge: (Oh, don't tell us that they didn't have bar-

onesses in England.) "Is it? No, it isn't." (Lo! A woman who can answer her own questions.)

And what, pray, is this new international game dubbed "slips"? We fear that the honorable League of Young Voters is deteriorating. We did think that they were ever a solemn and dignified body, but no more.

A radical change hath occurred in certain partnerships. To wit, Captain Cole appeared at the Halloween dance with the Lady Healy. And because Master Brumbaugh came with Mistress Vogelmann, poor Joshua had to appear as a veritable stag. 'Tis a sad world, 'tisn't it, Josh? And what about the two senior women who assert that they believe in charity beginning at home?

Muriel Jones hath become a capitalist. Ask her about it.

And Selma Cohen hath developed a secret passion for someone in the fourth-year class whom we dub, for purposes of anonymity, "a Haven of rest and beauty." Our head is bowed in shame for that so gross pun.

Zounds! It cannot be! But it must be. They told upon themselves. We speak of two men who appeared in a Fashion Show at Hochschild Kohn's Dresse Shoppe. Fancy Mr. Wheeler en decollette and Mr. Cole in one of the latest fly-away bonnets. Sweet, what?

If, perchance you have read thus far in these fruitless wanderings, let us present you with a cheery thought. Christmas is coming! And like one, hight Mary Livingston, we would burst into rhyme (provided Ye Editor would allow. But saith he, "Nay, nay. "Tis a sufficiency. Let be."). So we close with the trite but ever joyful phrase: A merry Christmas to ye and a happier New Year. And, for heavens' sakes, you students, don't come back to school with indigestion.

#### **യ**മ

#### STUDY IN ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

"Rastus, what breed chicken does you prefer?"

"Dey both has mighty good points. White ones is easy to locate but hard to hide, an' black ones is hard to locate but easy to hide."

Blacksmith: "Now, Pat, I'm going to bring this horseshoe out of the fire and lay it on the anvil. When I nod my head, hit it hard with the hammer."

Pat did—and was fired when the blacksmith recovered.—Transit News.

#### As You Like It

BLARB forth ye trumpets! Ring out ye bells! Christmas is nigh—joyous, happy, festive Christmas. Season of a winter wonderland—garlands and wreaths and boughs of holly. Come, let's raise our glasses and give a toast:

Here's to our Alma Mater, our school, Loyalty and progress on this joyous Yule— Here's to our president, our friend, Miss Tall, Merry Christmas from us, one and all— Here's to our faculty, a top each one, Many, many years of happiness and fun. Here's to you, readers; let our bumpers click, Blessings to you all from Old St. Nick.

Now, strew the path with posies verdant green—my wish to you Miss Munn and fellow scribes of the Tower Light, a merry "Life," good "Times," and everything nice under the "Sun."

Hearken, ye fair lasses of our noble school, Here's to you-y from us:

> Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Mo We'll catch you and Oh! vo-de-o-do! You may holler, but it's no go. We all know the rule of the Mistletoe!

Hearken, once again, ye exponents of "sugar and spice and everything nice"—

Upon this day of Grace, the year of our Lord 1935 A.D., the male students of this school take the opportunity in this column of "As you Like It" to publicly denounce the principles and doctrines advocated by Mrs. Hooker in her speech, in which she claimed equality of women with men. We, the men students, place the basis of our objections on the following data:

- 1. The first woman was only a side issue. (Got it?)
- 2. After man came woman. (And she's been after him ever since!) I guess we told you!

And now to you hecklers who claim that I'm slipping—here:

Ruth rode in my new cycle car In the seat right back of me I took a bump at fifty-five And rode on Ruthlessly. Two spinsters were discussing men.

Said one: "Which would you desire most in your husband: brains, wealth, or appearance?"

"Appearance," snapped the other, "and the sooner the better."

New Nurse—'Every time I take Mr. Schreiber's pulse it gets higher. What shall I do?''

Dr. Abercrombie-"Blindfold him."

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London and the earl has cabled me to come across."

Josh—"Why do you call your wife angel?"
Jimmy Oliver—"Because she's always up in the air harping about something."

"Hullo, old top. New car?"
"No! Old car, new top."

And now farewell!
'Tis hard to part with those we love
When our hearts are full of hope
But harder 'tis to find a towel
When our eyes are full of soap.

So long folks, and a merry Christmas to you all!

Your loyal pain,

SID TEPPER.



# Teachers Bring Outstanding Basket-Ball Teams to Towson

THE State Teachers College this year has arranged the best collegiate basket-ball schedule in its history. In view of this improved program Coach Don Minnegan has applied for admittance to the Maryland Collegiate Basket-Ball League.

Our major home games are as follows:

Saturday, Dec. 21—University of Baltimore. Auditorium—8:15 p.m.
Friday, Jan. 10—Gallaudet College..... Auditorium—8:15 p.m.
Friday, Jan. 24—Wilson Teachers College. Auditorium—8:15 p.m.
Friday, Feb. 7—Salisbury Teachers Col.. Auditorium—8:15 p.m.
Saturday, Feb. 15—Frostburg Teachers Col. Auditorium—8:15 p.m.
Wednesday, Feb. 19—Loyola College.... Towson Armory—8:15 p.m.
Friday, Feb. 21—Elizabethtown College... Auditorium—8:15 p.m.

During December the basket-ball team travels. It plays many college games, those with Catholic University and American University being outstanding.

For this greater and better basket-ball season the Athletic Association has inaugurated a new plan for admission of all those not included in student body and faculty. This year there will be season tickets. The prices for these are as follows: \$1.00 per couple for all home games, \$.50 per couple if one of the couple is a Teachers College student, \$.50 per child accompanied by one parent; for single games, \$.25 per person, \$.10 per child.

To add to the color and dignity of the games new gold and black uniforms of satin have been procured. These uniforms will help our basket-ball squad make a splendid appearance.

The Athletic Association takes particular pleasure in inviting the Alumni and their friends to see the improved basket-ball team in action. The special season tickets are now on sale at the school and may also be purchased from any of the men in the school.

Both teams showed unpolished edges. First collegiate game for each team. What I mean is that Teachers College played Elizabeth Town College in basket-ball on Friday, December 6. But alas, alack! S.T.C. came out on the lower end of the score; 34–29. Josh Wheeler was high point scorer with 16 points to his credit. A 20–13 lead was relinquished after the first half. Outscored but not outfought.

#### Tall Stories

owdy, fellow prevaricators? You have our compliments—you sure know how to tell 'em.

To Charles Yarasavich goes the title of being the best "Whopper" teller in the school—and what a "whopper" he tells.

#### A TALL ONE

Two small boys were involved in a heated discussion over whose family was the greater. Finally, one proclaimed loudly: "My grandfather was the greatest man that ever lived. Why, oncet he got lost in a jungle. The trees was as big as the Chrysler Building and the flowers was as big as your father's garages and the—"

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed the other, "He musta been in my grand-

mother's window box!"

Katherine Mentis knows how to tell a magnitudinous tale too. Honorable mention goes to Frank Chrest, George Horn, M. Covin, John Klier ("Honest John"), Lee Yenkinson, and John Schmidt. We wish we had space to print them all; they were all so very, very good.

SID TEPPER, Contest Editor.

#### 60 B

#### **STORIES**

One night, after hearing a story, I saw the lights go out; I heard a mysterious whistle, And a hoot, and then a shout. I ran to the door and peered outward; I saw a skeleton white, And I heard again that whistle, Out there in the stormy night. I then heard a rattle behind me And the light went on like a flash And a figure jumped through the window With a horrible, deafening crash. I don't know who was this strange visitor, Nor why the lights went out, But I know I won't listen to stories When mother and father go out.

MARGARET GULL, 5A, School No. 24.

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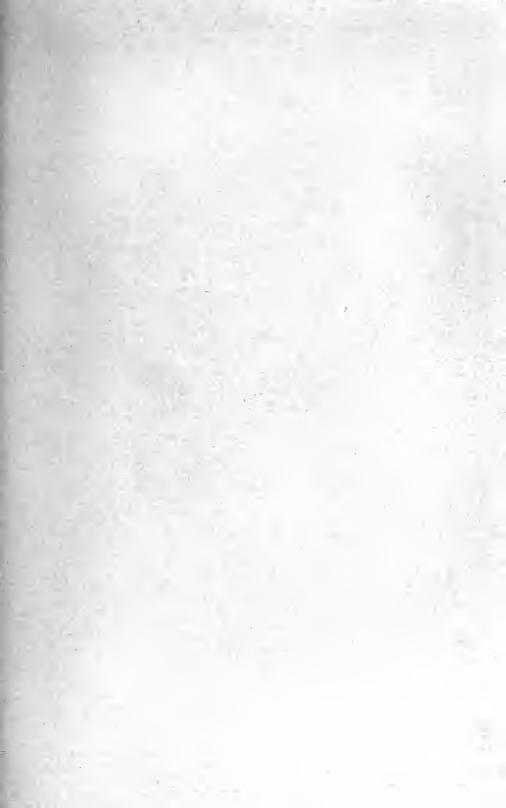
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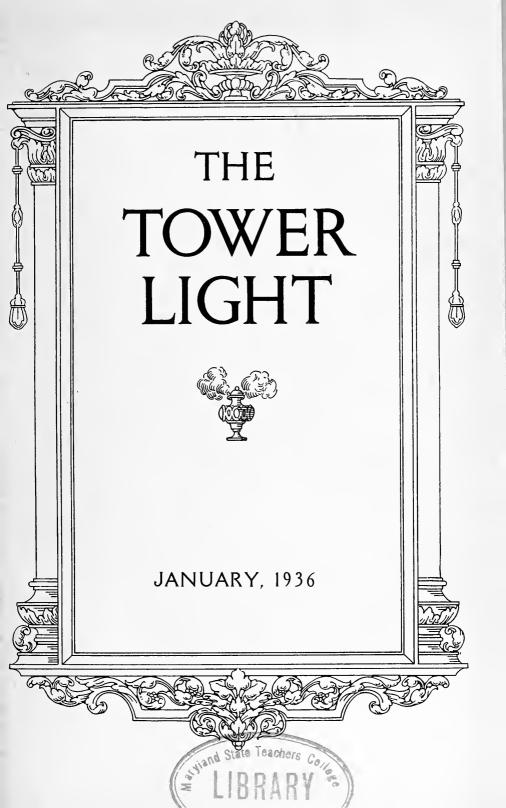
#### Answers

- 1. From "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clement C. Moore.
- 2. Dionysius Exiguus conceived the idea in 527.
- 3. Herod.
- 4. Nazareth, in Galilee, Judea.
- 5. 4 B.C., during the reign of Herod.
- 6. 1846, in England.
- 7. Holly, ivy, mistletoe, and rosemary.
- 8. During the Roman times. They were originally merely branch pluckers from the grove of the goddess Strenia.
- 9. The idea was borrowed from Belgium where the children put out wooden shoes close to the hearth. In them were put oats, carrots, potatoes as a feast for the white horse of St. Nicholas.
- 10. From Holland and our Dutch friends whose patron saint is Nicholas.





Pride MM THOMSEN-V-EL





# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College TOWSON, MARYLAND

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1935 Member 1936 Associated Collegiate Press

# THE TOWER LIGHT

Vol. IX JANUARY, 1936

No. 4

# At the Age of Seventy

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, this college was born, seventy years ago come January fifteen, nineteen hundred and thirty-six. Seventy years is the normal span of mortal man's life. For an institution devoted always and only to the training of teachers for the elementary field ours has reached a height from which we can survey the many changes in the history of education as it has progressed in our state. This college, the former Maryland State Normal School, has seen many crossroads in education. It was created in 1866 because of a crossroad: the crying need for a trained teacher in the classroom, particularly for the smaller child. Its philosophy then was that the person to be taught must be understood and developed and that the subject-matter was a means to this end. Other crossroads were reached when after attempting, for many years, to supply high school education on which to build the last two years of teacher training, the high school classes could be abandoned because the counties of the State were all providing four-year courses in the secondary field. Then the school took on the single purpose which it has consistently followed: that of an organization for teacher training in the elementary field only. The next step was taken when the course was increased to three years; and later, two years ago, to four years. By the authority of the State Board of Education we now grant the degree of Bachelor of Science in Education, and are in every sense a Teachers College. We are accredited by the American Association of Teachers Colleges, and we also have membership in the American Council on Education. What has been written here in less than two hundred words, has taken seventy years to accomplish.

Significant outposts of education throughout the State helped to guard and promote the process of teacher training. Baltimore City established a new administration of schools when the Baltimore City Charter was revised in 1898; and the State Department of Maryland in 1916 was enabled, by the survey of the county schools made by the General Education Board, to create a new order of education for elementary and secondary schools, and for teacher training. The new school laws of 1916 are in themselves an educational romance.

This brief sketch of our past history is just the prologue to a personal message I have for each student now in our college and for all our Alumni. I would have you know the history of this great school: what it has thought—its philosophy; what it has meant to progress in education—the caliber and vision of its graduates; what it can further accomplish—its insight and power to behold what seems now afar off; its personality! Only as you look upon your Alma Mater with respect and critical judgment; appraise, and help to change where changes will be beneficial; and appreciate—can you really have a share in her future great life. Just as I would have a lad and young girl rise and stand to respect their elders whenever there is the opportunity, because of the richer, more abundant experience of the older person—so would I have you grasp with loyalty and respect, the sense of what valuable achievement and experience have been the day by day accomplishment of our college during its seventy years of existence. "The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy side with hooks of steel." For each of you may the year "1936" become a glorious adventure!

LIDA LEE TALL, President.



My God, Thou gavest me to hold A talent that should make me bold To grasp with eager hands the bowl of life, To set myself within its stir and strife.

MARGARET COOLEY.

Revive College Memories at The Tower Light Dance.

## Let's Make Our Science Functional

ow much do you share in this enlightened age of science? Think of yourself as a Robinson Crusoe alone on your island, or better, a Marco Polo exiled among some unenlightened people. How much fruit of modern scientific achievement would you be able to share with your new countrymen? How much intellectual and industrial advancement would these people enjoy because you had been a member of a society enriched by industrial and cultural possibilities never before experienced by man?

Unless you are one of a small group, you will admit that very few substantial benefits would materialize for these peoples through the blessing of your presence. Indeed, our science is not only the fruit of the labors of a comparatively few scholars, but, for the most part, it is administered by those who are amazingly ignorant of its workings, and of

the mental processes which produced it.

When we want to give color and emphasis to an anecdote illustrating the rapid changes which have taken place in Western Civilization, we often say, "I wonder what the remarks of one of the seventeenth century patriarchs would be if he were to revisit our country today." He would, of course, be astonished at the physical changes which have taken place, but I submit that he would be even more amazed to find our civil institutions and our mode of thinking so little influenced by the world of science and engineering.

In fact, without stretching the imagination, one can believe that mentally he would feel quite at home. He would be certain to recognize among us the pious veneration with which we still regard that which is old. Some form of worship for that which is tried, and therefore sacred, was probably one of man's first social laws. The cave man would recognize that fetish, and we, with our whole legal system built upon precedent (that is, the more citations one can make of previous judgments, the better one's chances for winning one's case), still recognize it.

Secondly, our visitor would see in us a people still beset with ignorance and superstition born of medicine-man logic. The same type of reasoning that led the sixteenth century gentleman to believe that the blood was the seat of emotion, because one's face grew red with anger or white with fear, is still common today even in our educational institutions. Which among you cannot recall some acquaintance who staunchly defends the merits of a patent medicine which is absolutely worthless for the purpose mentioned? But did you convince him that it wasn't the 'acme of remedies'? 'No sir, I took it and now I feel fine.' Just another victim of 'after-it-therefore-because-of-it'—the easiest

and most natural error in the world for even a trained thinker to make.

Our friend from the seventeenth century would be sure to recognize the mental throwbacks—"the old dogs who can't, or won't, be taught new tricks" and who are forever seeking to return to "the good old days."

And how familiar would seem the intolerance with which each of these and other special interest groups defend their "thinking"—how cleverly quacks set their traps of propaganda and fact-twisting for the unwary. We see them invading our school texts and even the curriculum in their efforts to "educate."

I have said that these thinking characteristics just outlined would be quite familiar to a seventeenth century visitor, though I might have mentioned the second century B.C. just as confidently. All intolerance is born of fear which as Sumner tells us in his Folkways, is a manifestion of the protective instinct of the herd. Yet how incompatible with our modern civilization!

The conclusion appears to be that man has made his progress through the efforts of a comparatively few thinkers. We may live in a golden age of science, but 99% of us are in the tin age of logic. While it is true, of course, that science itself neither preserves nor destroys, think of the dire possibilities of science in the hands of the average hard-bitten, selfish, run-of-the-mine politician!

Indubitably, we in the schools are concerned. It is the duty of the school to help the individual share intelligently in the experiences of living; "sharing intelligently" means sharing understandingly, with mental processes appropriate to the age in which we live.

We say that we no longer believe in the development of children by periods or cultural epochs, which suggests that a child begins to think abstractly at a specific age, and that at another age he may begin to generalize. But we don't teach science as though we believe it. We are told, too, that the child of six has two-thirds of his adult vocabulary, and that his emotionalized attitudes are well set by adolescence. Isn't it likely that in our program of fact learning we have sadly neglected a whole hierarchy of "objectives of methods"? And doesn't it seem just as likely that high school is too late to begin educating in the how to learn—that after seven years of memorizing facts, "taking things for granted" becomes second nature, except for the very few?

So far as science is concerned, it might well be a case of teach less and learn more. Unless we begin in the first grade and systematically plan experiences which will (a) form habits of looking for cause and effect, (b) develop skill in organizing and recording data, (c) teach children to formulate conclusions based upon objective data, and (d) teach the technique of planning and executing simple controlled ex-

periments, our results will continue to fall far short of that "intelligent participation" which we have noted as lacking in our present times. It is my conclusion that the main difference between elementary and high school learning is one of degree rather than of any great variance in methods, and that what we call the tools of learning must include the "how" of learning to a much greater extent than heretofore practiced. I am not offering this as any panacea for the present ills of our civilization—probably man's biological adaptation will always lag—but gnarled trees do not grow from straight saplings, you know.

H. E. Moser.

#### ೯೬೬

## Surprise

The following is the narrative judged best in a short story-writing contest held by Mrs. Stapleton's Freshman students. Dr. Dowell, Miss Bersch and Isadore Miller of the Tower Light Staff were judges.

ATINKLING sound broke the pause as Lois carefully placed her teacup on the saucer. Leaning back in her chair, she regarded her companion with amazement and asked, "You're not coming to our Cotillion tomorrow night?"

A moment passed before the younger girl, sitting in the opposite

chair, replied hesitantly, "I don't - think so."

"But Ella, my dear, this is your first chance to attend a Cotillion. Don't you want to come?"

"Want to come? I'd love to."

"Well, what on earth is keeping you away?" A little note of annoyance crept into Lois's carefully modulated voice.

"I don't think Ned wants to go. When I mentioned it he didn't

seem interested."

"Now, Ella, please don't be old-fashioned. Who ever heard of a wife's staying home these days because her husband doesn't take her out? Do you suppose I could ever be as active as I am if I kept myself tied down to my husband? Why, my dear, a husband's all right—in his place; but when he begins to hinder one's progress..." An expressive shrug finished the thought.

The frank disagreement written on Ella's face seemed to irritate Lois, who reached for her purse and gloves. "Well, I really must hurry

along," she said coldly.

'Oh, don't go yet," Ella said hastily, attempting to placate her

ruffled visitor. "I suppose there is something in what you say, Lois. I do stay home a great deal because of Ned. But Ned's a good, kind husband, and I've always been content to stay home and read the papers, if that's what he wanted to do."

"Did it ever occur to you, Ella, to go without Ned?"

"Why, I'd never think of going alone."

"I don't mean alone. If Ned can't come, you certainly have men friends whom you can ask to accompany you. Now, there is Bob Sanders."

"Oh no, I'm sure Ned would not approve of that!"

"Why should Ned ever suspect?"

"That I was going out with another man? No, Lois, I don't intend to do any such thing," Ella said, trying to control her mounting

anger.

"Well, I just wanted to tell you," Lois said as she prepared to leave, "that I've gone out of my way to make arrangements for Bob Sanders to attend. He told me he wants to know you better. I shall tell him to call for you that evening."

"No, thank you, I shall not come under such conditions," Ella

said as she clenched both fists hard.

"Well, if you change your mind, call me by phone before seven tomorrow night. Goodbye, my dear," and Lois left, closing the door behind her.

For a few moments Ella stood very still, then she walked quickly to the door, opened it, and banged it shut again, awakening a din of crashing echoes throughout the house. "That's for you," she said savagely in the direction of her departing visitor. Yet angry as she was, little sparks of doubt began to flicker in Ella's mind—was Ned really so attentive? He had provided his wife with everything except the unimportant things she wanted most. Other women laughed and danced with their husbands in the midst of merry crowds, while Ned and she sat home reading the paper or discussing one of his cases. Reflecting thus upon her life, Ella was lost in thought for many moments. Then, suddenly, she frowned angrily. How could she be so unfaithful! Ned was a good, fine husband—far better than she deserved. And yet . . .

The evening after Lois's visit, Ned and Ella were reading in the living room. Ned, a tall, pleasant-looking individual was enveloped in a cloud of smoke and deeply immersed in the evening paper. Ella, her foot comfortably tucked beneath her, was glancing idly at a magazine. With an impatient gesture, she suddenly threw aside the magazine and glanced at the clock. Six-thirty. In three hours, laughing, carefree people in formal attire would be enjoying themselves at the Cotillion. Idly, Ella thought of her own pretty evening clothes carefully put away for the rare occasions when she used them. Queer—that she

should be so restless tonight. Thinking about the Cotillion disturbed her more than she could understand. Suddenly she leaned forward.

"Ned," she called softly.

"Huh?" came from behind the smoke screen.

"Do you remember the Cotillion we were talking about?"
"Sure, honey," in a muffled voice. "What makes you ask?"
"Oh, nothing in particular." Ella regarded the toe of her shoe for

"Oh, nothing in particular." Ella regarded the toe of her shoe for a moment and then asked, "Don't you think it will be fun at the Cotillion?"

The paper was lowered quickly and Ned's startled face looked out at Ella.

"What've you got on your mind, pet? Let's hear."

"I was just thinking, Ned, that we haven't been out for a long time, and . . . Oh, I suppose it doesn't matter."

Ned's eyes searched Ella's face, and then the newspaper was raised

again.

For a second, Ella glared at the paper. Then turning her head, she glanced around the comfortable room. Everything seemed to pique her tonight. What could be the cause of this sudden irritation? And then she realized that she wanted with all her heart to leave this quiet, wellordered house and to enjoy herself amid noise and crowds. It was still not too late to phone Lois; then, after Ned had gone to bed at nine, she could slip out of the house. Furtively, Ella glanced over at the chair in which Ned sat. She could disguise the telephone conversation and he would never know. She began to slide out of her chair when, abruptly, the jangling, shrill sound of the door bell startled her. Glancing at Ned, whose paper had moved slightly, Ella, grateful for the interruption, nearly ran to the door. As she opened it, a long, green box was pushed into her hands by a uniformed boy who disappeared immediately. Terrified, Ella recalled Lois's mentioning Bob Sanders. Was he expecting to take her to the Cotillion? Had he sent her a corsage? Probably he would call for her in person within a short while. All desire to attend the Cotillion fled in the face of this unexpected complication. Glancing at a large, ornamental vase in the hall, Ella wondered if she would be able to throw the box of flowers into the vase before Ned saw. But a glance at Ned soon proved this idea impossible, for he had dropped his paper and was approaching his conscience-stricken wife.

"What have you there, sweetheart?" he asked lightly.

Ella tried vainly to hide the box behind her.

"Nothing, Ned. Really, it's nothing."
"Come now. Let's have a look at it."

"Oh, Ned," cried Ella, dropping the box and throwing herself on her husband's broad chest. "Please, Ned, you must understand. I've

been silly and foolish and wicked. But I wasn't going any further with it, really, Ned." Uncontrollable tears sprang into Ella's eyes as she clung to her husband. "I know nothing about it and it really wasn't my fault." Great sobs tore her heart as she clung desperately to Ned. Oh, fool that she'd been—to allow trivial pleasure to become so important! And then, suddenly, she was aware that he was holding her away and looking at her, not with contempt or anger, but with a very puzzled expression.

"Why, Ella dear, don't take it to heart so. Of course you knew nothing about it; I wanted to surprise you. You're not foolish or wicked if you want to go to the Cotillion, and I decided that if you wanted to go, you should. You surprised me when you mentioned it just now;

I thought you had stumbled on my secret.'

Ella was looking at her husband with wide, startled eyes.

"Don't you understand?" he continued as he bent to pick up the

box. "Here, honey, open it."

With trembling fingers, Ella opened the box and quickly tore apart the layers of green tissue paper. Disregarding the expensive corsage, she reached for the small card tucked away in a corner. What she read on the card made her turn quickly to her husband and throw her arms around his neck. "Oh Ned," she cried as tears began to roll down her cheeks, "you sent it."

"Of course. Now don't be so upset, darling. I must be neglecting

you badly if a box of flowers sets you off like this."

"But Ned, I didn't know . . . '

"Well, it wouldn't be much of a surprise if you knew. Now then, we've got two hours in which to get dressed. Can you make it?"

JESSIE PERLMAN, Fr. 2.

## ೯೬೬ ೨೫

It appears that the faculty at Fordham is appointed by name. Father Deane is dean; Father Whalem acts as dean of discipline; Mr. Shouten is in charge of debating, and finally, a Mr. Voekl (pronounced vocal) is in charge of the glee club.

There was a young couple in College Who expounded this wee gem of knowledge, "It seems fitting to prance At The Tower Light Dance So lovely, on Valentine's night!"

# Studying Children Through Their Poetry

TEACHERS who receive many contributions of verse from their classes, in many cases, have an excellent opportunity to study the characters of the young writers through their poetry. A child's fresh,

natural verse often reflects his interests and his traits.

Those of us who are fortunate enough to teach departmental English have an unusually good chance to study a child's development in verse writing from class to class. A very interesting "poetry case" whom I studied was a girl, large for her age, with a high I.Q., who started out to be something of a disciplinary problem. Then her poetry took, rather abruptly, a mature tone, she calmed down, and lullabies and poems about her mother flowed from her pen. I discovered that her mother was a very sick woman with a severe nervous affliction that rendered it impossible for her to keep her head from jerking constantly from side to side. The child's devotion to this parent was beautiful. She brought her to school one afternoon, and the tone of her voice when she said, "This is my mother," might have been that of a young princess introducing the stately queen in ermine and brocade. I wish that I had kept a copy of one of her poems to her mother, but it was a very personal thing, and it was not offered for the book the children made of their poetry. When she was in the 6B, this child, I shall call her Evelyn, wrote these poems that reflect her rather mature viewpoint.

#### **CLOWNS**

Clowns may come
And clowns may go,
But the funny one
I've always remembered—
In storms—the clown
Who is your friend,
Will make you laugh beside him.

#### VALENTINE GREETINGS

I'm sending my greetings to your dear heart, Asking you to be mine, sweetheart. I want a friend, some day, Who will be more than a friend In every way.

History and geography interested Evelyn, and the latter subject inspired this poem, written in the 6B.

#### YE PARIS SHOPPE

Beautiful diamonds, large and rare, Rubies flashing everywhere— Where fine silks are kept with care, And other things, such as silverware.

Dainty finery is attractive,
While the dressmakers and tailors are active,
The gowns' designing holds you a captive,
And their gloves make your hands warm and attractive.

Sewing machines and printing presses,
Hats, coats, and dainty dresses,
Embroideries and trinkets are at your request
And purses and card cases our geography suggests.

China for the artistic taste—
Feathers and unreal flowers made with no haste—
And scented soaps are found in a case.
Paris is CAPITAL place.

"Poetry case number two" concerns Mollie, who was from an orphanage near the school. I have noticed that the "home" children in their oral compositions frequently talk about "my mother," "my father," and "my sister." Perhaps, lacking real home environments, they created them in their stories, or, perhaps, they did not want the other children to think them different. This tendency to mention various members of the family, real or imagined, often was reflected in Mollie's poetry as well as in her stories. Here is an example:

#### THE BIG LITTLE GIRL

One day I put on Mother's shoes. They were so very huge. I went and put on Mother's dress And then put on some rouge.

Of course, you know I felt quite big, Till I looked into the mirror—With my hair all curled and frizzed—But now I know my error.

One of Mollie's better poems showing a different interest was a Christmas Carol.

Shepherds watching flocks by night, Christmas gardens now are white, Yonder shines the infant light. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

Lying in the manger there, Wrapped in swaddling clothes so bare, In the hay lies Baby Jesus. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

"Poetry case number three" is a boy. Eddie was a retarded pupil, unsatisfactory in work and in conduct in most of his classes. Teachers could not "get next to him." Yet he was interested in English and in history, and seemed to like to write poetry, although he refused to read any of it to the class. He was usually gloomy faced and inclined to be "grumpy" in school, and yet there is no suggestion of these characteristics in this poem of his.

#### SPRING

Spring is here! Spring is here!
The robins sing to show their cheer.
The children are out again to play.
They dance and sing and play all day.
The brook, once clogged with clumsy snow,
Is gurgling by with easy flow.
All the trees are in full bloom.
Bring on cheer. Forget your gloom.
Everything is bright and gay
As we laugh and sing this glorious day.

In spring, of course, you always see The little birds and humming bee. The sun's great beauty when you see it shine Is a beautiful sight for you to find. Your heart it beats with a thumping pain. There's nothing to lose and lots to gain. Your eyes they dim in slow delight. The day is gone. Here comes the night. But do not fret or have a sorrow, For you can have more fun tomorrow.

This poem helped us understand Eddie a little better. When he graduated that June, one of his poems was read, with several others, at the graduation exercises. There was no gloom on his face that day.

Laura, "poetry case number four," was a very bright girl. She was breezy, up-to-the-minute, interested in all that was going on, and apparently not at all fanciful. Yet her poetry had a light, imaginative touch. A similar case was Jennie. Both girls produced poetry that showed that they must live in worlds of their own, and yet there was no evidence of this in their behavior. These two poems are Laura's:

#### FAIRY CANOPIES

The spiders are forever weaving In an intricate design.
The thread that they are using Is very, very fine.
What are they doing Day upon day?
What will it be?
Who can say?

When they are finished,
And exquisitely done,
There they will shine
In the rays of the sun.
The spiders will sell them
For shining, fairy gold.
The fairies will use them
For canopies, I'm told.

## THE CLOUD PARADE

Marching, marching through the sky The parade of clouds is going by. Some are oblong, some are round. Every shape there can be found.

In the morning, tinged with pink, In a storm they're black as ink. At eventide their fluffy red Tells the sun to go to bed.

They see people, good and bad. They see sights both glad and sad. Both day and night they float by. They're the sentinels of the sky.

Children are always interesting studies, but, studied through their poetry, they take on new and fascinating aspects.

ELEANORA LIVINGSTON BOWLING.

## The Music of the American Indian

Every race has its own individual music, entirely different in mood, rhythm and harmony from that of any other race. When one studies the music of America, one does not study a group of songs and dances that have the same general characteristics, for American music consists of several groups of distinctive types of music—the negro spiritual, cowboy songs, mountain songs, jazz, and Indian songs and dances. And when one hears a negro spiritual and an Indian tribal prayer on the same program, it is a simple matter to distinguish between the two.

The outstanding characteristics of Indian music are these: a descending interval of minor thirds, a downward progression at the beginning of a song, smaller intervals in the older songs. In the songs, the pentatonic scale is common, but a keynote feeling is lacking. Rhythm is essential to Indian music and is placed above melody in importance. A song sung by different tribes may often show fluctuations in melody but never in rhythm. The rhythms, moreover, are quite intricate.

Few instruments are used by the Indian. Most important is the drum. Rattles, usually made from gourds filled with shot, are also used. The flageolet, or courting flute, and whistles are employed to supply

melody.

As is usual in the history of music, Indian music has grown out of the life of the people. Every public ceremony has its accompaniment in song. Each important event in the history of the tribe is recorded in music, the notation of which has in many cases been copied upon birch bark. War dances have their own wild and furious accompaniment, strong in rhythm, with much gesticulation and pantomime. Each tribe has a complicated and highly developed ritual for religious dances. The mystery dance is used to heal the sick, to bring rain, and to guard against evil. Traditions of the tribe are kept alive by historical dances. There are, too, songs of mourning, love songs, and social songs.

Music does not mean to the Indian what our music means to us. We listen to symphonies and operas with casual interest and forget them soon after, but the Indian has incorporated his life, his history, his

emotions, in his music; and it is sacred to him.

MARGARET SNYDER.



# THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson

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\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

## Alumni, Unite!

TITH the precision of well assembled clockwork, the consecutive radio programs are broadcast from their stations. Each program is dependent, not only upon the skill of those technicians, artists, and executives who are regulating it, but upon the meticulous research and experiment of those first pioneering radio engi-

neers. Each schedule flashes through space, is received, and thus constructs radio's heritage to Man. The status of the broadcast is, therefore, passive. Never can it react to make radio better, or its station

more efficient.

With the precision of well assembled clockwork, the consecutive graduating classes have been launched from State Teachers College at Towson. Each unit of graduates is dependent not only upon the students who compose the group and the skill of the teachers and executives who administer it, but also upon the foresight and sacrifice of those pioneering educators whose labors first bore fruit on January 15, 1866. Each class leaves the College, is assimilated by the various communities of Maryland, and thus constructs the heritage of State Teachers College to Man. The function of the class, therefore, may be passive. The graduates may never react to make Education better or Teachers College more efficient.

As indicated by the italicized words in the last two sentences, graduating classes are different from radio programs. The latter are dissipated among the ether waves several instants after their broadcast. The former may avoid dissipation by creating associations and thus con-

solidate themselves for effective group activity.

Great can be the benefits of intelligent activity among the organized Alumni of this College to Education in Maryland and to the College itself. Therefore the Tower Light, during this season when all thoughts are upon the splendid accomplishments of the Founders, strongly urges renewed vigor in, and more extensive organization of, Alumni in order that the graduates of Teachers College shall not become dispersed like radio waves in the ether, but shall become united to accomplish difficult tasks.

## **&**©\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

## A Bouquet

With the beginning of the New Year the Tower Light wishes to balance the debts of the Old in accordance with the venerable Chinese custom. Therefore the Staff takes this opportunity to express its appreciation for the invaluable assistance which the following persons have rendered it during the past months:

For advertisements, our thanks to Elaine Ward, Melvin Cole, and

Justus Meyer.

For aid in our Christmas Card venture, we are deeply indebted to: Mrs. Brouwer, Mary Owens, Evelyn Robe, George Horn, and the Fourth Year Seniors, especially Malcolm Davies.

For endless kindnesses throughout the year, we are perennially

grateful to Mrs. McNally.

# The Library—at Your Service

The Library has purchased no books except the essentials this month. However, a splendid group of science books has been ordered and will be reviewed in February.

w. J.

## Henry VIII-King, Not Man

HACKETT, FRANCIS—Henry the Eighth. N.Y.: Garden City Publishing Co.: 1931. 452 pp. \$1.00.

Here is the biography of a king. The man is missing. Perhaps there was no man, merely a king; and that, a spineless piece of flesh, tossed about on the turbulent tide of events of sixteenth-century Europe, assuming a recognizable form only when so constrained by desires of the flesh. Hackett inadvertently excuses Henry's actions, while at the same time, he paints a magnificent picture of a repulsive character in a lusty age. He writes, "He was less a fellow-being than a glorious circumstance," and he records, "Loathsomely wealthy, withdrawn from danger, scornfully proud, clad in vice, mischievous, cruel, bloody, scourging the poor, piercing with his tongue the simple that can make no defenses, . . . whose glutted cheeks sloth feeds so fat, as scant their eyes be seen"—but in another place, "Henry was cunning; acquisitive in every fiber; fertile in plans, active in brain, sharp of claw and wit."

It may be unwise for the reader to definitely stamp the biographer's attitude toward his subject as I have been wont to do. He claims as his sole purpose "to show what Henry VIII was really like." He states his problem thus: "That a man can be held to be both a lion and a weakling, both iron-willed and flabby, both a savior and a waster—and this by men fully conversant with the documents—obviously raises a question not so much of the sources as of the vantage point from which

history is to be written, especially the history of a king."

Disregarding the character for the moment; the author certainly gives an insight into the life of the times. "This reign saw the dawn of the Renaissance, the restoration of England as a world power and less important, though almost as interesting from the human point of view, the vicious treatment of six women, some good and some bad, who had the misfortune to become wife to Henry." It was an age when things were happening and when the destiny of civilization was being moulded by kings and courtiers and popes, who made decisions of lasting moment on the most trivial of prejudices.

"Names hurtle across the bold skies of the early sixteenth century like wild squadrons of the air" (and many of these bolster up the story

where Henry would have failed the author utterly)—da Vinci, Raphael, Dürer, Michelangelo, Titian, Holbein, Cellini, Columbus, Cortez, Pizarro, Erasmus, Colet, Thomas More, Wolsey, Luther, Ferdinand and Isabella, Cromwell, Calvin, and hosts of others.

And because it gives a rather deep glance into the times, and because it illustrates in some measure the beauty and dignity of the au-

thor's style, I quote:

"Italy was the shining target of the high pre-occupation. Every king in Europe had his eye on her. Italy became the essence of foreign policy. Italy, a young goddess, nude and radiant, was to be held by anyone powerful enough under arms. Once a dynastic state felt secure, the lust for Italy became paramount. It was the dream of Ferdinand and Isabella. It kept the French kings drunk for a hundred years. It inflamed Maximilian. It drew the Turks into Europe, since Italy was the jewel of the Mediterranean. And in Italy itself the papacy caught this passion and bartered its authority to become a third rate military power."

Hackett's material lends itself to presentation by either a chronological or a topical method and results in a series of excellent character studies. Whether the biography will become a permanent contribution to literature remains to be seen. The work is now but six years old. I would hazard the guess that it will withstand the ravages of time, for, aside from its commendable execution, it has a decided appeal to both the intellect and the emotions, and it springs from a source of constant

appeal-human nature.

G. G. Benbow, '35.

## 6 y

# The Kaleidoscope

ow, at last, we are untrammeled by the horror of an Old English dialect and we may proceed to relate the news of the month in rhetoric which may not be excellent, but which you will at

least understand, we hope.

For a whole month we have been pursued by swarming specters of "ye," "thou," "wilt" and "perchance." Now another ghost looms upon our horizon; namely, the ghost called Pun. Do you know what we mean? If you don't, then you have surely been asleep for the past three months. What with Mac, Chrest, Hopwood and the blue-eyed Miss Schnepfe, we are on the verge of nervous prostration. Some bright person—I believe it was Mr. Tepper—called this condition "punsdrunk." Will you sample one of the ex-samples?

Poor Freshmen. They worry so about things that they don't know. Wait until they hear Seniors remarking that "the more you learn the less you know." One young Freshman dashed into the library a few months ago (we are always a little behind the times) and demanded of a colleague, "What is a philosophy of life?" We should like to have heard the response. We don't know the answer ourselves, after—years in this place. (And you still don't know our rank. So there!)

The historic gentleman who is a special sophomore, is special in more ways than one. He can sing (not loudly, but well); he can dance; and he has the astounding ability to make some girls blush. And—mirabile dictu—it seems almost certain that Mary has succumbed—

Sutch a weakling.

The young man with the musician's name has an undying faith in nursery rhymes. Ask him what he knows about Mary and her little lamb. We couldn't spoil the story for him.

Child's bright saying, number 1,333,998½: We shall agree with the author, not because we believe what he says, but because we must

finish the chapter today.

We suggest more easy chairs for the browsing room, so that the fourth-year students may listen to lectures at their ease. Incidentally, will all other students, particularly Freshmen, take note of the fact that on Tuesday afternoons classes are held in the browsing room? We found that out one day, to our sorrow.

A Freshman boy cannot make up his mind as to where he will let his heart repose. He warned us to watch him at the Old English Din-

ner to find out. Thanks. That's our business.

By the way, what happened to that romance between the Freshman officer and his erstwhile opponent? It must have languished—by the way.

Three girls went to Washington to see a basket-ball game—Ah-h-h! A foreword to "She Married Her Boss" is going on in the Tower Light office and at meetings of the League of Young Voters. Master Isadore Miller must have begun reading a book on how to fascinate Freshmen.

Certain friendly Freshmen suggest this as a theme song for Mr.

Gamerman of the huge bow ties: "A Little Bit Independent."

And Miss Van Bibber has developed a positive passion for "Treasure Island." The song, not the book. Personally, we prefer "Swing It."

Oh, where is the rose that once bloomed upon Mr. Cole's coat?

We overheard two fourth-year students talking together one day. The first was saying that he thought a certain person's poetry was good but that he didn't like it. Had the commentator not been wearing trousers, we should have thought that he was a woman.

MacCubbin is now in "Blue Heaven." We're not sure, but we think that the sender of certain colored epistles is a fair graduate of last year. We wish these affairs could be confined to the limits of the

Ad building. They are so much easier to follow up.

We have a real honest-to-goodness star in our midst. This is old stuff by now, but it's good. Pauline Mueller was an attraction in the 'Okay Baltimore' show. We heard that this show was one of the best that has ever been produced by home talent in Baltimore, and we are quite sure that Miss Mueller's dancing is responsible. We really are congratulating you, Miss Mueller. Don't dance too far away from us.

We'll see you next month. And in the meantime, don't let the su-

pervisors get you. Better watch out for punsters, too.

#### 6 O

## I'm No Poet

Did you ever have to write
A poem or something of the like,
And a tho't
Seemed to be as far away
As that expected judgment day
Of which we're taught.

As you sit there by the hour
And there seems to be no power
In your brain;
You think of everything you've read
And you try to use your head,
But in vain.

After all your time has passed
And it's time to go to class,
And then still
Your poem has not come to you,
You realize that 'tis true
You feel ill.

As you walk into the room,
Where you're sure you'll meet your doom
On this day,
You are very much surprised,
That an idea to be prized
Has come your way.

J. R. Wheeler.

## Glee Club

N December 13 the Glee Club gave a full hour program for the Baltimore Education Association in the music room of the Eastern High School. Included in the program were works by Dickinson, Praetorius, Leonia and the familiar French carol "Gloria In Excelsis Deo."

Two days later, on December 15, the Glee Club sang over radio

station WCAO at 12:45 a.m. The program included:

"While Shepherds Watched their Flocks By Night". Praetorius
"Lo How A Rose E'er Blooming"
"The Shepherd's Story"
"Gloria In Excelsis Deo"

Dr. Tall gave a brief talk on the work of the Teachers College and

the place of music therein. The text of her speech follows:

The State Teachers College at Towson, formerly the Maryland State Normal School, is the oldest teacher training institution for the elementary school field in the State of Maryland. It was founded in January, 1866. More than six thousand graduates from the twenty-three counties and from Baltimore City have gone out with its diploma to assume responsibility and leadership in school affairs and in civic life. Last June the B.S. Degree in Education was conferred upon ten ambitious graduates. This year twenty-two will receive the degree.

Though there are many extra-curricular activities carried on under joint responsibility of our students and faculty, the Glee Club, all will agree, is one of the most important groups in the College. Of the present enrollment of 340 students, more than one-third have joined the Glee Club. Why? Because of their sheer love for music. And this could not be except that the love for music be a phase of the spirit of the Col-

lege. So it truly is, in both faculty and student body.

All students are busy at the college, necessarily, but the Glee Club members are busiest of all; they must sing at Chapel services, at Assembly, at Christmastide, on Founder's Day, and at Commence-

ment exercises.

"But," you ask, "where schedules are crowded how can one find the time for practice? Music is a thing of art, and art is relentless in its demands, for it requires beauty and finish as two of its aims." Schedules permit the Glee Club one practice period during the week—Monday afternoon between 3:30 and 5:00 o'clock. Naturally ours is not a perfect chorus. But no finished performance, such as a great opera, when listened to can ever give the same thrill that an amateur musician, performing, himself, after real struggle with a composition, feels when he

has really mastered a phrase or a line of a great hymn or song, and experiences perfection for that one brief minute. The Glee Club members know that only occasionally do they reach such heights. But for the perfect moment each member works hard, and with enthusiasm. In the doing, this chorus of one hundred voices gives to our college greater power generally, and finer taste in music, than it could have otherwise.

If Maryland, through our striving in music, combined with all the civic efforts to promote music in Baltimore and the counties—should become a singing State who knows what might happen to elevate men's emotions for higher ideals in the years to come? Could a singing nation, if it were also wise, help to avert war? Who knows? But, at any rate, today, we sing you songs of peace, the joyous peace of the Christmas-

tide.

To you, friends-of-the-school, and members of our Alumni body, who are listening, we dedicate the fifteen minutes of the broadcast. The State Teachers College at Towson wishes for you a happy Christmas season.

LIDA LEE TALL.

## ಹಾಲ್ರವಾ

## Orchestra

ALTHOUGH the Orchestra has scarcely finished Christmas music, already the radio broadcast is upon us. The exact date has not been decided upon, but it will probably be the middle of January.

In preceding years, we have had a string ensemble composed of Orchestra members. Sometimes this has been of three or four violins, or one of violins and cello. We are now organizing a string ensemble for this year. We hope to let you hear them play sometime soon.

During the Christmas vacation, several Orchestra members were working on special music for the tea to be served in the President's

home early in February.

Did you know that three young men who are interested in music for the violin play together on Monday nights? The members of this trio are Malcolm Davies, and Frank and Chris Zeichner. Perhaps they

will play for us sometime.

Miss Vivian Cord, our alumna trumpeter, is now a student at Peabody as well as a teacher in the Baltimore City schools. Miss Cord generously came to play the trumpet at the Old English Festival. We are hoping that we may have her for an assembly program some time, if her teaching duties permit.

What makes fat girls thin and thin girls "plump" down on your toes? The Tower Light Dance.

## **Assemblies**

An unexpected pleasure came to us when an unexpected speaker addressed us on November 20. Mrs. J. K. Pettengill, First Vice-President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, and professor at the Wayne University School of Education, was a most delightful speaker. Her topic, "Adult Education," was both vital and stimulating. "Adult education is a new manifestation of education. It is a movement, not a system; it is an action which has grown out of the people themselves."

Adult education intends to do much for adults:

1. It will aid in the learning process.

2. It will provide a means of earning a living.

3. It will change the attitude of the learner toward himself and toward his fellow-beings.

4. Its attainment will be the attempt on the part of the learner to

change his environment toward the ideal.

"We cannot tell what the sum total of the work can do. We can direct the child, but we cannot say how far the child can go, nor what he will find. Adult education is a group endeavor where continuous creative group thinking takes place. Group thinking is the answer to America's problems."

On November 21, Miss Lind, Director of Elementary Education in Washington, D.C., delivered a very delightful informal talk. Miss Lind described her summer experiences in Mexico. "In Mexico, time does not count. 'Sometime' is the most popular word." Our speaker was one of a small group of American educators who went into Mexico to study the new trend in rural education. Since the revolution, many interesting things have been done to the Mexican educational system. "Mexico is now an ardent disciple of John Dewey." The country is leaning toward modernization in all fields of human activity, but under all this striving for the modern still lies the past.

A most inspiring, but heartrending sight was seeing the new on one side with the old on the other; the singing of the school children saying goodbye to the Americans, on one side of the road, and on the other side, two women washing their laundry in a stream, as their

grandparents had done long ago.

Because Miss Weyforth "had 'no money,' and was very busy working on a course of study," she had expected to spend last summer at home. Yet it seems that her plans were somewhat changed, for she discovered that she could travel through Europe as a member of a field

group from Columbia University at greatly reduced expense. She told

us about her trip on November 25.

The group spent six weeks in five European countries and studied "Music and the Related Arts." In England Miss Weyforth heard the Boys' Choirs of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. In Germany she visited the Library of the University of Berlin, and held in her hands the original manuscripts of Wagner and other composers. Miss Weyforth had several conversational difficulties in France; it seems that "the French people study English very little, and understand our French even less." Nevertheless we are quite sure that she enjoyed her visits to the Louvre and to the Palace of Versailles.

Dr. Tall, on December 2, resumed her previous talk on "Character Education." "Whom would you select as the twelve greatest characters in each class?" "What is a real, great character?" A definition has been given—"Character is nature within; nature which is a result of the correlation of conscience and intelligence." Dr. Tall chose the personality of Jane Addams as one of the best examples of a really great character. In 1931, Jane Addams was chosen as the greatest of living women, and the organization of the famous Hull House Settlement in Chicago was selected as the greatest of her achievements. Her institution will be a refuge, and her character a guiding beacon, for all humanity.

SARAH STRUMSKY. MAX BERZOFSKY.

## 620m

# The Rambling Rambler

As soccer fades into the far-away, another season has come and gone. It seems that a good habit has been formed and is very well established—the habit of having successful soccer seasons. Our only loss this year was to Western Maryland, and that was very close. Our team rode triumphantly over Teachers College at Salisbury twice, Teachers College at Frostburg once, and Johns Hopkins University twice. In the Maryland Collegiate Soccer League our team will in all probability be second only to Western Maryland. Let's go, Soccer Team.

A bit belated, but vital, summary of the few final soccer games: With flags flying, S.T.C. went down to defeat at the hands (or rather, feet) of Western Maryland. But not by any means was our team

out fought.

However, our college record still continued growing. Chewing nails (figuratively), the team tore through Salisbury Teachers like wild-

## As You Like It

COULD call this month's column "Watchamadoodles" or "Thingamajigs"—but I'm not gonna, watchaknowaboutthat? In fact, what I'm gonna do is describe a typical day at school. All ready?—then fetch your umbrellas and "goo-loshes" and come aslushing with me.

#### COLLEGE-FROM WEAK TO WEAK

You've risen extra early; you hardly eat any breakfast; you run to catch the car...you've just got to get to College at eight-thirty to get that book. You puff and sigh, and so does the car, until at last you get to school. Up the stairs three at a time and then...you see it, that line in front of the library door. They're all ahead of you! Alas, you resign yourself to Fate and take the next place in line. When you have caught your breath, you cautiously and tactfully find out just what books those in front of you are going to reserve. Don't appear anxious—be calm and at ease, you know—that I-don't-give-a-darn attitude. At last the librarian comes to you and, wonder of wonders, you get the book. With a sigh of relief you go to the 'return' desk, and for the second time since a quarter of seven in the morning your breath is taken away—you owe \$.15 on those books. Oh! well, let the librarian write it on the card with the other \$.35.

Then you go down to the Men's Room where you will find Kolb sitting in the same seat reading the same book he started reading four years ago as a Freshman. You nod to him and he replies with a cross between grrr-hmmm and hmmm-grrr. You divest yourself of hat and coat and gaze into the mirror, whereupon you immediately begin to comb your flaxen tresses. Soon other boys begin to pour in and go through the same routine as you. (Conditioned reflexes or habits, which is it, Miss Birdsong?) About a quarter to nine, when the Men's Room is full, a classmate comes over, points an accusing finger at you and bellows forth, "Well, did you stay up until two o'clock last night doing homework?" You favor him with a deprecatory movement of your hand and, with a mirthless laugh, tell him he's nuts. (After all you only stayed up until 1:30 a.m.) Other classmates join in—"I went to movies last night," "I listened to the radio," "I minded the baby," etc. and so on. Of course, nobody did any homework. (Faculty, please note, this is sarcasm.) Well, everything has its end and when Bob comes running in a half minute to nine, we all take time out to tell him how ducky his tie is—oh yeah!

The bell rings and a gentlemanly stampede takes place to the first period class. As you walk into the room, you see two glaring eyes

turned toward you. It is your beloved section chairman. He reaches out his hand and with a smile gives you your morning mail:

"Why didn't you come to Glee Club rehearsal?"

"Your N.Y.A. sheet did not come in. See Mrs. Debaugh."

"Your lateness has been increasing. Please report to Miss Tansil." The professor calls the class to order and the boys who "minded the baby" and went to see Tom Mix begin to evacuate the brain which they stuffed to "standing room only" the night before. The second and third periods come and go, and at last all the little craniums are pumped

dry—we are all in the mood for the assembly period.

Well, we file into the auditorium and by using all our persuasive powers, we convince that darned guy that he is in our seat. Not that we mind; "It's just the principle of the thing." (And the girl that sits to the right.) The Assembly is called to attention and announcements are in order. Now there's a certain charm about announcements—in fact, I have come to the conclusion that the art of giving announcements is a very intriguing one. After one and a half years of observation, of careful scrutiny, and of analytical study, I believe my thoughts concerning the subject are subjectively, objectively, qualitatively, and quantitatively authentic. Here are the results of my labor:

#### HOW TO GIVE A GOOD ANNOUNCEMENT

1. When you are called on to give an announcement, the first requisite is that you must become completely and uniformly confused. When you are sure your name has been called—first you look in front of you, then behind—and when you have ascertained that you are the only one by your name, you stand up.

2. Clear your throat in the key of C. Then as soon as you begin to move your lips, set your body in motion. As you talk, walk up and down the aisles. If there are any vacant chairs in your itinerary, do not hesitate to walk over them. That will give you altitude and you will be able all the better to see the hands of those who did not hear the

announcement.

3. Then you must begin over again; repeat the procedure as stated above in step two, this time being duly solicitous to clear your throat in the key of E Major. (For the sake of my music grade, Miss Prickett, I hope there is such a thing.)

4. Finally, you right about face, slam your chair, and sit down.

If you can do this, my announcementology proteges, I guarantee that you will be worthy of a Rush or a Brumbaugh.

After everybody has tried his hardest to think of something to make an announcement about, the assembly proper begins. Now to us,

the audience, there are two kinds of assembly programs: one, the kind to which we listen; and the other, the kind in which we are given an opportunity to be good listeners. To those sponsoring the assemblies, the assembly schedule divides itself into three types of program:

1. Section assemblies—where the hopes and fears of all the years

(Freshmen, Soph, Junior and Senior) are met.

2. Outside speakers—(Time out for a pun—Only those whose heads

are made of wood have any excuse for being bored.)

3. Section and Student Council Meetings—Of these I shall say nothing: they speak for themselves—and how! Sometimes they speak ten minutes after the lunch bell has rung. (May I here throw a brick bouquet at Sokolow? Why doesn't he give me a chance to adjourn the meeting once in a while?)

And now the assembly is over and we can eat lunch—that's what you think! You, over there, remain for the special quartet rehearsal, you stay here for an N.Y.A. meeting, you stay here for this meeting,

etc.

Finally you are graciously permitted ten minutes in which to peck at your lunches. ("With your mind and with your gullet"—Reference:

Kolb's Book of Etiquette, Chap. X, "Food for Thought.")

There is not enough space or words to describe what goes on in the Men's Room at lunch. But between you and me and the pencil, I do wish Schreiber would bring bigger lunches. Why, in the last week

I've lost three pounds!

Another interesting observation of the lunch period is the vast multitude of men students who eat their lunches in the cafeteria. I wonder if the faculty and girl studes know that the cafeteria is popularly called "No Man's Land" by the fellows. I really don't understand the reason for this effeminate title; I myself go to the cafeteria every day.

The bell rings and classes begin once more. We talk a little, twiddle our thumbs and then the three o'clock bell rings. (Just like that!)

From three to five o'clock, State Teachers College is just one hierarchy of skills. In one part of the building a basket-ball player is busily engaged in concocting a plausible excuse for not attending practice. In the library Hy Cohen is getting grey hair over his homework—so "he can mind the baby at night"; Bob is being bawled out for making googoo eyes at the girls, (Poor Bob!) and Jaffa, working (?) in the library, occasionally stamps a book. So on and so on.

And then it comes time to go home and you go to the library to get that book you came so early to get—and low and behold, 'tis gone! Oh

me, Oh my!

Your humorous editor,

SID TEPPER.

(Continued from page 25)

fire. The latter went under by the score of 2–0. Then came the Hopkins Blue Jays. On the dangerous and miry turf, our team eked out a 1–0 victory. As usual, the foot of Mel Cole pointed the way to victory.

A mere incident, but quite interesting, is the matter of a gift. Santa Claus appeared to the Freshmen in the form of Maurice Schreiber. Going into the last three minutes of play in the first soccer game between the Freshmen and Sophomores, the score was tied at 0–0. The Freshmen came tearing up the field with the ball in their possession. A very good passing attack was functioning perfectly. Finally, the ball came, hot off the foot of a "bodacious" Freshman. Only one Soph was between the goal and the ball. Ah, but look! His toe met the ball. Alack, alas, it was his little toe instead of his big toe. Instead of coming to the middle of the goal where the goalkeeper was so expectantly waiting, the ball was deflected and converted into the most beautiful corner shot that has ever been seen in the history of soccer at the Teachers College. The Freshmen, needless to say, won 1–0.

And now to basket-ball. The team has started off in fine style in spite of the first few losses. Catholic University, who only last year beat us by about forty points, had an exceedingly hard time beating us by a score of 37–24. An American University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against Catholic University scout who saw the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against the game said: "Any team that can score twenty points against the game said: "Any team that the game said the game said the game said the game said the ga

sity is a good ball club."

In a thrilling and unexpected upset, American University beat our basket-ball team by the score of 26-24. At the half, the Teachers were leading 15-11. Josh Wheeler again was high-point scorer with 12 points. S.T.C. started brilliantly and ran up a score of 11-1. However, the lead was relinquished and American University forged ahead. Several times in the last period the Teachers came from behind to take the lead. The score at the end of the game stood 23-23. In an extra period we were outscored 3-1.

# Young

Like an unopened bud, young and frail, Which opens and spreads its colors pale, Like snow that falls in blacked night, And changes blackness into white, The moon appeared upon the smoky earth A glittering mass of gold!

W. Johnson.

New Year's Resolution:

Nothing shall deter us from attending that superlative social function—The Tower Light Dance.

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## THE MOONBEAMS

The moonbeams were dancing on the lake,
Trying hard to keep the night awake.
Their silvery dresses and sparkling shoes—
Which one was prettiest was so hard to choose.
They played and played the whole night through,
Just as children at daytime do.
But those happy little moonbeams with silvery toes
Died away as the sun arose.

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## Concerning the Fels Planetarium

For those interested in the world of science, certainly no more interesting place can be found than the Fels Planetarium in Philadelphia.

A model of the Solar System, which demonstrates the movement of the planets in relation to the sun and the moon, is situated at the entrance of the Planetarium. Along the walls, to right and left, can be seen the three types of eclipse, a star cluster, and various views of the

moon on glass plates or slides.

The principal feature of the Fels Planetarium is the "Wonderland of Science," so named because of its marvelous likeness to the outdoors on a beautiful starlit night. The sides of this room, which is dome shaped, represent Philadelphia's skyline. By scientific control, darkness gradually spreads over all, stars appear in the "sky" or dome of the room and the moon and sun alternately pass over, while a continuous "breeze" stirs. At the same time, an instructor gives all information about these marvelous bodies. When the demonstration is completed, increasing light gradually announces the beginning of a "new day."

FLORENCE O'DONNELL, Fr. 1.

6 B

# **Sports**

For the first time in the new year, we bring you your favorite program. The program Sports comes to you on—oh, who cares how many kilocycles? With soothing music we are here, prepared not

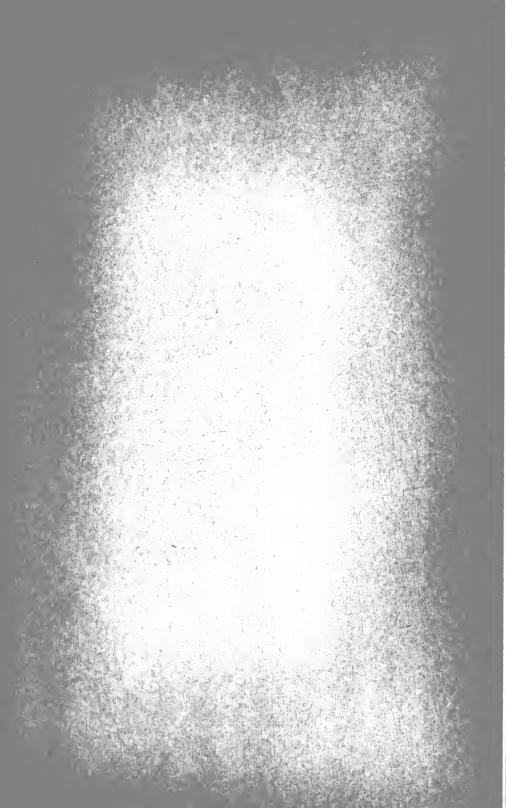
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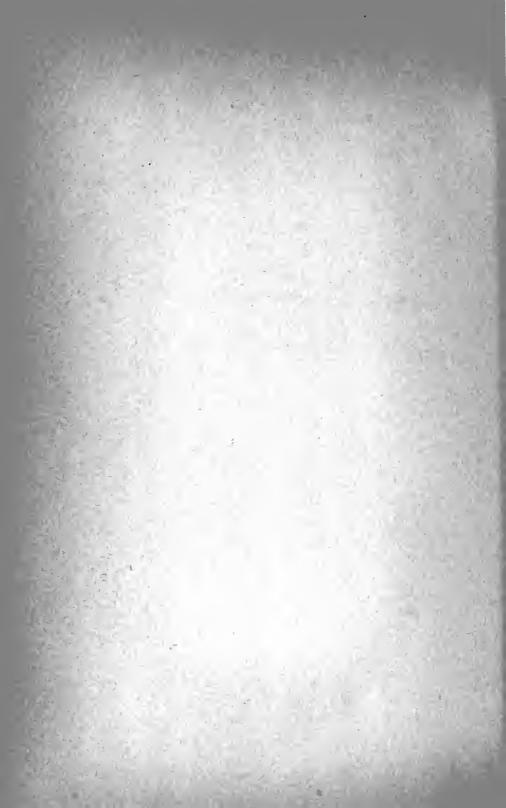
Well, well! In hockey the Seniors occupy the first line. The tan suits subdued the yellow ones of Sophomore 1 by a score of 1–0. Again that Senior steps forth. Our future Helen Moody turns to hockey and with a push of a stick sends the ball through the opponents' goal post. Still the Seniors continued the march toward victory and with the aid of Miss Straining defeated Sophomore 2. The score was 1–0. Sophomores, defeated with honor! With more "mus-cles" as Popeye would say, the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen. The goals were made by Miss Clark and Miss Taylor. Ah! The Freshmen were less timid and played the ball across the Sophomores' line. A score of 3–1 brought the 1935 Hockey season to an end.

Splash! Splash! The fleet of the basket-ball players with Miss Roach at command has launched their ship. As a good sailor would

say, we wish them "Good sailing."

E. Jones.









Chesterfields . . .

a corking good cigarette... they've been hitting the trail with me for a long time

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They have plenty of taste .... not strong but just right

An outstanding cigarette ... no doubt about it







# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College TOWSON, MARYLAND

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1935 Member 1936 Associated Collegiate Press

# THE TOWER LIGHT

Vol. IX FEBRUARY, 1936

No. 5

## Miracles Have Happened

An aviator recently flew from Los Angeles to New York in nine hours and twenty-seven minutes. There was nothing remarkable about his flight, for passenger planes fly across the country on regularly scheduled trips; however, he had made the journey in a shorter time than anyone previously. In contrast, let us look back scarcely a hundred years ago to the stage coach lumbering westward. Generally a month or more passed before these travellers arrived half-way across the continent. Today news flashes around the world, and the medium which carries it bears no semblance to the sailing vessels which brought word to the American colonists of the welfare of their relatives in Europe, and no semblance to the rider of colonial days who carried the mail from town to town. Machines lift objects, make telephonic connections, and in many ways take the place of human hands. All the world around us presents its miracles.

One generally accepts his world and, though he may find that that which he is accustomed to is interesting, it is, nevertheless, commonplace. Possibly many of us need to rub our Aladdin lamps and so reveal for ourselves the wonders of the universe, man's mastery of natural phenomena, and the effect that this mastery has upon human beings and their relationships. The universe plays its part unfailingly and marvellously. Its very reliability is one of its wonders. Just as certain as the dawn and the day that follows is the occurrence of other phenomena when conditions on which they depend arise. We are more likely to applaud, however, the phenomenon with which we are least familiar. On a winter morning several years ago a crowd of men, women, and children gathered along Morningside Drive in New York City where there was an unobstructed view of the eastern sky. As they waited, the

shadows lengthened and a strange twilight supplanted the bright sunlight of that clear day. The sun became crescent shaped. The stars came out and shone brighter and brighter in the deep blue. Then for a moment the brilliant corona of the sun appeared. Even as it disappeared, as the stars grew dimmer, and as the daylight gradually returned the crowd still honked horns, applauded, and cheered. When one considers this display of emotions, it seems so inadequate that it is amusing, yet it expressed a genuine appreciation of that pageant of the sky. One

loses much who does not see the wonders in his world.

Some of those who watched the eclipse of the sun that winter morning must have felt a deep respect for the astronomers who had fixed the time of the event so exactly. Possibly some of those spectators could see the astronomers in their narrow rooms busy with their mathematical calculations so many years before. Likewise, we are grateful for the labors and vision of many scientists, and particularly Roentgen who passed an electric current through vacuum tubes, thus making possible the production of a certain quality of steel girder which makes the modern skyscrapers and the long graceful bridges practical. One who follows the master in the work finds even deeper satisfaction than in the work itself.

The wonders of this age have made life more comfortable and more convenient. They have also multiplied the opportunities for human contacts. How can we realize the advantages of these comforts, or conveniences, or the opportunity for human contact if we have not lived in the past when life was so different? It does not seem possible that a child accustomed to the radio all his life could feel the same thrill of emotion that an adult felt when, several years ago he heard the first broadcast from foreign lands. Just as it is necessary to be aware of the natural phenomena around us and to know something of the labors of the scientists and discoverers, so we need to become familiar with the

heritage of the past.

The present age with all of its marvels does not end the story of scientific advancement. The influence of the Greek philosophers and scientists was so great that for many successive years little new scientific knowledge gained a foothold. During the nineteenth century such amazing discoveries in the field of physics had been made that not a few physicists toward its close expressed the belief that all the important laws of physics had been revealed. They did not dream of the changes in theories and laws that the twentieth century has thus far disclosed. Are there not such pauses in the realm of science until some Copernicus or Galileo again sets the wheels of discovery in motion? The forces of the universe operate, its masters labor, and we stand in the shadows of future wonders.

ANITA S. DOWELL.

#### Forests and the Citizen

Ι

The time has come when the public must reorientate its attitude toward forestry and the forests of the nation. The moment of great decisions is at hand and old concepts must be discarded if a wise choice is to be made. Ingrown fallacious notions of the role of forestry in human affairs are being routed by new facts. The public must come to regard forestry as an economic measure, a rational treatment for a real problem, not as a holy emotional appeal, not as pious sentimentality. The public must accept forestry as a practical aid in the task of getting the best possible returns from the land. The public must recognize that forestry, the science, and forestry, the art, are of basic importance to the existence of the people of this land.

Forestry has passed from the formative stage in this country. Forestry itself is no longer debatable. The problem of the *forests*, however, remains to be settled. But this problem is no longer of limited scope. It has passed from the hands of individuals and small groups. The problem of our forests is now a national problem, to be attacked on a national scale, and calling for the consideration of the people of the entire country. The woodlands are, today, the problem of the citizen rather than of the individual as a private person.

#### II

In order to understand this problem which now faces us, it is necessary to be acquainted with past and present conditions in the American timberlands, and to recognize the importance of the goods and utilities which trees contribute to the national economy. This acquaintance with the forests and this recognition of the importance of the forests do not, of course, come immediately to the front in the public mind. The facts, upon which these mental qualities are based, have been stated time and again, but for the purpose of creating a background for the rest of this paper, they may be briefly noted.

The original woods of North America stood in marked contrast to their present remnants. An almost unbroken forest then extended from the Atlantic to the Ozarks and from the Gulf of Mexico to the tree limit in the north—the greatest stand of temperate zone hardwoods in the world. On the Pacific coast and in the mighty cordillera grew huge numbers of the finest softwood species, numbering in their ranks the largest of plants. In all, there were over 876,754,000\* acres of woodlands within the boundaries of the present United States. Upon this vast

<sup>\*</sup> Forestry Almanac, pp. 226-285.

forest resource the United States was builded. Now, out of the 681,000,-000 acres of trees which grew in 1607 in the United States east of the Great Plains alone, only about 60,700,000 acres remain. The much smaller western acreage has been somewhat less drastically reduced. If we take New York as a typical eastern state, but with a somewhat more than ordinarily conscientious state forest administration, we may find the story of the trend of American forests slightly sweetened. New York originally possessed about 30,080,000 acres of timber. The present wooded area is not more than 12,000,000 acres. This reduction is, in itself, startling, but we find, further, that scarcely 100,000 acres of this timber can be classed as virgin. At least 4,000,000 acres are entirely idle and unproductive because of fires and destructive lumbering methods, a constant burden upon the citizens of the state, and doubly onerous because these devastated acres, with a little care, might have been productive. As it is now, generations of hard, costly labor will be required to restore this destroyed domain to an economically useful and aesthetically pleasing condition. New York is a very rugged state with much land which must necessarily remain timbered and this helps to swell the amount of forest land still in a wooded condition, but the small amount of virgin timber and the large area of devastated land in New York show how even these remaining twelve million acres have been neglected by a careless and indifferent citizenry under an individualistic, competitive economy.

Merely to catalogue the variety of ways in which forests contribute toward the welfare of the human race would occupy more space than can here be given to the whole subject. However, it can be said that those values which civilized humanity derives from them are classifiable in three great orders:

The first and most important group of goods is the group which may be called raw materials. In spite of the great number of wood substitutes now being used in the building industries and by other formerly heavy consumers of wood, lumber still accounts for over one-half of the wood harvested from the timberlands of our country. This harvest, comprising, besides lumber, fuelwood (a surprisingly large item), pulpwood, cooperage, ties, and many miscellaneous wood products, amounted to fourteen billion, five hundred million (14,500,000,000) cubic feet annually during the pre-depression era. ¶ Besides the actual wood-resource, the forest is the head of various other streams of raw-materials, such as furs (from forest-protected wild-life), naval stores, and maple syrup.

<sup>†</sup> Forestry Almanac, p. 171.

Figures in this paragraph from Forestry Almanac, p. 260. For an interesting presentation of these forest values see Marshall, Chaps. II and III.

The second major group of values has to do with the conservation of other, equally valuable, resources. It has, now, long been recognized that forest growth has a direct bearing upon the water supply in any drainage basin. The presence of woodlands tends to equalize and regulate the stream flow, reducing the likelihood and fury of floods, and staving off the effects of drought. But behind this action upon the greatly-to-be-prized water resources of our land, there lies the much greater influence of the forest in conserving the land itself. Soilerosion is a natural and continuous process against which agricultural civilization (and our civilization still rests primarily upon agriculture, technocrats and industrialist-bitten economists notwithstanding)—against which agricultural civilization is continually striving. In this constant struggle against the destruction of large areas of land by the loss of the surface soil which has taken centuries to form but which may be washed away entirely in less than a decade, the forest is man's only, but, at the

same time, very effective ally.

Last comes a set of values, abstract utilities rather than concrete goods, which, not many years ago, would have been entirely ignored. As far back as 1872, however, when the Yellowstone National Park was established, there existed a vague conception of the recreational value of unspoiled areas of land. During the last sixty years this vague feeling has crystallized into a definite policy based upon a need which is becoming increasingly acute. To anyone who knows the joy of vacations in the woods, the fact that nearly all the National Parks are in wooded areas is no matter for wonder. Nor is the estimated total of 246,000,000 visitors\*\* to public and private American forest lands during the single year of 1931 surprising. From a haphazard, unorganized drift, the trend toward forest recreation has continued until such recreation is now a conscious, premeditated affair in the lives of millions of people. With such vast support, recreation in the woods has taken on a degree of necessary commercialism which gives it a distinctly economic character. Nevertheless, whether one regards the situation from the viewpoint of social values, or from the viewpoint of economics, there remains no doubt as to the fundamental importance of the forest in the field of recreation.

(To be continued)

HAVEN KOLB.

All work and no play make Doll a dull moll. Bring her to The Tower Light Dance.

<sup>\*\*</sup> Marshall, p. 58.

## Digging for Culture

THAT, exactly, is Archaeology? To many, the word calls up visions of ancient pottery, jewelry, swords, and relics which are valued as objects of curiosity merely because they are ancient. To others, archaeology may mean excavations in which the walls of ancient temples and cities are laid bare, exposing the ways men lived in other days. For these people, archaeology is identical with antiquarianism. There are some people who actually believe that archaeology means "digging for treasure." A story is told about a rather rich woman who requested from a group of excavators the privilege of digging for some "treasure." The archaeologists complied with her request and also secretly managed to plant some trinkets upon the site. When the woman dug she was more than delighted to find the "treasure." Needless to say, the scientists were well rewarded.

Neither of the views mentioned, however, testifies to the scope of the subject. Archaeology is, according to the Century Dictionary, 'that branch of knowledge which takes cognizance of past civilizations and investigates their history in all fields by means of the remains of art, architecture, monuments, inscriptions, literature, language, implements, customs, and all other examples which have survived.' It is evident, then, that archaeology is not merely a haphazard search for valuables in gold and silver, but an exact science, which furnishes us with an accurate account of past history and civilization, and the

foundation of modern history.

It also supplies us with a background for a better understanding of the Bible. For example, there is the recent discovery made by Sir C. Leonard Woolley in Babylonia. (Babylonia is a comparatively new land—rivers add alluvial silt to the land year in and year out.) Prior to this discovery, scholars excavated until they came to a rather thick mantle of alluvial silt. Believing that there could be no previous civilization under such a thick deposit, they considered it illogical to investigate further. Sir Woolley, however, searched under the silt and found an ancient buried civilization. Modern investigators have concluded, therefore, that this ancient culture was destroyed by a tremendous flood which deposited the silt. Many archaeologists have accepted this discovery as the basis for the flood story found in the Bible, and in other ancient sources. "Every scrap of knowledge of ancient life serves to make the story and the lives of ancient characters so much more real, or puts them and their words in a perspective so much clearer, that the eternal message comes with a new power and can be transmitted with greater efficiency."-Barton.

LEONARD WOLFF.

# Scientific Lighting

Your eyes, the only two you'll ever have; take care of them."
Probably some of you have laughed at that announcement, yet I dare say that a more serious and sincere statement has never been uttered.

Scientifically, it has been proved, the greatest factor causing defective eyesight is eyestrain, which in turn is caused by eyework done under improper lighting conditions. It is estimated we are using our eyes for severe visual tasks about 30% more than was common a generation ago, and a hundred times more than a century ago. Thus, adequate lighting is essential in every phase of our environment. This is especially needed in schools, offices, and factories, for science has vividly revealed the importance of lighting as an aid in the conservation of human energy. Tests conducted in the schoolroom show that the rate of learning, just like other kinds of production work, is speeded up under adequate and proper lighting conditions. In the elementary grades, only one child in ten has defective vision; by the time these young students reach college, just when their faculties should be most highly developed, every other one of them has defective vision. But let us be thankful that at last science has put its hand upon the practical aspects of living, and is already beginning to mould life into perfect shape. We, in our lifetime, will see new schools erected with schoolrooms ideally lighted during both day and night. It will then be that at the push of a button, a bright, white, diffused glow will fill the room, its source being hidden in the walls and ceiling. But before we turn to this ideal situation, let us examine our present lighting systems.

The type of lighting most commonly used is known as direct lighting, where an ordinary frosted bowl is used to cover and diffuse the bright light from the bulb. This type of lighting does not in the slightest eliminate the harmful glare of incandescent light sources, such as the modern electric bulb. Walking through the halls of the S.T.C. we see this type of lighting. It was only within the last few years that a distinct improvement has been made in lighting systems. This improvement has come in the form of indirect lighting, where the light is thrown to a white ceiling, there to be reflected down into the room. When the whole ceiling thus becomes the light source, instead of a concentrated area such as represented in the bulb, a uniform distribution of light in the room is assured, shadows will be soft and the light so diffused that there will be little or no danger of annoying reflections from shiny surfaces, such as desk tops and reading surfaces. It is this type of lighting that we find in Room 103 and in the Infirmary, the latter having a most advanced type of indirect lighting system. We may be justly

proud of our Infirmary which is hygienic, not only in construction, but

also in lighting.

In the science of hygienic lighting, color is almost as important as glare. Using the indirect lighting system, the color of the walls and ceiling determines the color of the reflected light. It is known that green and light blues soothe the eyes and red agitates them, but at all light intensities, the eye works with greater precision, speed, comfort, and efficiency under white light than under colored light. Several illumination experts, in the light of modern research, have recently developed a new lighting fixture which not only brings indirect lighting into play, but which also eliminates the wastefulness and the color nuisance of the popular indirect lighting systems. The new lighting unit incorporates shades or baffles in a modernistic design which intercept glare-producing rays and diffuses a white light which is ideal as to coloring.

But now we come to a more idealistic lighting system which, as mentioned before, will produce a bright white glow. Rooms will seem to light of themselves as in daylight, with an evenly distributed lighting, the light source unseen. This type of lighting has already been put into use in several of the larger modern factories, which are entirely windowless. Several illumination engineers have recommended similar windowless buildings to be used as schools, with this most modern

of lighting, where production will be increased many per cent.

However idealistic this "dream" may seem, it may not be long before we, as teachers, will be working in a building with nearly perfect facilities, with a class of youngsters before us, all enjoying the benefits of perfect vision.

MAX BERZOFSKY.

#### € © Z3

#### Lost

What is left now you are gone?
A weary wind that wails uncomforted;
Dull gray rain that falls unceasingly
On sodden, soaked leaves that were but yesterday
A brilliant promise. Thick clinging fog
That seems to wrap me in a shroud
Of hopelessness and bleak despair.
I, apathetic, strive no more.
I can but drift through the black, bitter waters of unending pain
With an echo of a lonely sigh still throbbing in my breast.

Eleanor Schnepfe.

## The Science of Matrimony

For Ladies Only

T EAP YEAR, the time of many weddings, is here; someone did the girls a good turn when he gave them an extra day in which to propose! It's up to you, girls, to make the most of your time.

There is a certain delicacy of approach which one must learn before even attempting to propose to a man. If you, Matilda, wish to get married—and we will suppose, for the sake of argument, that you doyou must first learn something about the object of your affection. This is a simple task. You may adopt one of three methods: first, you may study the man as a psychologist does, with intelligence tests and bar graphs; second, you may delicately confer with his intimates in reference to his preferences concerning movies, sodas and red flannels; or third, you may come right out and ask him what you want to know. The last method is the surest of success, but is dangerous unless handled correctly. One must remember always to be tactful when using it.

When you have found out all you want to know about the man of your choice, find a secluded spot in some hidden vale and get him there by any means available. In the olden days the women used clubs but men are more delicate now. Then, when you are quite sure that you are alone—except for a few dozen other couples also bent upon matrimony -raise your head and look squarely into his eyes. If that doesn't get him, nothing else will; you might as well give up and go home. But, assuming that your young man has begun to feel a bit green about the gills, you next smile sadly and murmur something about how lonely your life is and how much happier you would be with someone to share it with you. That may be taking it a little fast, but if you have judged your man carefully, you will know at what speed to proceed. At this point, he coughs sympathetically and your eyes brighten as you fix him with another of those mesmeric glances. The next step is into thin air. Here you either sink or swim, lose or win, die or do, and so forth. Now you are going to ask him if he wouldn't like to get married. You do it. He blushes shyly. That is a good sign; he is weakening fast. You charge with a rush, fix bayonet, and fire point-blank (or something): "Will you marry me?" The rest is up to fate and the young man.

Now we shall assume that the young man has accepted you. Your work is done. From now on he does the worrying, the work, and the bill-paying. In other words, you get married. But there is more to marriage than these things. It's a regular old science, it is. For one thing, you think that you have studied your man carefully before you married him; but after the wedding day, you discover much that you never suspected before. Johnny leaves the cap off the tooth paste, boots your favorite little chihuahua, plays the radio for the benefit of the State of Maryland, goes bowling alone every night except Sunday, when he watches a bowling match. If you are not careful, you will let these things get on your nerves. But always remember that things can be much worse than they are. Your husband, for instance, might have turned out to be an embezzler. He may be for all you know. Anyhow, as I was saying, watch your temperament and don't let it assert itself. Bide your time. The next time hubby leaves the top off the toothpaste, what do you do? Why, you put it right back on. And if Johnny kicks little Fu-Fu, don't you kick Johnny back. Throw Fu-Fu out the front door and get a bulldog. Self-control and tact are the keywords to success in matrimony. If you have a job, that helps, too.

If you are not like Matilda, if you wish to wait for the man to pro-

pose first, go ahead and wait.

(Hold on to your job in the meanwhile, however.) You may have to wait for fifty years, but by that time you'll be so old that you don't care whether you get married or die. It's the same thing.

MARGARET COOLEY.

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# "How Long, O Lord, How Long?"

Tull of the naive self-centeredness of youth, she waddled out into the store in search of its succulent goodies. Unabashed by the very indelicacy of her request, she pushed a knot of dark curls from her small brow and placidly inquired, "Tan I have a nice tream tone, Wosie?"

"Just a minute, dear—as soon as this lady leaves."

Calmly she settled down to enjoy her anticipation. From her place behind the counter, she watched the lady's hand come down, scoop up the still whirling soda, raise it to her lips, and return the glass again, devoid of even a single drop of liquid. She watched her head saunter pass the counter, stop at the news stand, and glance appreciatively at its contents. She watched her stop and comment on the atrocities of war. She scrambled up on the stool to watch more closely this annoyingly leechlike lady. She heard attentively the pros and cons of the Hauptman case, of England's stand in the war, of the non-redeeming features of crime, and of the next presidential election. Finally, she lifted her left eyebrow, sneered sardonically, and exclaimed, "For doo'ness sake, how long you donna stay here?"

K. MENTIS.

#### Science and Life

Tr is trite to point out to what a tremendous extent modern science influences the lives of present-day man. But teachers do not always reflect, that as much as science influences the man, just so much does it also affect the child. And the child does not understand the science.

Consider the daily routine of our "American Boy." Little Oscar gets up in the morning to the tune of the radio and Mother's new electric chime alarm. He eats breakfast in a room warmed by the thermostat-controlled oil burner; then he rides to school in Daddy's smooth new automobile. His clothes are all ready-manufactured by scientific methods, and include many materials which originated in the laboratory. Practically all of his food is as it is because of science, from the pasteurized milk, and seedless oranges, to the government-inspected meat which rolls to market in a refrigerator car.

After a day in the steel-framed glass and brick school building where his health, safety, and future have been safeguarded by organized science in countless ways, little Oscar goes to the neighborhood "movie" theatre, and for two and one-half hours he is subjected to about as an intensive a bombardment of scientific progress as it is possible for a human being to experience in so short a time; yet he emerges unscathed, and blissfully unaware of the armies of men who have co-

operated to provide his dime's entertainment.

So he walks homeward, past neon tubes and electric lights, across asphalt and concrete, with the sewers and the subway beneath him, and the telephone and airmail overhead; he remarks them not. He sees them, perhaps, but he is not aware of them. He accepts, but has no un-

derstanding.

This is no imaginary picture; it is the literal portrait of how millions of American youths are growing up; a generation served by incredible forces which "they do not comprehend." These forces are already so ever-present as to appear commonplace; it follows that the great majority of people utilize them endlessly, without due appreciation of what the possession of such powers should imply.

It is evident that this true appreciation of science and its powers will for a long time not come out of the home. Why? Because the average American home is utterly incapable of imparting it. How can the child learn to appreciate science at home, when his parents are themselves lacking in the requisite understandings? Here is another field for the school, and the school must shoulder the whole burden. It must impart to the child the basic love of understanding... not mere facts, but a broad appreciation of how science rules our lives.

What have we done instead? We have assumed that science meant, in the elementary school, a few details about mosquitoes, frogs, and stars, some birds, leaves, and perhaps, a study of health measures. We hope that later, in high school, the youth will pick up the more basic attitudes of appreciation while he frantically writes up his physics lab notes, or works out chemical equations. If he doesn't get it, too bad. Usually it was too bad.

That procedure neglects the main issue. We say that technology is far ahead of our social controls. Teachers have demonstrated facts, but failed to discuss the implications. They have not prepared a generation of human beings who are equipped for the scientific age of power.

Perhaps the teachers themselves lacked understanding in many ways. Very well, they must come to know. You ask, "What are true understandings? How can I impart genuine appreciations?" Broad experience and contact with people who have knowledge of these things will go a long way; then you must talk with your children about it all in a friendly manner, and on their level, so that they will enjoy it.

It is not enough to tell. Stimulate the children to think. Consider the effects of these new powers in the world; know that every force may be either for good or evil; realize that we all have a duty to understand the good so that we may prevent the evil. We must understand the power—the science—so that each may judge for himself.

These concepts are not difficult or impossible for young children. Dwell on them for but a few minutes at a time, but bring them in as often as you are able. Always remember, it is the *idea* that must be understood.

CHARLES MEIGS.

#### **€**©23

# Philosophy of Education or Micro-organic Materialism

Myriad amoeba swim in slime; A million men can make this rhyme. Amoeba brains are not for show; Man's front lobes make windmills go.

Progress is a man-made term: Show th' amoeba to the worm. Reasonless, he'd rather be The worm, not amoeba, nor me!

CHARLES MEIGS.

#### Vitalize the Social Sciences

RE you really teaching the social sciences to your students? What materials or methods are you using, other than impersonal -printed and illustrative tools? Certainly, you want to make the social sciences real to your pupils. How can you do this? How do teachers in other localities solve this problem? Chicago may be considered as a splendid progressive example in this direction. Consider for a moment one feature of this type of education—the use of the Field

Museum of Natural History.

The Field Museum of Natural History is always open to school children. There is no admission fee. Here the wonders of the earth and of man's development on it are dramatically unfolded. Here you may turn back the clock to dim prehistoric ages, to the early beginnings of Egypt, Greece, and Rome; or you may venture into African jungles, South Sea huts, oriental temples and arctic villages. For example, the Field Museum of Natural History provides an extraordinary treat in the exhibition of the mortuary boat of King Sesostres III (1900 B.C.). Found in 1894, the craft, thirty-two feet long and eight feet wide, is made of cedar. After forming part of the royal funeral procession, the boat had evidently been buried in the desert sands, that its spiritual counterpart might thereafter transport the dead king's personality across the waters of the world beyond. A splendid opportunity to teach by means of material remains early beliefs of life after death. The Natural History department offers a stimulating display of resinsnatural products found within the wood of various trees. Exuding in a semi-fluid state, usually at points of injury to the stem, the resinous substance often forms large masses that harden with age and exposure. Accidental inclusions of foreign matter (insects, plant fragments, etc.) are not infrequently seen in lumps of resin.

The children have an opportunity to really see and feel history. They live with the Swiss Lake Dweller, the early Egyptian, and the early Romans. They visualize the accomplishments in the arts and industries, as well as the social and religious life of the races in all parts of the world. 'A trip to the Field Museum of Natural History never fails to make the social sciences meaningful to children of Chicago. Washington provides similar opportunities through the National Museum and Smithsonian Institution. Teachers will do much to enrich the social sciences through taking advantage of such opportunities.

You, too, Maryland teachers, may make a step in this direction. Such institutions as the Baltimore Art Museum, Walters Art Gallery, Natural History Society of Maryland, Maryland Academy of Sciences, Maryland Historical Society, Peale Museum, and others offer worth-while facilities for vitalizing the social sciences. Spend a day at one of these cultural centers. The children will become inspired by the magnitude and splendor of history, geography, and science. Visual impressions will live for them. Such experiences will create love and appreciation for history rather than the fear and hate sometimes encountered in the humdrum class recitations. Through such pleasant experiences, you are really educating human beings. Your students will return again and again to the centers of culture. They will seek knowledge in other avenues of higher learning. Do not all of these end products substantiate the value of trips to museums, art centers, industrial plants, historical shrines, and other institutions that contribute to a fuller and keener appreciation of the social sciences?

I. H. M.

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#### Castle Life

About noon a sentinel at the castle saw a merry procession coming down the road. He could distinguish a jester, five black bears, and two minstrels. The sentinel called all the castle folk to make ready for the party. After the procession had entered, the jester, who seemed to manage the party, told Lord Woodington that they would have a show that evening.

At the appointed time everyone was seated in the outer court. First the jester came out in his checkered suit. He took a white rabbit out of a box. Then he put it back again. Then he opened the box—there was no rabbit in it! Then the jester told one of the minstrels to see what was under Lord Woodington's hat. The minstrels took off the hat and there was the rabbit!

After the bears did a few dances and the minstrels had played, the jester came out and told everybody that the show was over. After some good games of chess, Lord Woodington invited the jester and his band to spend the night at the castle.

The next morning all the men went hunting except those who were chosen to guard the castle and some servants and boys who went falconing with the ladies. When the castle folk came home the jester and his band went away to another castle.

JOHN SEIDEL, JR., Grade 5.

# "Democracy in Education"

An address presented to the Te Pa Chi Club and the Alumni Association of State Teachers College at Towson on January 14, 1935, by Dr. John W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education.

EMOCRACY is a race between Education and the Chaos of ignorance which tends to destroy democracy and supplant it with dictatorship" . . . What is being done to "make America safe for Democracy'? Even though the number of required years of formal schooling has been increased steadily since the period of the War Between the States in an effort to transmit to the new generations their rapidly growing social heritage, the fact nevertheless remains that, even with the best pedagogical methods, it is impossible to teach the youth today all they need to know about the complex civilization in which they are living; and, even if it were possible, their information would be out of date in ten years. This state of affairs is potential dynamite, for "in proportion as the structure of the government gives force to public opinion (is democratic), so public opinion must be enlightened." Dr. Studebaker believes that it is advisable, therefore, to establish community forums available to all adults for the continuous study and discussion of current and fundamental economic and social problems under unbiased, competent, professional leadership.

Besides his faith in the theoretical benefits of such organs of public discussion, the Commissioner of Education possesses first-hand knowledge of the advantages which have accrued with the three-year, Carnegie-financed, experimental program of bi-weekly forums in his

own city of Des Moines.

In the hope that the forum plan will spread throughout the entire country, and thus make it possible to relax some of the present mature requirements of school children, the Federal Government has developed the plan of financing demonstration forums under the complete control of the local communities. In all these forums, as well as in the teaching profession itself, it is necessary that the teacher be ever vigilant to demonstrate that he is not to be a tool of pressure groups. To Dr. Studebaker, good teaching is, in its essence, but a procedure which exposes the learners most effectively to the alternative choices they might make, and insists that the learners see to it that they are satisfied that they have chosen wisely. Not only will this scheme of forums affect the curriculum as indicated above but it will serve to create a more co-operative democracy by providing an opportunity for all people to know the "why" of current happenings.

After his talk, Dr. Studebaker conducted a short open forum, wherein the audience was given the opportunity of questioning his

point of view.

# The Endocrine System and Personality

THE endocrine glands, or glands of internal secretion, play a central role in the regulation of the internal equilibrium of the organism; they control the growth and maintenance of the individual. The endocrine system influences the personality of the individual—his reactions to experience, his output of energy, his social relations.

Although each gland has a definite function to perform, the endocrine glands work as a team. The exact nature of each gland is not easy to determine, but we do know that a change in the function of any of them alters personality. The pituitary gland is situated at the base of the brain just above the clivus. The gland is divided into an anterior lobe and a posterior lobe. The disease of the anterior lobe is known as acromegaly. Dr. Leonard Mark, who suffered from this disease, called it "a god stronger than me, that came to lord it over me." At 27, as a house surgeon, Dr. Mark required much sleep. He thought his condition was caused by the damp, relaxing locality of the hospital; the matron thought it was caused by a lack of interest in his work. The characteristics of this disease, as shown by Dr. Mark, are a craving for food and a craving for music. The disease of the posterior lobe is known as Paget's Disease. The Fat Boy of the "Pickwick Papers" is a fine example of a person suffering from this disease. A victim of Paget's Disease is good humored, patient, considerate, docile, undecided, and tolerant of physical and mental pain. The dominating influence of the pituitary gland in the male makes for feminism. Because the anterior lobe functions more actively in men, it is known as a male gland. The posterior lobe, which is associated with sex instinct and tender emotions, is more active in the female; therefore, it is known as a female organ. The thyroid gland which is situated in the neck on each side of the windpipe consists of a right and left lobe joined by an isthmus. This gland regulates the iodine in the organism. Impairment of memory, intellectual dullness, depression, and a general reduction of bodily activity—sometimes known as laziness—occur with the reduced activity of the thyroid gland. A person becomes restless, overactive, irritable, and tense. An ambitious, domineering woman with an immensely full social and domestic program, or a nagging, scolding, talkative woman may owe these characteristics to an overactive thyroid gland. The symptoms in a child are extreme nervousness, easy excitability, great irritability, and a tendency to cry over trivial circumstances. The parathyroid glands regulate the calcium supply of the body. If these glands are not functioning properly, the individual will show an explosive anger and aggressive conduct. The adrenal glands

are situated directly above and to the side of the kidney. These glands influence the mobilization of the resources of an organism in meeting emergencies. A person who has good adrenal action is courageous. An individual with poor adrenal action is often characterized by fear, anxiety and cowardice. The dominating influence of the adrenal glands in the female makes for masculinity. The adrenal cortex is considered as the male portion of the gland while the medulla which is associated

with the tender emotions is considered as the female portion.

Pointing to vials of drugs, Dr. Socrates, a character of Anatole France's, said: "The laboratory combines; it creates nothing. These substances are scattered throughout nature. In their free state they envelop and penetrate us, they determine our will; they condition our free choice, which is merely the illusion caused in us by the ignorance of our determinants—I say that the will is an illusion due to the ignorance in which we are of the causes which force us to will; that which wills in us, it is not we, it is several myriads of cells of prodigious activity which we do not know, which do not know us, which are ignorant of each other's existence and which nevertheless constitute us. By their agitation they produce innumerable currents which we call our passions, our thoughts, our joys, our sufferings, our desires, our fears, and our will. We believe ourselves master of ourselves, and even a single drop of alcohol excites and then stupefies those elements through which we feel and will."

REFERENCE: Campbell, Charles Macfie, M.D., Human Personality and the Environment.

D. Wohrna, Fr. 1.

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Timothy Hay: "Yes, I've seen a few bad crop years in my time, too. One year our string beans were so poor that the crop didn't even pay for the string."

Al Falfa: 'That's nothing, Tim. In '94, our corn was so bad that my old dad, who had a very poor appetite, ate up fourteen acres of

sweet corn at a single meal.'

Music: The Chieftains play Harmonious music Throughout Saint Valentine's ev'ning Dance! Dance!

# THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson

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\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

#### "Let's Make Our Science Functional"

That exhortation in your January magazine was meant as a prelude to the present number. Conscious of the importance of a functioning science to complete living today and to a solution of contemporary problems, and with a realization of the inadequacy of existing science teaching, your editors have prepared this February Tower Light.

#### **Functional Science**

CIENCE is a word with a variety of meanings. It denotes general ideas: the sum of orderly knowledge, a process of thinking and arriving at facts, and, especially latterly, it has been regarded by the popular mind as synonymous with technology. The world, and especially America, has found during the last hundred years a new religion in the worship of the "scientific." Naturally enough, men do not worship what they understand. Now the first meaning of the word science is quite clear, and the second is not hard to make out, though it involves considerable effort to apply this definition practically. But technology was, when the worship began, on the threshold of an era of magnificent development, and technology is, by nature, suited for worship, for it is a complicated mixture of processes, practices, and special knowledges which can be understood by any one man only in part. And so today we have our popular "science" publications, devoted to technology and to machine-worship (with an odd note of handicraft, possibly as a means of allowing the neophyte to participate somewhat in the rites). The false conception of science exhibited by such examples has become dominant. If this popular meaning of the word be taken as right (by democratic sanction), then our author of last month must change his vocabulary. But actually we cannot accept, in this case, the result of the democratic process, for it would be folly to apply a word to a concept already well covered, and, by so doing, leave another concept entirely naked and without expression.

It should now be clear that "science" teaching as we have known it cannot be considered satisfactory. True, it may be expedient from the standpoint of interest and discipline to bring into the schoolroom a great many facts about an industrial plant or process, but in five, ten, or a dozen years, the process may have become primitive. For example, elaborate equipment for processing and handling nitrates for explosives was evolved in Germany years ago. Then, during the Great War, the martyred Haber developed a revolutionary method of artificially fixing nitrates from the air, thus making completely obsolete the previously used apparatus. Such radical changes have become the rule today. Obviously, then, the ephemeral equipment is of no importance to the layman; even the process is probably not fundamental. But the consequences of the invention and the method by which it came about are basic: research, experimentation, logical thinking, the testing of sober judgment, a love of mankind and knowledge, and, without end, patience. It is these essentials of scientific method, coincident with a definite knowledge of Nature's laws, which, when working for the good of the

community, constitute functional science.

With this concept of functional science in mind, let us organize our curriculum accordingly. Let us use our subject matter to bring about an appreciation for the spirit of science, for the fundamental concepts of scientific method, rather than to create a mere awareness of "our modern civilization."

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#### Placement of the 1935 Graduates

It is gratifying to know that "the depression," as far as the placement of our graduates is concerned, is a thing of the past. Not even in the good days prior to 1929 did we have a better report to make concerning the number of positions secured by graduates. Look at the figures below and draw your own conclusions.

	B.S. Degree	3-Year Diploma	Total
Total graduates 1935	. 10	148	158
Number returning for fourth year. One graduate continuing study else		21	21
where		1	1
Total available for placement	. 10	· 126	136

These 136 graduates are divided into city and county students as follows:

	City	County	Total
Number of graduates	58	78	136
Placed by January 24, 1936	52	69	121
Number not yet placed	6	9	15

All of these six city students are substituting almost every day, but have not yet been appointed to the regular list. Two or three of the

county graduates are substituting.

The placement of the 1934 graduates was very good. This record is encouraging to the group that will graduate in the next few years, but the College is faced with the fact that it will not be able to meet the needs of the City and Counties during this period. Our challenge to every student and to every member of the Alumni Association is—"What are you going to do about it?" Will you bring in your quota of new students next year?

REBECCA C. TANSIL, Registrar.

#### Our Alumni

From time to time we shall try to let you know where the class of '35 are teaching.

Ay, Catherine Augusta	Baltimore City
Ayler, Jeanne Margaret.	
Bainder, Herman	Baltimore City
Bartlett, Barbara	Baltimore City
Barnwell, Elizabeth	Grade three, Baltimore CountyGrades four-seven, Prince Georges County
Benbow, Eugene	Grades four-seven, Prince Georges County
Bollinger, Rosalie	
Bounds, Eleanor	Grade one, Prince Georges County
Broder, Gertrude Gladys	Baltimore City
Brooke, Fairfax	Baltimore City
Bucher, Mary	Grade three, Baltimore County
Buckley, Katherine	Baltimore City
Burke, Nancy	Grade one, Baltimore County
Claytor, Margaret Anne.	Grades three and four, Prince Georges County
Coffman, Mary	Grades one-four, Washington County
Cohen, Stella	Baltimore City
Cole, Helen	Grades one and two, Anne Arundel County
Conner, Jean	Grade two, Montgomery County
Cord, Vivian Irene	Baltimore City
	Baltimore City
Crapster, Portia	Grades one-seven, Howard County
Crouse, Edith	.Grades one and two, Anne Arundel County

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## Campus Elementary School

# CHILD STUDY PROGRAM—1936 Wednesdays at 1:30 p.m.

- February 11—Sign-posts of Emotional Development—Dr. Leo Kanner
- February 19—Parental Responsibilities Towards Out of School Activities— Mrs. Leon Ginsberg
- February 26—The School's Responsibility Towards Developing Attitudes—Miss Nellie W. Birdsong
- March 4—Economic Changes Affecting the Home—Allowances and Children's Use of Money—Mrs. Leon Ginsberg
- March 10—Constructive Suggestions for Family Harmony—Mrs. Walter W. Kohn
- March 18—A Philosophy of Living—Miss Irene M. Steele

# The Library—at Your Service The Library of Minnie V. Medwedeff

TN February, 1935, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Medwedeff of Baltimore, Maryland, and Miami, Florida, gave to the library of the College the seventy-eight volumes in Miss Medwedeff's professional library, which were then at the college. For these books Mrs. Mary Medwedeff Whitley had bookplates made. The design for the bookplate was drawn by the artist, Charles Daugherty of Woodstock, Connecticut."

Miss Medwedeff's books have been added to the College Library, forming a separate collection, known as "The Library of Minnie V. Medwedeff," which is shelved in a special bookcase in Library Room 111. The books of Miss Medwedeff's professional library provide a useful and permanent memorial to this much-loved teacher of the biological sciences.

MARGARET BARKLEY, Librarian.

#### **&**

#### **Book Reviews**

Lemon, Harvey Beace—From Galileo to Cosmic Rays—Chicago: University of Chicago Press: 1935. 450 pp. \$3.75, Stereoscope, \$.75 additional. Reviewed by Dr. A. S. Dowell.

Bright red binding, real photographs, and jolly line drawings impress the reader at first glance with the fact that From Galileo to Cosmic Rays represents a new departure in physics textbooks. Not only in its general appearance is this book different from what one has known as the college text, but it also varies in the character and, particularly, in the presentation of the subject. It is true that the basic material commonly considered necessary to an understanding of natural phenomena finds an important place in the book, yet added to it are topics that generally occur in the more advanced works only. The justification for the choice of such subjects is that the knowledge of them contributes to a solution of questions which commonly arise in an individual's daily experience. In addition, one becomes acquainted with modern, and indeed very recent, discoveries and theories which would tend to make current newspaper and magazine articles more intelligibile.

Perhaps the charm of the book is in its method of presentation. Each reader must feel that the author has written for him alone and that, as he reads, his common world changes to one of marvelous order

and fascination.

One more word should be added about the photographs. Stereo-photographs occur frequently (lenses may be bought with the book)

which give a three dimensional appearance to these pictures. Some readers will find the use of the lenses clumsy and unsatisfactory, though others, more skillful in handling them, may derive certain value and pleasure. The pictures certainly contribute to the meaning of the content, even without the use of the lenses.

Jaffe, Bernard—Outposts of Science—New York: Simon & Schuster: 1935. 547 pp. \$3.75. Reviewed by M. Davies.

At last a book on modern development in science that is not done in the fashion of a magician revealing a new set of tricks. Bernard Jaffe has written a book that is really descriptive of the title. Not content with a mere recital of the present fields of scientific research, he visited the outstanding workers in each field described and secured their points of view on the present doings and future possibilities of their chosen field of research. This author gives a certain personal touch to his writing, but, at the same time shows the results of his wide reading and deep understanding. To the reader the great quantities of subject matter, that had to be assimilated before such a work could be done in so fine a fashion, is simply amazing. It is not another "stuffy" science book, but a truly enlightening story of today's outposts of research in Matter, Radiation, Anthropology, Genetics, Mental Diseases, Astrophysics, etc. It is an attempt to bring together the seeming chaos of scientific information with which we find ourselves confronted today. Read it for no other reason than that. When you finish, you will find that adventure and science still go hand in hand through the modern world.

Moulton, F. R.—Consider the Heavens—New York: Doubleday Doran: 1935. \$3.50. Reviewed by I. Sokolow.

After having written such profound scientific works as *Periodic Orbits*, *Differential Equations*, *New Methods in Exterior Ballistics*, and other treatises on stellar mechanics, Professor Moulton has finally put forth a book intended to give the laity a clearer concept of the physical universe.

In Consider the Heavens are found chapters on the history of astronomy, the solar system, stars, star clusters, nebulae, etc. The book as a whole is not outstanding, inasmuch as it is somewhat similar in nature to the popular works of Sir James Jeans, but it is especially valuable on the origin of the earth and the other planets. A good explanation is given of the Planetesimal Theory, which was propounded by Prof. T. C. Chamberlain and Prof. Moulton at the beginning of the twentieth century, and which has since replaced Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis.

The author's style, reflecting his personality, includes poetry as well as facts. Few scientists are so unique and at the same time so versatile.

#### **&**

# College Notes

#### Invitation

Recently twenty-two former graduates of the school spent Friday and Saturday nights with us in Richmond Hall Dormitory. It was good to see them. Come again, Graduates!

.To all Graduates, the latchstring is out.

MARY E. DIEFENDERFER, Dormitory Director.

#### AN ALUMNA IN DAMASCUS REMEMBERS

Virginia Doering Albakri '23, in a letter to Mrs. George Odell, has the following to say of our Tower Light:

"And the Tower Lights, well, they showed very little resemblance to their ancestor, the Oriole. The snow-framed Administration building on the December (1934) number was lovely. The articles were interesting, and surprisingly well written, and of course you don't need me to tell you that some of the poems were beautiful. And aside from the greatly improved and attractively arranged composition of the magazine, which after all might be attributed to greater experience in publishing it, there seems to me to be a deeper, more mature tone to it, as though the contributors felt what they were writing about, that it wasn't just an assignment to finish. Beside these poems and articles, those of the Oriole seem childish and amateurish, at best. Just what made the difference, I wonder? Does the extra year or two added to the curriculum answer the question, or is the student body as a whole different from that of ten or fifteen years ago?

"I should indeed like to know Marguerite Simmons, who wrote 'Prelude.' One cannot help wondering about a person who feels 'the deep joy of nights alone' and that it is the privilege of those entrusted with the minds and hearts of your people in a school to 'make of this a holy place.' I have always thought I must be rather queer to feel what those words express better than any I can formulate myself, because almost nobody does feel that way."

#### **Assemblies**

#### October 28, 1935

Miss Tansil is very fond of cross-country jaunts, so it seems quite natural that at some time or other she should decide to take such a jaunt through Europe in her car. Last summer the "Quintuplets," including Miss Bersch, drove through six European countries, adding five hundred miles to their previously-planned itinerary. They visited France, Switzerland, Germany, and Austria. From Miss Tansil's account, each of the group must certainly have had a decidedly interesting and amusing summer.

#### November 4, 1935

Miss Bersch, on her European tour this summer with Miss Tansil, spent several days among the Basques, a race of people living at the foot of the Pyrenees. One-sixth of this race; that is, the nobility, are living on the land that their families have occupied for over one hundred years. To foreigners the Basques speak French or Spanish; but among themselves, Basques express themselves in an odd language which resists all classification by philologists. These natives are passionately fond of dancing and games. Although the "Quintuplets" spent only a short time among the Basques, they became very familiar with the customs and lives of these people.

#### Janaury 17, 1936

Sir Herbert Ames, former director of the League of Nations, spoke on "Present Day Austria." Sir Herbert began his picture of Austria with the dissolution of the Dual Monarchy in 1918. He then proceeded to sketch in the various opposing forces and cross currents which developed beneath the beautiful exterior Austria displays to her tourists. First, there is the economic difficulty created by the independence of the Czechoslovakia, Hungary and other Danubian states. This condition made an Austrian union with Germany seem very beneficial. However, such a union was frowned upon by France and the League of Nations, which strengthened its position by lending desperate Austria money on conditions making a German alliance impossible. Political drive toward union with Germany also existed in the form of a Nazi party which so threatened Austrian nationality that Dollfuss, backed by Mussolini (who felt that if Austria were going Fascist, she had better go Fascist the Italian way), set up a dictatorship to resist it. This anti-democratic, clerical, fascist government has survived the assassination of Dollfuss, although Austria is still the battleground of three groups—the Socialists, the German-Nazi sympathizers, and the ItalianFascist sympathizers. Thus her position is similar to that of an iron filing placed equidistant from four magnets of equal strength, for there is the pull toward Germany neutralized by France and Italy, and the pull toward Italy neutralized by Germany and Czechoslovakia. Indeed, there is a chance for union between Austria and the Danubian States. However, the League of Nations has assumed the role of a stronger magnet placed directly beneath the filing. Thus Austria's continued independence is very probably assured.

#### € 6 A

#### The Orchestra

o far in the new year, two programs have engaged our attention. The first was that of the meeting with Dr. Studebaker, at which we played several numbers as a preliminary to the formal opening of the program. The second was that of our annual broadcast, which took place on Thursday, January 16, at four o'clock. Our program was:

Old Melody, Traditional	Harmonized by Stainer
Giga	
Prelude \	Rienner
Waltz	······································
Giga Prelude \ Waltz \ Song, Opus 39, No. 2	

We were honored by having Dr. Tall as speaker for our program. Some high points of her address are quoted here, since we are not able to print it in its entirety.

"In the Baltimore Sun, January 5, 1936, Jascha Heifetz, the great violinist, commented as follows: "Take baseball. Why is this country so baseball-crazy? Simply because every boy plays baseball on the corner lot in the summer. When he goes to a game he knows all the moves, all the rules. He is playing it himself, mentally. That is what we should do for our children in music. It is not necessary that they beprofessional musicians—but their lives will be better rounded if they know music sufficiently to understand it, and appreciate it.'

"... Today this small orchestra of our own college is partly the result of the beginnings made by our students back home in the local county or city high school orchestra. Music-loving homes sometimes contribute a member of our orchestra.... Indeed, we think the organization of our orchestra is unique in that we try to conserve and to further the

playing ability of those who have had previous experience in instrumental music. We also try to assist students to play certain instruments which are owned by the college. . . .

"But let us return to Heifetz's appeal to make our country music-crazy as it is baseball-crazy, and to his suggestion that this can be done only through a knowledge of the rules of the music game. Miss Prickett, who is responsible for the development of the orchestra at the State Teachers College at Towson, . . . says that an orchestral ensemble demands extreme responsibility on the part of the individual player. For instance, in the mere matter of notes, in this broadcast of about twelve minutes, each of the first violins is responsible for something like one thousand individual notes. Each one of these tones must be imaged in the mind, produced on the instrument, and timed exactly as to when the sound shall be heard. Each player in the orchestra must know the instant at which his part should enter. Because of this requirement, he must watch the black marks on the music indicating the rests, listen to the number of measures, and watch the leader's baton. . . .

"The instruments . . . present problems: in the strings, the length of the bow, the manner of its use, the player's left-hand fingers, which must stop the string at the exact spot if the pitch is to be correct; in the woodwinds, the fine adjustment of lip pressure, and the intricate changes of fingering; in the low-pitched brass instruments the important element of timing, by which the player slightly anticipates the beat, if the sound is to be heard at the right moment. Small wonder that great orchestras are not made in a day!

"All of this seems very technical, but we give it to our audience in order to support Jascha Heifetz's appeal 'to know the rules of the game of music.' We must begin with our children and, as they grow older, they will become (and we can become) a music-loving nation, as crazy over music as the baseball fan is over our national sport. The State Teachers College at Towson would help the music movement to further its great aims."

#### <u>യെ</u>

The whirling of many dancing feet to the gay and romantic tunes of the Chieftains' Orchestra ushered in and out the dance sponsored by the Students' Association for Co-operative Government.

#### Glee Club

On Sunday, January 12, the Glee Club gave a program of Christmas music at Christ English Lutheran Church. Two days later, virtually the same program was given at the Te Pa Chi meeting held in our own Auditorium. The program included:

The Shepherd's Story	. Dickinson
Lo How A Rose E'er Blooming	. Praetorius
While Shepherds Watched Their Flock By Night	Praetorius
Lullaby Jesus Dear	olish Carol
Here We Come A Carolling	shire Carol
WassailGloucester	

The pastor of Christ Lutheran church rewarded the work of the Glee Club not only with a check, but with a fine letter of praise. The article from *The Jeffersonian* posted on Miss Weyforth's bulletin board will testify to the calibre of the Glee Club's singing for the Alumni and the friends of the Te Pa Chi.

The Glee Club is now hard at work on new material for the spring, with Baccalaureate and Commencement day programs the chief goals of the year.

#### **MO**

# Boys' Sports

71TH basket-ball fast fading away, the team's win column hasn't grown so big. However, there are a great many facts to consider before conclusions should be drawn. First of all, it is remarkable how many men are out for the two teams—Varsity and Junior Varisty. About fifteen comprise the Varsity squad, and sixteen are on the Junior Varsity. This shows unusual interest on the part of the men of the school in their team. Second, the caliber of our schedule has improved immensely; the Junior Varsity now plays a schedule comparable to the schedule of the Varsity seven years ago. This competition is made up of college freshmen, college junior varsities, and highschool varsities. Third, the size of our student body, in comparison to the student bodies of the schools which we play, is small. Keeping this in mind, it must be admitted that the caliber of our team is really astonishing. One can find a very small percentage of schools of our size having such good teams. Fourth, there are two policies by which college games can be scheduled. There is the policy of scheduling games that you are very likely to win, versus the policy of scheduling the games with the best teams available. Our college has very definitely adopted the latter. The idea was to get the schedule and build up the team to the schedule. Help build.

# The Kaleidoscope

HERE comes Science with a vengeance—plus a test tube and a Bunsen burner. We begin being as authentically scientific as possible by stating our reference: Moser, H.E.—''Let's Make Our Science Functional''—The Tower Light, January 1936. That's what we're trying to do.

As a result of constant study, observation, and experimentation, most of the students managed to come through with a battery of "C's" on their first report cards. But Mr. Readmond of Freshman 4 still flouts Zaner-Bloser and practices his own artistic handwriting.

Dean Gehring is proficient in at least one art. We don't know about the sciences. Anyhow, she appeared in a Theatre Guild production of "The Pirates of Penzance." She got a press notice too. We are informed that the Guild is contemplating a presentation of "Robin Hood" in which Miss Gehring will be included. . . . The annual exhibit of male talent will come off March 20 and 21. The Men's Revue this year has an interesting title. The show should be good because there are said to be some women in it. Nothing like a little advance publicity. . . . Which reminds us to remind you not to forget the T.L. Dance on February 14. Dancing classes started long ago, so if you want to dance with your valentine, better consult Clabaugh and Company.

Problem (that members of a certain Freshman section have solved to their sorrow): What Freshman girl has loved and lost many times?

Helen Conradt cannot choose between a career in the science of education and the same of matrimony.

The lunar rave, as you must know, is "The Music Goes Round and Around." It's more loony than lunar.

Maryland and Virginia farmers are noted for their trucking, according to Miss Van Bibber. But she should see some of our students diagram a few Cotton Club steps on the floor of Room 223. Some of the Freshmen aren't bad.

By the way, have you been paying attention to the arts this month? There is a new book in the library, published in 1918, called *Popular Songs of the A.E.F.*; and it contains "The Dark-Town Strutters' Ball." Better get hold of it. That piece is coming back into favor.

Fairy stories number 2 and 3 are here. Isadore Stein took twenty-five books home, one night. He used them all too...maybe.... Also a Sophomore reported burning the midnight oil as she wrote odes to one Jud Meyer.

The Stars (Faculty to you) take it on the chin. Mrs. Brouwer uses

hers to get a novel view of a landscape. Miss Rutledge's didn't get the least bit sore after that memorable night of pardons, and she said that she expected to be buried under a hail of brickbats.

Roger Williams, the Special man, is going juvenile. He recites to wide-eyed femmes that story of what "the Bossy Cow said to the three little brother bears." . . . But Shakespeare is having his day along with the first grade reader. One Freshman lass greeted a new partner in a Paul Jones with the exclamation, "Ah, my Romeo, at last I've found you!"

Why couldn't Margaret Snyder come to the Te Pa Chi meeting to sing with the Glee Club? She blames it on the symphony, but we blame it on the moon—or the youth of the First Trumpeter.

The Misses Sutch, Bausman, Lewis, and Jachman think that there is nothing like a good hard corridor floor on which to practice dancing. They are not alone in this opinion.

Have you heard about the new malady whose germ professors are trying to discover? It's called Nervous Breakdown.

On a recent trip to Washington, Mac said he would not leave until he climbed the Washington Monument. Izz Cohen was not so unreasonable. He only wanted to wait until he saw the cherry blossoms in bloom.

Monthly installment of the Wheatley epic coming up. He asked an S.T.C.-ite to go to a dance with him. Her initials are M. A.

The boys are so hard on some of the ladies' eyes, that a certain lady is required to wear sun glasses.

Spring is in your horizon. It'll be upon you before you know it. So will the next issue of the Tower Light. See you then.

#### @ @ A

"Aren't ants busy little things? They work all the time and never play."

"Oh, I don't know. They attend an awful lot of picnics."

While being put to bed one night Mary, aged three, showed curiosity in the electric light bulb. "What the light shines through is called a bulb," her aunt explained. "Bulb?" exclaimed the disbeliever. "That's a glass bottle. Bulbs is seeds!"



# As You Like It



NE and two and three and four—all ready? Let's go! "The music goes 'round and 'round——!!!" 'Nuff said. Due to my having bothered you three pages' worth in the last issue of the Tower Light, those "way up thar" have asked me to be

merciful and make this column "toot" and "sweet." So here goes!

First, I dedicate that song "With 'Ubi side me" to Alma Taylor.

Then, I sprinkle literary posies on that monotone who declared that "he flatly refuses to teach music," and on that base hornist who sagely remarked "that all blondes are light headed!!!"

And now I set before you a hot, steaming bowl full of plagiarism

as you like it:

#### Thisa and Thata

The old-fashioned woman who darned her husband's socks has a daughter who socks her-husband.

This modern music takes the "rest" out of restaurant and puts the

"din" into dinner.

A reckless driver—is—seldom wreckless long. Europe seems to pronounce them "Were Debts." Often a movie hero—is one who sits through it. All work and no play makes Jack, and lots of it.

A thing of beauty—has joy rides forever.

Some parents are rude, but others have learned to keep stillwhile the kids are talking.

As the income tax bureau sees us: America, the land of untold

wealth!

A woman's promise to be on time carries a lot of wait.

Too many parents are not on spanking terms with their children.

#### Daffy Definitions

Committee—a body that keeps minutes and wastes hours. A Child—Just a stomach entirely surrounded by curiosity. Prejudice—Being down on anything you're not up on.

Slang—Language that takes off its coat, spits on its hand, and goes to work.

Saxophone—An ill wind that blows nobody good.

A Lie—An abomination to the Lord, and an ever-present help in time of trouble.

Boy—A noise with dirt on it.

At this point, I'd like to tell you about our plans for next month's humor column. Next month I'm not going to write the column; you're going to write it. The whole column is to be made up of jokes, quips, puns, riddles, etc. that you send in. There are no limitations as to how many witticisms you may send: the only restriction is that the nonsense you send in must not be any worse than the stuff I write. Could anyone be more liberal? All right, humorists, get busy. Make next month's column a wow!

'Zever,

SID TEPPER.

#### **2020**

#### Winter Greens

Have you been down in the Glen this winter? The summer flowers have disappeared, and only a few evergreens lend a touch of color; the ravine looks barren with its somber grays and browns. I wonder why no one has thought of bringing in winter greens. When you go for a tramp in your favorite woods, watch for the evergreens that hug the ground. Push aside the leaves and you may find many kinds of moss, ground pine, partridge berries, prince's pine, pipsissewa, ground laurel,

and even a bit of myrtle.

Perhaps you do not realize how simple it is to transplant these winter plants. Always get as many roots as possible, and while the plant is out of the ground, be sure to keep it moist and protect it from the sun. While this is not an absolute guarantee that every plant will grow, these general rules are invaluable to an inexperienced gardener. A knowledge of the habitats of these low greens will not only enable you to locate the particular species, but it will help you to select a suitable spot in which to transplant. For instance, checkerberries or partridge berries are found in dry woods and grow near the bases of trees. Ground laurel or arbutus prefers a sandy or rocky soil and is partial to the shade of pine trees. Ground pine, a member of the moss family, more commonly known as crowfoot, is also found in dry woods. Myrtle, a trailer that covers the ground, is indifferent to the type of soil and even grows in dense shade. Have you noticed that our Glen has a suitable spot for each and every one of these brightly colored winter plants?

H. DAVIS, Soph. 5.

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Dancing

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<sup>&</sup>quot;Give me a chicken salad," said a man in a suburban restaurant.

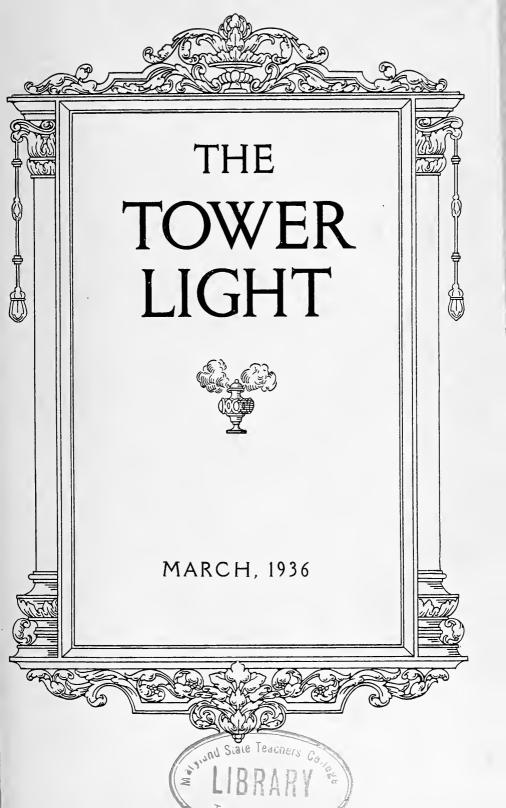
<sup>&</sup>quot;Do you want the forty-cent one or the fifty-cent one?" asked the waitress.

<sup>&</sup>quot;What's the difference?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;The forty-cent ones are made of veal and pork, and the fifty-cent ones are made of tuna fish."









# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

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1935 Member 1936 Associated Collegiate Press

# THE TOWER LIGHT

Vol. IX

MARCH, 1936

No. 6

# Albert Cabell Ritchie

THEN the passing of one from a million and a half prompts all, regardless of color or creed, to mourn and inspires heartfelt regret from the entire nation, it naturally follows that such an one was truly great.

It is doubtful whether a true appreciation of the magnitude of the loss sustained in the death of Albert Cabell Ritchie will soon be fully realized. His untiring labors have met with success in so many fields of constructive public endeavor that they defy any attempt at classification and comment. Wide and varied as has been the scope of his energetic activity, he has done no greater work than in the field of administering education in Maryland. His vision of the fundamental necessity of an equitable, a practical, dynamic, comprehensive system of elementary and secondary schooling throughout the counties of the state; his perception of the value of efficient educators in the consummation of that vision; and his recognition of the need for a professionally trained teacher in every classroom of the state made him a ceaseless worker for the betterment of public instruction from the first to the last of his four terms as governor. His ideals will live on!

Great as were his accomplishments in the service of his state, there will be no nobler monument to the memory of Albert Cabell Ritchie than that arising from the improvements he has made in the educational system of Maryland.

# Found: Something for Almost Nothing

Sixteen years ago, when commercial wireless was just beginning in the United States, a type of radio receiver known as the crystal set was very popular. The name comes from the galena (lead sulfide) crystal used in this type of set to rectify alternating wireless waves to direct electric current suitable for operating earphones.

The early crystal sets were always flighty, and age has not added to their decorum. They faded frequently, were never very loud, and also required earphones rather than loud speakers. If someone breathed too hard it often displaced the catswhisker, the tiny wire which touched the crystal. Because of these faults, the crystal largely disappeared with the advent of vacuum tube sets. However, amateurs have continued to use and build these sets for two reasons: no current is required to operate them, and they cost little to build. A set can be constructed with entirely new parts for less than \$3.50. Once built, it costs nothing to operate. Of course, if you salvage old parts from radios, you can do much better than that. In six years I have spent less than \$3.00 and have made about thirteen sets. In that time I have had many hundreds of hours of delightful reception.

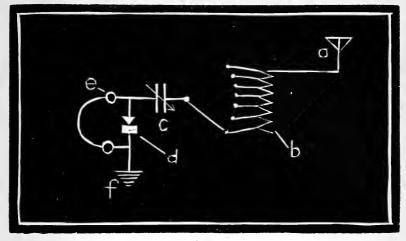
Basically, the crystal set has six parts: an aerial, a ground, a coil, a variable condenser, a crystal, and a pair of headphones. These parts are wired as illustrated in the accompanying diagram.

The coil is forty turns of number twenty-four cotton-covered copper wire tapped at intervals of ten turns. Either a twenty-three or forty-five plate variable condenser may be used. An aerial of one hundred to one hundred twenty feet is satisfactory. A ground may be made by attaching the lead tightly to a water pipe or to a piece of piping driven about four feet into moist ground.

With a set constructed on these lines I have picked up St. Louis, Chicago, Nashville, Toronto, Schenectady, New York, Boston, and many local stations. A friend of mine, with a design of his own based on this one, claimed that he picked up Dallas, Texas. This is not impossible, for the first set to receive a message from across the Atlantic was a crystal set.

The foibles of the crystal set are still many. It is sometimes hard to find a sensitive spot on the crystal and any little bump may jar the catswhisker off. Once, after I had fooled for half an hour and had got no results, I gave the table a kick and the catswhisker landed directly on a sensitive point. I received two Chicago stations that night. The very best reception is on cold, snowy nights. About one to three A.M. is the

best time for receiving long distance, but I have been able to pick something up at anytime. One New Year's Eve I stayed up till 5 A.M. and heard New Year's Eve all the way across the United States.



KEY

- a. Aerial b. Coil
- c. Condenser d. Crystal
- e. Headphones f. Ground

For the amateur just becoming interested in radio, the crystal set is ideal. It costs little to build and nothing to run. It is easy to wire and it is satisfactory out of all proportion to the work and money put into it.

E. MERTON FISHEL.



### Violin

A part of her it seems, this vibrant thing, Which pours impassioned song into my heart. The wild notes sway, and soar, and fall, to cling Forever, and become of me a part.

E. Schnepfe.

# An Outlet for One's Hobby

Hobby—a bird which soars to great height. Hobby—a pet idea. Mr. Webster approves of all three definitions, but let us be different and combine all three. Hobby—a pet interest, usually a little reluctant but which may wing its way skyward. Let us now pretend that this pet idea is that of acting and singing. Suppose it has passed the reluctant stage and wishes to try its pinions. Just where can it find the proper conditions to expand and perhaps some day to soar?

With the idea of giving amateurs a place to display their ability, and to give the public something worthwhile at a reasonable price, Mr. T. M. Cushing made the first gesture toward a "Little Theatre" for Baltimore. An instructor of English at Johns Hopkins University, he decided that this might be a center from which to work. Here, with the undergraduates who wished to develop their acting ability, he opened the Homewood Playshop. The first production, "What They Don't Know," written by Mr. Cushing, was staged in the attic theater of the "undergrad's" clubhouse. Due to some misunderstanding as to the technique used, Mr. Cushing, in 1925 organized an independent organization known as the Play Arts Guild, with a stable as the only property. This being too small for a production, the Guild secured the Vagabond Playhouse for its first production of "The Charles Street Follies" (a production which has become an annual affair, sometimes running ten weeks). After securing a theatre of their own with ample room, it was suggested that a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera might be a success—this led to the staging of the opera "Patience," which the Guild has repeated several times. This production brought out Gilbert and Sullivan fans for a fourteen-week run. In this manner one success after another has piled up to the credit of the "Little Theatre" of Baltimore. This, the Guild's tenth anniversary, has been marked with two Gilbert and Sullivan hits-"Yeoman of the Guard" and "Pirates of Penzance."

The Guild started with amateurs and those seeking outlets for their hobby. So it has continued. Through this avenue some have reached the top—the first prima donna started in the ever-famous "Rose Marie." Hundreds of others, however, have been content with just a chorus role as an avocation or as a substitute for knitting. But, whatever a player's standing or accomplishments, he plays at the Guild Theatre first of all for the "love of it."

D. GEHRING.

# Overnight Camping

To me an overnight camping trip has always been a memorable occasion. Perhaps it is because many of our forefathers and ancestors have been pioneers, woodsmen, farmers, or prospectors who had a part in discovering and developing the great natural resources of a New World. These men had to live in a wilderness which they found so fascinating and wonderful, that much of our national tradition and history is a story of camping. Camping nowadays is done more for fun than for any other reason, but, even so, there is always a chance of being a discoverer.

Not a great deal of preparation is necessary for an overnight camping trip if you should plan to hike to some intriguing spot. Eliminate all unnecessary articles. About all you need is clothing enough to keep you warm while walking. (Be sure to wear a pair of old, heavy-soled, soft-uppered shoes!) Your food supply should be carefully worked out in advance, and if you camp near a farm or town so much the better, as many of the perishable rations may be purchased at little cost. It is wise to carry a small first-aid kit and other equipment, such as a knife, matches, several small frying pans, a cup, and a blanket or two. This equipment, with a small pup tent, may be rolled into a compact bundle and carried over your back. With these articles, and perhaps a few other small necessities you are ready to hike over hills, through valleys, and across streams to the "spot of your dreams."

When you have reached such a site, pitch the tent on a rather elevated spot and thoughtfully ditch it so as to prevent rain water from running through the tent. Place the food in a place where ants or animals cannot molest it. Leaves, hay, or grass covered with a blanket prove most sanitary and comfortable as a bed. Having arranged everything in its proper place, you are now ready to scout around in the neighboring fields and woods—to meet new friends along with old: birds, bees, insects, trees, brooks, blossoms, wild animals and other "first settlers."

At night when you return to camp, your pockets will bulge with innumerable treasures that nature has provided for your collection. There will be rocks, shells, seeds, grasses, mosses, or perhaps, a moth or some fish. After preparing and dispatching your simple meal, retire to your bed of crunching leaves. Too soon the croaking frogs, the crickets, and the whip-poor-will whisk you into slumber. Try it!

I. G. NOLTE.

### A Token

TANS RICHTER had been entirely contented with life. He had a comfortable home—loving, although quite strict parents, and a good, helpful music teacher. Each week this teacher, Herr Hubert Schiller, gave him a piano lesson which usually provided an en-

joyable experience for both teacher and pupil.

But the Fates opened their "bag of tricks," and one week Herr Schiller did not come to give Hans the usual lesson. Formerly, the old German had been the very personification of punctuality. Herr Richter raised his exacting eyebrows in strait-laced wonder; but, remembering the music teacher's past spotless record, attributed his failure to ap-

pear to some unforeseen event.

Herr Hubert did not come the next week; nor the next; nor the next. Thus, weeks, months, and finally, a whole year passed; Herr Schiller sent them no word. Daily, the mail was eagerly thumbed in the hope of finding some word from him. At first, newspapers were scanned for accidents, and later, the obituary column was read and reread; all to no avail. Distractedly, the family turned the house topsyturvy in search of the music teacher's address; strangely enough, it was nowhere to be found.

The Richters thought of a million things they might have said or done that could have offended the old professor. To cap the climax, Hans was in crying need of a competent teacher to whip into shape his playing, which, in its immature state, and unguided by a teacher, was rapidly going from bad to worse. If only the family dared to get him another teacher—but suppose they should, and later, Herr Schiller would return? Oh, why didn't he let them know?

At last, since no word had been received, the family was driven by Han's playing to get another instructor. Therefore, Fraulein Bonn

came into the picture as Hans Richter's new piano teacher.

One evening, about a year after the advent of Fraulein Bonn into Hans' musical sphere, the family were seated around the supper table with their eyes fixed on Frau Richter. They were listening attentively

to her recounting a dream she had had the night before.
"I dreamed," she related, "that I was sitting at the front window waiting for Hans to come home from school for his music lesson. Fraulein Bonn had not yet arrived. Suddenly, who should walk up the front steps but Herr Hubert."

Frau Richter's audience leaned forward to catch every word.

"I felt so happy to see him again," she continued, "that I rushed to the door and let him in right away. Then I felt sick all over; I knew I'd have to tell him that Hans had a new teacher, but I didn't know how to go about it without hurting his feelings.

"He smiled as though he had read my thoughts, and said, 'I didn't come to give Hansel a lesson today; I just came to give him this. He's a good boy.' And he laid a roll of music on the table—and vanished!"

As the good Frau concluded her story, the occupants of the room remained silent and thoughtful. At last, however, the tension relaxed enough to allow the normal after-supper events to take place. Father picked up his newspaper, turned automatically to the death notices, gazed idly down the column, and gave a sudden start. Hans, looking up, was shocked at the look on his father's face. As one person, the family rushed to Herr Richter's side and followed the printed lines above his quivering finger. There, in bold, black letters was the notice that Hubert Schiller, a musician, who had been in K——Sanatorium for nearly two years, suffering from cancer, had passed away the night before.

Silence. Mother sank noiselessly into a chair. The paper blurred before Hans' eyes. Perspiration oozed out upon Herr Richter's forehead and glistened in his mustache. In a clammy stillness, the family seemed unable to move. Faintly, as though from another world, the mournful, prolonged howl of a dog wavered, toppled, fell, and slowly

faded into-silence.

ED. MACCUBBIN.



### Life on a Lighthouse Off the Coast of Maine

I NLIKE the other parts of our eastern coast, that of Maine is conthe sea. These rocks are a menace to navigation, for they lie spicuous because of its large, jagged rocks which rise up out of near the shipping lanes and the fishing regions of the northern waters. Therefore, those dangerous masses are marked by lighthouses. I have had the good fortune to visit several of them; namely, Saddleback, Mt. Desert, and Matinicus Rock. Last March, while working on the submarine telephone cable which is laid between Matinicus Rock and the Island of Cree Haven, I was forced to spend five days on the Rock, which is thirty-six miles off the coast of Maine just outside of Rockland. The life of the people living on Matinicus is typical of the rest of the rocks; therefore, as I endeavor to narrate some of my experiences there, you may get a picture of the everyday life of the people who give their lives in order to keep the crews, cargoes, and passengers of ships sailing along our Maine Coast, away from one of navigation's most dangerous obstacles.

At the time of my visit, there were three families living on Matinicus Rock: a Captain, his wife and mother-in-law; and two assistant keepers and their wives. The Captain lived in a small wood-framed cottage, while the other keepers were housed in a double, wood-framed structure. One of the families had a thirteen-year-old child. She boarded with a family during the school year while attending the school on Cree Island at the joint expense of the State of Maine and the United States Government. I was told by her parents that she does not find her life monotonous because she was brought to the Island when a small child.

The Captain, into whose home I was received, treated me more like a long lost son than a strange sailor. Our dinner, that first evening, was cooked on a coal stove which served also as our heating plant. The meal included saline preserved meats, canned vegetables and milk, and home-made bread. Our dessert was chocolate ice cream made from canned cream and chocolate, the salt and ice necessary for freezing having been prepared for us by nature. The news of the day was brought to us by an ancient radio receiving set. For entertainment before an early retiring we played the family's favorite game—bridge. Sung to sleep by the March wind whistling around the house, I rested very well on my mattress of feathers.

The next morning I was taken by the Captain on a tour of inspection. First, we went through the long, wooden hall which led to the lighthouse and then we climbed the spiral stair to the very top of the cylindrical tower. The lamp which sends out its beam over the sea, is a kerosene one, but the kerosene is mixed with air which is put under a pressure thus vaporizing the coal oil. After the lamp was adjusted, we went down to the engine house, where there are two "Hot-Bulb" engines run by kerosene, which compress the air and blow the fog horns.

A government ship, commonly called a lighthouse tender, makes monthly visits to the Island and brings coal, kerosene, and fresh water; a mail boat brings out weekly the food which the Captain's wife has

ordered by telephone.

The keepers stand four-hour watches at night to tend the light; thus, every third night, one of the keepers gets a full night's rest. Every spring the keepers, who must be jacks-of-all-trades, repair all structures

that need it, and overhaul the boats and the engines.

I spent most of my time visiting, reading, and helping out in the daily routine. Truly I have not done so much reading since I attended State Normal in 1931. I shall always remember my experience on Matinicus Rock because it has brought to me deeper appreciation of the sterling qualities of those men and their families who make our waters safe for navigation by keeping these Maine Coast sentinels of the deep burning.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

# Playhouse in the Summer

HILE I was spending the summer at Cape May, New Jersey, fate took a hand in transforming me from a languid figure acquiring sun burn on the sand to a member of a summer group of actors working at the Cape May Playhouse. The players were an interesting conglomeration of boys from northern colleges, seasoned Broadway actors and actresses, and members of a large class known as

"fans" who were given jobs in self-defense.

No sooner had I made my appearance, than I was rushed into a round of "bohemianism" which exceeded my wildest fancies. I soon found it necessary to accustom myself to unusual assignments and people. Not expecting to work with celebrities, I received a rude awakening when a likely young person presented himself one day as Mark Preston who played with Eva le Gallienne in "Romeo and Juliet." Since then I have seen him in minor motion picture roles. One of the popular character actresses was Maida Reed. Last year her picture appeared in

Photoplay with her "close friend Marie Dressler."

The impressions which I might report of such an interesting experience resolve themselves into scattered phrases and words. The charm of a broken-down casino-converted-into-a-playhouse where people work, eat, sleep, and play; the atmosphere in which the leading man lives and breathes for a week the pugilistic character, Gabby, of the "Milky Way"; the hammering of a set being converted from the living room of "Coquette" to the bedroom of "Goodbye Again"; the tramping and mumbling of those learning parts of so many "sides"; the swish of a little-boy's broom sweeping discarded programs down the aisle; and the hum of applause after the first curtain—all have left an indelible stamp on me.

M. Cunningham.



### Autumn

Low flies the loon
Low lie the lands beneath her wings,
Low lie the huddled reeds.
A melancholy finger of the sun
Thrusts itself into the marsh and weeds.
The loon flies low
And shatters the silence with her cry.

GERTRUDE CARLEY.

# Course .001---Women in the World Today

THE following course was prepared because the author feels that such an one is absolutely necessary for the development of an adequate cultural background. The scope of the course is somewhat limited due to the peculiar fact that the more one learns about the subject, the amount remains the same—nothing. Consequently, those who have delved most deeply into the matter have found it more profitable to forget than to learn. One can readily understand, therefore, that the purpose of the course is primarily to encourage interest in this truly vital and dynamic sphere.

J. B. L.

Introductory note: In general there are, in the genus Homo, four types of female: the girl friend, the lady, the female relative, and the pest. Specimens of each of these types occur abundantly in a relatively free state and fairly infest the atmosphere. In fact, they almost get in one's hair.

### LESSON I

### THE GIRL FRIEND

Girl friends are girls. They are quite useful for dancing. They also are of great service in keeping wealth circulating. In the latter capacity they are known as "dates." One usually keeps dates on a "string" or else one soon finds oneself strung. The string is usually found in a little book as follows: Flo—Nevermore 2946; Maizie—Downtown 9032W; etc.

Through statistical research and extensive laboratory experimentation, your instructor has established to his personal satisfaction the superiority of blondes—they are so much fairer. However, brunettes are all right when dark. *Reds* are *left*.

Recapitulation:

Girl friends have their uses.

Assignment:

But be careful.

### 8000

### A Wee Bit of Scotch

"Has anybody seen a little Scottie dog?" This is the opening phrase of the theme song of a popular radio dog feature, and indicates the extent to which we are Scottie-conscious.

Information concerning the formation of this breed is unreliable.

In Scotland the Scottish terrier has been bred for many years, but did not receive any degree of recognition until late in the nineteenth century, when classes for such animals were provided at English bench shows. Since this recognition, the Scottish terrier has flourished at home as well as in other lands. The popularity of the breed is based partly on its use in the British Isles for quail hunting. Aside from that utility,

Scotties are valued both as companions and guards.

These dogs are known for their very strong likes and dislikes, and for their snobbishness. All Scotties, probably due to their dark, serious eyes and their whiskers, look like wise old men. One of the most famous of them is "Heather Reveller of Sporran" owned by the still more famous Mr. S. S. Van Dine, whose detective stories you have no doubt read. This famous terrier was actually born in Scotland; after making quite a name for himself there, Lauder, his "intimate and unofficial name," was brought to America where he continued to steal the honors in dog shows throughout the United States.

Artists have found the Scottie a charming model. Perhaps, the most famous example of this is seen in the etchings of Mr. Morgan Dennis who seems able to catch the Scottie's every mood. "It used to be that Scotties appeared only on Christmas cards. Now even Birthday cards and Valentines are not immune. It must be that all the holidays

are going to the dogs."

DOROTHY R. KNOOP.

### **യ**

### The Night of Nights

Class spirit rises like the tide, And sweeps away all things; Gone is all the petty pride, Trivial feuds are put aside Class songs rise on soaring wings.

Will the Seniors win this year? Have the Frosh a chance? Many viewpoints you will hear As March twelfth is drawing near, And it's not the Tower Light Dance!

F. WALTEMYER.

### Winter Renewal

We have come into the winter woods To seek a quiet hour of peace. Let us walk beside the frozen brook And rest upon some rocky seat.

> Stars diamond bright Glint over head, Hard points of light Whence warmth has fled.

Hung from the cliff In serried lines, Spears, sharp and stiff, Show icy tines.

Spread crisp and white The mantle-snow Transforms the night With ghostly glow.

Black branches creak And weirdly twist 'Gainst snowdrifts, bleak And pools, frost-kissed.

Cold purity upon the earth was placed To clean the hearts of disillusioned men, When, wearied, they should falter in their faith In present mankind and the past's bequest; For well the starkly-stern but righteous peace Of winter's nature satisfies the soul.

On the tree-etched hillsides we have found A reborn vigor and a firmer hope, Let us, strengthened by this peaceful hour, Return and once more seek the goal.

HAVEN KOLB.

& ©\_\_\_\_\_\_

Take advantage of your opportunity to choose those who will represent you in 1936-37 by participating in all elections.

### Forests and the Citizen

(Continued from February)

### III

nur why is the forest problem now a problem for the citizen rather than for the individual, as has always been the case heretofore in this country; that is, why has the forest problem become a governmental problem rather than a matter of private concern only? We may grant the pauperized condition of the present-day American woods and the great importance of the forest to human life in a civilized world -we may grant these without being quite able to comprehend the conflict between private ownership of woodlands and their proper utilization without destruction. Such a conflict does exist, nevertheless, and it is rapidly approaching the point at which the people of the nation must choose either a hideous countryside, millions of desolate soilless acres and barren mountainsides such as can be found today in China, frequent floods and, correspondingly, frequently dry river-beds, and dependence on imported lumber paper-pulp, and other forest products; or else the

nation must accept public ownership of timberlands.

Private ownership just has not worked. In times of high-priced lumber the forest has been swept as clean as a Dutch-colonial parlor so that a crow would have to carry his own provisions in order to cross the desert left behind by the lumberman. Very low prices, forcing liquidation of holdings, cause a similar wringing of the last fibre of wood from the unfortunate stands. By such complete cutting, all possibility of a natural reseeding is lost entirely. During times of middling prices the woods fare somewhat better under private ownership, but even at such periods, chance and accident are the only factors which favor forest regeneration in nine private tracts out of ten. In the most comprehensive, conservative, scientific report ever made on conditions in American forests, it is stated, "Of the 83 million acres of devastated or poorly stocked forest land . . . nine-tenths is privately owned . . . Of the 850,000 acres devastated every year about 95 percent are in private ownership. . . . As measured by expenditures only about ten percent of the constructive effort in American forestry is being made by it [private enterprise]. Nearly half of this effort is so remote as to have little or no influence on the forest itself."\*

Of course the lumberman (and what is said of him applies to all exploiters of the forests whether their interests be pulpwood, turpentine, or what-have-you)—have had a number of exceedingly heavy burdens

<sup>\*</sup> Quoted in Marshall from A National Plan for American Forestry, a report of the United States Forest Service published as Senate Document No. 12, 73rd Congress, 1st Session.

to bear, but they have also had their bright days—often very brilliant days indeed. During these latter periods only an infinitesimal part of the profits was sporadically reinvested in the timberlands by the owners. The mining-psychology has a firm grip upon the minds of most large timber owners. After nearly sixty years of constant battling against it, foresters can see little improvement in this mind-set. Says Robert Marshall after a long discussion of the sins and woes of timber owners, "The only way that private forestry could be a success would be for the government to pay practically all the expense of starting, developing, and protecting the forests, leaving to the owners only the harvesting of the profit. Such a scheme is obviously preposterous..."

Public regulation is a sort of half-way proposal which once had a great deal of strength, and a number of distinguished supporters. The chief argument against it is the same as that against private ownership. It simply has not worked in practice and shows no indication, in a rapidly changing situation, of ever working. Much discussion has been given to various regulatory measures in Congress, but invariably the most hopeful-appearing ones have been rejected. There has existed considerable doubt as to the constitutionality of much of this attempted regulatory legislation. Today constitutionality is not such a grave objection as it once was. Yet even were adequate regulatory measures adopted, it would be extremely difficult to enforce them, for forestry is more than rules: it is an art. "A lumber company could quite conceivably obey every regulation imposed by the government to the letter of the law and yet for the lack of the proper spirit leave its lands in a deplorable condition." Moreover, since the lumber industry is at present virtually insolvent, "in most cases the teeth of federal regulation (fines) would have nothing to chew on today except a soupy mass of bankrupt timber owners." § State regulation, while escaping the constitutionality attack is, not unnaturally, a rather emasculated affair, for states which are rich enough in privately-owned timber to do much regulation are also quite rich in rich private owners who very neatly regulate regulation. To end the discussion of public regulation it might be well to recall the sad results of attempts at regulation of public utilities. The outcomes of regulation in that sphere hardly encourage further regulatory experiments of any kind, least of all in the highly complicated field of forestry.

Public ownership, on the other hand, is entirely out of the experimental stage. It has been working on rather limited acreages during more than thirty years and has shown that publicly-owned forests, conscientiously administered, will pay even in the face of hundreds of artificial obstacles placed in its way during a period of the predominance of

<sup>†</sup> Marshall, p. 106.

Marshall, p. 118. Marshall, p. 119.

private enterprise. It is, ind ed, true that a very small per acre value is obtained, but it must be remembered that the Forest Service is often forced to spend large portions of its income for things having nothing at all to do with conservation, much less with forests. Again, the Forest Service owns and operates at much expense a great Forest Products Laboratory, the results of the researches of which are obtainable gratis by private owners. Obstructionists delight to point to the waste and corruption of public administration in post-Civil War days when a policy-less government wantonly poured out the resources of the nation to favored private corporations. It is quite true that in some of the more highly politicized branches of government, this constant breach of public trust seems to continue, notably in the Department of the Interior. But no unprejudiced person can find this kind of fault with the operation of the Department of Agriculture, and particularly with the integrity of the Forest Service.

The growing of forests is a long-term enterprise. Under our present system of continual competition for private profits, little heed is given to schemes which promise good returns only after some thirty to sixty years. Quite understandably, the man with capital usually wishes to risk his money on something which promises profit at least during his lifetime, preferably as soon as possible. Therefore private capital is very seldom invested in the business of growing forests or even in the business of maintaining them. The development of timberlands on a sustained-yield basis requires a more far-sighted policy and greater resources than individual corporations, driven by the profit motive, can supply. Public ownership, under which the present and future public good is the basis for planning and operating, can bring to bear upon the forest problem greater resources in money and experience, and a greater range of foresight than private owners could ever hope to muster.

Furthermore, woodlands are a major factor in land-use. It follows that any attempt at land-planning would be abortive without considering forests and forest land-types. Of great importance in this connection is the absolute necessity for sustained-yield management in respect to any plan for rural stabilization, one of the foremost problems in proper use of land. But it has been shown that private enterprise cannot be looked to for such sustained-yield management. Another consideration of vital importance to land planning (or to any planning, for that matter) is co-ordination. Here, public ownership again demonstrates a great superiority over individual ownership. Co-ordination, obtainable in an effective degree only under public ownership, is of inestimable value to forest protection, to forest recreational interests, and to economy of management, as well as to the whole of any land-use

<sup>¶</sup> Pack, pp. 89-90.

program. If there are any who doubt the imperative need for landplanning itself, they may quickly be convinced by any of a number of recent studies upon the land problem, especially those dealing with soil erosion and waste land. Still better proof: "Look around you!"

The final argument for public ownership is a simple one. Public ownership is inevitable, barring a complete collapse of our civilization and economy. During the last twenty years thousands of acres of lumber land have reverted to the state governments for non-payment of taxes. It is, indeed, upon the lands thus acquired that many states have based their forestry work. The steady depression of forest values—by no means a situation entirely conditioned by the general economic crisis—will continue to force more and more wooded land back into public ownership. The unfortunate side of this affair is that the land is being returned to the public in the worst condition imaginable, for only after all possible profit has been squeezed out by the owner is the land allowed to revert to the state. Under this system private ownership is heading the nation straight toward forest bankruptcy. The sooner the public steps in to protect its heritage on its own account, the easier will be the task of regenerating that heritage.

The purpose of this paper has been to show you, the citizen, the choice which faces you and the nation—forest bankruptcy or public ownership. China exhibits all the results which follow the wrong choice. The thinking citizen will go further than this elementary decision, which seems so obvious, and inquire into the ways in which public ownership may be brought about. This question of means is really the only question. It is beyond our scope to discuss this question here, but it is up to you to learn the possible means, weigh each against the others, and choose. For unless this be done, the forests of this land are doomed and with them, the happiness and the welfare of your posterity.

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HAVEN KOLB.

# Inspiration

It is a white cloud, swift-moving, Scudding ahead the wind:
Silver-edged with sunlight
It spreads two silent wings
And speeds to the blue horizon.

It is the scent of the hyacinth, Placid purple perfume That fades when the flower is gone.

It is the sound of wind through pines, A sigh, a song, An ethereal mystery that returns to heaven When the wind is gone.

It lies in the heart of the singer Who sings of silver clouds and hyacinths, Of dark deep pines a-whispering; But it stays not long with him.

MARGARET COOLEY.

### ೯೬೮

### Sir Herbert Ames

Por two days, February 17 and 18, Sir Herbert Ames, Financial Director of the League of Nations Secretariat from 1919 to 1926, lectured at the College on current international problems. In January of this year Sir Herbert had already spoken to the assembly on "Present Day Austria." That talk (See Tower Light, Feb. 1936, pp. 27-28) served as a preface to this later course, which was concerned mainly with two problems, in both of which Austria is inextricably involved: the Italo-League duel, and the question of minorities in Central and Eastern Europe.

During the informal institute regular classes were discontinued for the most part. The four lectures and one period of questions and answers which constituted the series were scheduled thus: (1) "The Minorities," Monday morning; (2) "The Danube Basin," Monday evening; (3) "The Italo-Ethiopian Dispute," Tuesday morning; (4) "British Policy at Geneva," Tuesday afternoon; and questions later the same afternoon. Practically the entire college, students and staff, attended

all lectures. From them they gained, if nothing else, at least the notion

that the possibility of peace throughout the world still exists.

The Minorities. Up the Danube has come through the millenia, wave after wave of migrating tribes. Some of these have prospered. Others have been pushed into small isolated colonies continually struggling to retain their identity. Restless moving, constant warring, and fluid frontiers during past centuries have produced a nationality map in Central and Eastern Europe which can never hope to be adapted to modern political bounding. Therefore even after the adjustments following the World War there still exist large racial minorities in many countries. To safeguard such minorities all the succession states are bound by treaty to submit disputes involving them to international consideration. Such submission is not mandatory, however, in the cases of other states, with a few exceptions. Thus the League of Nations is powerless to act in such countries as Russia, Germany, or Italy. Of the hundreds of disputes which come to the League yearly only about one in ten goes as far as the Council before a solution is found.

The Danube Basin. After the World War the old Empire of Austria-Hungary, which at least had had the advantage of economic unity, was broken up in order to create states along national lines. Austria, which had been the center of government for twenty-eight million people, was reduced to a small, nominally democratic republic with only six and a half million starving inhabitants. "Can Austria live?" is a question which involves much future history. Hungary after the war was likewise stripped of much of her territory and population. For some years now the remnant has been ruled in a semi-fascist manner by Admiral Horthy. The Magyars still hope for the return of the former great Hungarian dominion. Transylvania in the post war treaties was assigned to Romania. This land, formerly ruled by German and Magyar minorities, is now becoming thoroughly Romanian. The Magyar minority feels deeply wronged and the younger people tend to look to Hungary for their future, but the lot of the Germans is little changed and they do not complain.

This division in the Danubian Basin has created numerous economic difficulties as well as much political friction. The latter is reduced by the Little Entente which seeks to guarantee the status quo. A Danubian Pact might resolve the economic differences, but such co-

operation has never been seriously attempted.

The Italo-Ethiopian Dispute. The whole history of this conflict in its legal aspect was reviewed by the lecturer. Probably this was the topic most familiar to the audience; certainly it was the topic which elicited the largest number of questions afterward. Two neglected points were brought forward: first, that Ethiopia was strongly championed by Italy when the former's application for admission to the League of Na-

tions was being challenged by the doubts of England concerning Ethiopia's plane of civilization; second, that this dispute is a test of the system of collective security. Mussolini has declared that the situation admits of no compromise. It will be to the advantage of all concerned that there be a clear-cut decision.

British Policy at Geneva. The history of Britain's attitude toward the League has been the history of Britain's political parties at home. Up to 1934 this had been generally pro-League on the part of Labour and anti-League on the part of the Tories. Today, however, a Conservative ministry is supporting collective security in the conflict at Geneva. How genuine a feeling for the League is deep in the hearts of the leaders, there is no means of discovering, but it has been demonstrated to them that British public opinion is solidly behind the ideal of collective security, and that for some time to come no government can hope to endure in London which does not support Geneva.

And so Sir Herbert Ames, having answered the questions of his audience, ended the course. It was quite obvious that he is an ardent believer in the possibility of a world governed by law rather than by force. In his lectures he gave the audience a true picture, but a hopeful

interpretation.

An intimate knowledge of international machinery gained through seven years' work with the League of Nations, impressions obtained through recent conversations with governmental leaders in all parts of Europe, and a factual groundwork established by access to all the important published records of the day, combined with the quiet and unassuming but convincing manner of the man himself, produced both a course of great informational and educational value, and a memorable experience.

### **&**0\_3

# Stupendous Show! Rip-roaring Comedy!

SOUL-THRILLING MUSIC!

"What's all this? Where? When? I want to go, too. Tell us the secret!" "It's no secret—everybody's going. We're going to the Eighth Annual Men's Revue, on Friday Night and Saturday Night, March 20 and March 21, at 8 o'clock. We'll laugh at Old King Cole, thrill at the darky chants, and dance to our hearts' content from 9:30 to 12:00 P.M. Boy, oh, Boy, the price is only 40 cents."

"Say, where can I get a ticket—gimme one, quick!"

C. M.

# THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson

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\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

Art

### Vacation Time

Although the snow has only recently left the ground, now is the time to start planning for the summer. Shall you travel, work, study, or "just rest"? The answer to that question depends greatly upon the promptness and the determination with which you make your decision. Any of the hobbies described in this issue of the Tower Light may be expanded to occupy any period of leisure.

### Fettered Education?

TEACHERS should have the privilege of presenting all points of view, including their own, on controversial issues without danger of reprisal by the school administration or by pressure groups in the community. Teachers should also be guaranteed the constitutional rights of freedom of speech, press, and assembly, and the right to support actively organized movements which they consider to be in their own and the public interest. The teacher's conduct outside the school should be subject only to such controls as those to which other responsible citizens are subjected. The sudden singling out of teachers to take an oath of allegiance is a means of intimidation which can be used to destroy the right of academic freedom."\* Thus definitely does the National Education Association in its 1936 platform state its policy concerning academic freedom. The United States Commissioner of Education, educational research workers, college presidents, superintendents of public instruction, principals, and classroom teachers have all expressed themselves just as boldly on the same issue, although many of them have not voiced the same sentiments.

Even non-academic people, from bankers and successful business executives to newspaper columnists and housewives, have made the topic one which recurs often in their conversation. Indeed, the President of the United States himself, in a recent address at Temple University, said: "A true education depends upon freedom in the pursuit of truth. No group and no government can probably prescribe precisely what should constitute the body of knowledge with which true education is concerned. The truth is found when men are free to pursue it. Genuine education is present only when the springs from which knowledge comes are true. It is this belief in the freedom of the mind written into our fundamental law and observed in our everyday dealings with the problems of life, that distinguishes us as a nation." It is well that appreciation of the significance of this problem has become so widespread, for its solution requires the very best thinking which our nation can produce.

Who shall decide what the "truth" is? Does a professor have the right to teach anything he honestly thinks is true and good? Should the schools pioneer or conserve? Should education serve the mores? If public education is not free, where may men seek truth, which is as necessary to life as bread? Can patriotism be legislated? How may changes be wrought in the human personality pattern? These are but a few of the most pressing aspects of any consideration of academic freedom. These are but a few of the questions which the legislators of Maryland, soon

<sup>\*</sup> Journal of the National Education Association, January 1936, p. 29.

to convene at Annapolis, will be called upon to answer to their own satisfaction. The decisions which are about to be made will vitally affect the graduates of Teachers College. Therefore the students at this institution should follow the examples of those academic and lay leaders in American life:

Think the problem through. Formulate intelligent opinions.

Prepare to offer constructive contributions toward the resolution of the problem.

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### We Thank You

The statement of the Business Manager indicates that the Tower Light Dance was financially successful. The reports submitted by various spies indicate that the Dance was socially successful, which is even more important. And the good time, the delicious candy, the beautiful prizes, the appropriate decorations, the stimulating music, and the profitable evening were all due to you, Tower Light Readers and Supporters, who unstintingly gave of your energy, time, and resources to make of that event the enjoyable affair it was!

### 200

## **Obituaries**

The Tower Light deeply regrets the passing of Isabel Haslup Lamb, M.D. Doctor Lamb graduated from Maryland State Normal School, then entered Howard University in Washington, D.C., where she took her degree in 1897. After years of selfless service to the people of Washington, this venerated member of the medical profession "died with her boots on" at the age of seventy-one. She is survived by a sister, Miss Alice Elma Haslup, also a graduate of State Normal.

Early in the morning of February twenty-second the Class of Thirty-five lost one of its highly valued members, HARRY JAFFE. Harry had won a place in the hearts of faculty and students at State Teachers College, and his passing will be regretted by all who knew him. The Tower Light joins his classmates in expressing sorrow at his untimely death.

# The College Record Orchestra

At the tea given by Dr. Tall, the Orchestra was represented by Harold Goldstein playing a clarinet solo, "Berceuse" from Jocelyn by Godard, and by a violin quartet, playing "Cradle Song" by Reinecke and "Nocturne" by Mueller. The members of the quartet were Dorothy Wohrna, Helene Davis, Frances Waltemyer, and Blanche Klasmer. Charles Haslup, also a representative of the Orchestra, played two piano solos.

The Orchestra is now devoting its energies to rehearsing music for

coming school programs.

### Assemblies

### January 30

This assembly was accompanied with an unusual amount of laughter. Our speaker was the well-known Baltimore lawyer, Theodore R. McKeldin.

Mr. McKeldin's topic was "The Five Nations"—five milestones to

success:

1. Combination—the art of being likable.

2. Determination—"I am the master of my fate and the captain of my soul."

3. Resignation—"What can't be cured must be endured."

4. Imagination—without which we would have no Newtons, Watts, and Beethovens.

5. Coronation—the destination reached by achieving the preceding four nations.

Decidedly humorous, witty, and seeming to possess an inexhaustible supply of quotations, Mr. McKeldin brought down the house with a shower of applause.

### February 10

As a member of the British Royal Navy for eighteen and a half years, there was much that Captain John Carnahan could tell us about Australasia. The greater part of his talk was confined to Australia, and it seems that this island continent is strange in more ways than one. The animal life of the island consists of many more unusual beasts than just the kangaroo. There are the teddy bear (koala) which is quite frequently used as a living muff, and the cockatoo, which next to the rabbit, is the greatest pest in Australia. The laughing jackass, that strange-looking bird featured on some of Australia's postage stamps,

has the uncanny power of dropping down upon a snake and squarely

planting his beak in its head.

The aborigines are a lazy, shiftless group rapidly becoming extinct. Quite a number of them are cannibals. In contrast, the Maoris, natives of New Zealand, are very intelligent.

### February 11

Sophomore III presented some salient facts concerning the Olympic Games.

The ancient Greeks instituted these games, which were for them a part of a religious ceremony. With the coming of medieval Christendom, narrow and dogmatic, these demonstrations died. Not until 1896 was the idea revived.

A few of the general rules now observed in the Olympics are: the participants must not be professional athletes, and are not to receive

money for loss of salary. There is no age limit.

The difficulties of Germany's anti-Semitic policies are hardly as serious as some would have us believe. The German Government has nothing to do with the administrative policy of the games; furthermore, the Reich realizes that courtesy must always be rendered her guests.

### February 12

The philosophy of Henry George was discussed in a lecture on "Fundamentals of the Science of Political Economy" by Mr. Benjamin

Berger.

'Wealth is the application of labor to land.' Everything which has been produced was obtained from the earth and returns to it. The land could not be considered wealth, for not until it has been processed and transformed into usable objects or materials can we have wealth. Yet the land is distributed among less than ten per cent of the population, who receive fourteen billion dollars annually (one-sixth of the total wealth produced in the United States) for owning it. The increase in the value of the land is never traceable to efforts of the owner —some external force, such as increase in population, determines it. Under these circumstances the Georgian economic system would have us tax only land, for, since it is immutable and permanent, its productivity should be used for the common good. "The earth cannot be owned any more than air or sunshine, or the flowing rivers, or the mighty mountains, because it was not produced by human beings. Each generation may freely suckle the earth's breast, but may not hold succeeding generations from their equal right and equal need.

WALTER RHEINHEIMER.

### Glee Club

On Saturday, February 15, a group of fourteen members of the Glee Club sang in the Nation's Capital at a meeting of the In and About Club, a group composed of music teachers from Washington, Maryland, Delaware, and Virginia. Those who sang were:

Sopranos: Margaret Snyder, Hazel Naylor, Ellen Pratt, Catherine Schottler, Ruth Dudderar.

Altos: Muriel Disney, Marion Cunningham, Ruth Spicer, Elise Meiners.

Tenors: Isadore Cohen, Roger Williams.

Bassos: Edward MacCubbin, Leonard Woolf, Walter Uebersax.

The program was very well received. It included:

SalutationGainesLo How a RosePraetoriusConfessionSchumannI Dream of JeanieFoster-Nevin

The next Glee Club program will be presented by the entire group at Cockeysville on Friday, May 8. The program will include a number of the new spring pieces.

### Notes

### Ex Antipodibus

On the heels of last month's National Geographic Magazine which described and pictured England's farthest dominion, there came to us Manuka, the organ of the Training College in Auckland, New Zealand. It is the December, 1935 issue and the leading editorial comments upon the close of another school year with the return of summer. This fine magazine from our co-workers on the other side of the world (only incidentally an object lesson in geography) may be examined in the Tower Light office.

### Our President at Saint Louis

Our college was represented at the meetings of the American Association of Teachers Colleges and the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association by its President, Dr. Tall. Both meetings were held in Saint Louis during the last two weeks of February. Earlier in the month, Dr. Tall spoke before the National Council of Education and at the Breakfast Meeting of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness.

Instructors in Print

E. LEWIS AND S. FRIED

The January, 1936, Journal of Geography features an article, "The Preparation of Geography Units By Student Teachers" by Pearle Blood—our own Miss Blood of State Teachers College, Towson. The article treats of the method advocated by Miss Blood in making geography units so that students may "gain in power to think geographically."

Congratulations, Miss Blood!

In the School Musician Miss Prickett has written an article on her special interest—the small school orchestra. She tells us that directors choose compositions suited to the players, but the music itself may be too difficult for the inexperienced performers. To simplify music for the students, the director must know the peculiarities of the instruments, have a practical knowledge of harmony, and be able to interpret the composition. A good director is successful when his orchestra plays "with regard to the musical content of the composition."

Miss Prickett's conclusions should prove helpful to all who work

in her field.

What Price Glory?

E. STRAINING

Secret meetings, whispered cheers, "The Music Goes Round and Round"—from one section to another! Freshmen gather information and incidentally inspiration from the upper classmen. Sophs frantically snatch song sheets out of sight when Seniors appear! The three-year-old Seniors, outwardly nonchalant but with quaking hearts, may be found in the most unexpected places holding hurried conferences about the mysterious affair of the evening.

All this in anticipation of that event of events on March twelfth! What is it? Girls' Demonstration! Who will win? Your guess is as good

as mine-maybe better!

Parlez-vous?

L. WHEATLEY

Nearly every one of us has had some years of French in highschool and most of us remember the study of the language with pleasure. The French Club gives the students here in the College an opportunity to keep up their knowledge of a foreign tongue. Since our College offers no courses in modern foreign languages, the importance of the French Club is evident—but the Club is much more enjoyable than any course could be. The group sings songs and converses in French. At present we are at work upon a group of dramatic skits. Do not think, however, that your knowledge is insufficient to become a member; only the simplest of French is used! Join us next month.

Tea at Glen Esk, February 10

E. HERGENRATHER

The President's Tea is always a very pleasant experience, but this year it was even more delightful to our section since it was a "welcome back" from student teaching. Dr. Tall; Mrs. John W. Whitehurst, Chairman of Education of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; Miss I. Jewell Simpson, Assistant Superintendent of Education in the State of Maryland; Miss Matilda Brundick, President of the Quota Club; Miss Stella E. Brown, President of the Business and Professional Women's Club; and the advisers of the four classes at State Teachers College: Dr. Dowell, Miss Keyes, Miss Neunsinger, and Miss Daniels, received the students. Sparkling conversation stimulated by the tea, combined with appropriate musical selections rendered by members of the faithful orchestra and glee club, made the afternoon one of enjoyable and profitable fellowship.

### We Are Seven

That is one of the main reasons why we are breaking into print. We want to be more! We, the Natural History Group, feel that you are missing a great deal of fun and practical experience by letting a name like ours (or whatever it is) keep you away from a top-notch club.

One Saturday in every month we are led into paths of beauty through this part of Maryland. These paths are usually rough and rocky, but this is a mere triviality and only makes the going more interesting. Logs fallen across a narrow path can be quite an obstacle—ask Dr. Dowell if you doubt our word. We always start with a definite object in mind, as all good clubs should: birds' nests, twig formations, or seed pods. But if you find anything you like better along the way, that also may be taken. You should see the stately Mr. Podlich in the role of a strolling greenhouse with various and sundry plants curling about his head and shoulders.

Then, along about twelve o'clock a spot is selected as a dining room, and lunch begins. Rain or no, our leader always comes through with a lively blaze. By this time we would not lift an eyebrow if we saw him kindling a floating fire in the middle of the Chesapeake. Over the coals of aforementioned conflagration we toast the willing wienie, which is soon consumed with rolls, mustard, and much relish. Finally, having swapped our raisins for some other person's peanuts, and chiseled chocolates, apples, dates, grapes, and anything else that we can eat and still carry, we wander back along paths leading only Kolb knows where, but ending eventually where we left the cars.

M. OWENS.

# The Library---at Your Service Reviews

Chase, Mary Ellen—Silas Crockett—New York: The Macmillan Company: 1935. 404 pp. \$2.50.

PICTURE the Maine Coast from Bath to Bar Harbor; from Casco Bay to Penobscot, to Eastport, and you will have the background for Silas Crockett—the story of four generations of a seafaring family. In Silas Crockett, with whom the story begins, was bred that spirited love of the sea so common among the early English families of New England's coastal towns. His grandfather, Captain Reuben Shaw, and his father, James Crockett, had piloted vessels to the uttermost ends of the earth, returning to Saturday Cove with cargoes that turned the great house into a museum of half the world's artistic handiwork: Persian rugs, Chinese tapestries, Indian perfumes, and London books.

At 23, Silas was already a ship's captain, and was returning now to Saturday Cove to marry Solace Winship, and to carry her off with him on his next voyage. Solace's first voyage ended tragically with the loss of her baby, and chilled the wife's heart toward her husband's love for

the sea.

Nicholas, Mrs. Crockett's second child, true to the Crockett's passion for the ocean, married Deborah Parsons, and in the face of her increasing impatience, remained true to the worn-out traditions of those who went down to the sea in sailing ships rather than the newfangled steam-driven craft. Nicholas froze to death at sea at the age of twenty-five leaving behind him Reuben who was destined to carry on the family tradition by commanding a coastwise steamer. He had married Huldah Banett, and their son, Silas, the second, came into the world just when country clubs, fancy yachts, and antique shops were taking the place of docks, shipyards, sawmills, and fisheries. Reuben had been forced to sell their homestead, and the younger Silas left college in 1931 to work in a herring factory. When he goes with Ann, his future wife, to visit the old homestead and is denied admittance by the butler, the whole of a great family's tradition melts into nothingness. But somehow one is left with a peace of mind as Ann speaks to Silas the second:

"Looking out from his eyes, standing firmly in the poise of his head were unchangeable things—the daring of Amos and James, the humorous wisdom of Abigail, the steadfast devotion of Solace through years of fear, the faith of Silas and Nicholas hanging to fast-dying sail with the world against them, the secure and patient way of Reuben, the unshaken and glorious reality of Huldah's love for God. Ann did

not know them for what they were, but she saw them there—the substance of all things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen, the ever-

lasting triumph over time and chance."

Miss Chase is perhaps inclined to make the Crockett culture and traditions appear more desirable and more ideal than they really were, yet by selecting just the right details she re-creates a past way of life that is refreshing and inspiring to the end. Someone has written, "With Silas Crockett, Miss Chase takes her place among the rarer talents of the present."

Lampland, Ruth (ed.)—Hobbies for Everybody—New York: Harper and Bros.: 1934. 408 pp. \$2.25.

Miss Lampland has compiled a noteworthy group of essays concerning the hobbies of well-known people; for example, Rudy Vallee on amateur motion picture photography; Don Marquis on beans; Ely Culbertson on bridge; Fannie Hurst on cats; Fred Waring on cigarette lighters and toy orchestras; Ruth Gerth on design; and Albert P. Terhune on dogs. Each essay is preceded by a biographical sketch of its author and

is followed by a short bibliography on the subject discussed.

The book, which is, in effect, a cross-section of American-life, attempts to present hobbies from a more personal and more practical viewpoint. It grew out of a demonstrated need, having its inception in a series of radio broadcasts on hobbies for the Larger League in the fall of 1933. Miss Lampland hopes that camp directors, club leaders, recreation workers, librarians, educators and others will find this manual helpful for the guidance of leisure-time activities.

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# The Kaleidoscope

Tr things keep on as they are, we shall inaugurate a "Helpful Hints for Harassed Humans" column here. We have received two letters from co-operative students; and, since we believe that they express public opinion and give an interesting side glance at S.T.C. happenings, we print them (slightly deleted) for your benefit. The italics are our own.

Dear Editor, so that's what we are: Since, in different colleges throughout the country, co-eds have been listing what they consider men's failings, we, a group of S.T.C. co-eds, list a few of the things we don't like about local men. . . . . This has been done once before; but evidently it did not do much good. Take it like men, men.

1. Pointless puns. They've stabbed us many a time.

2. Bow ties. But they're so cute.

Conceit. No comment.
 Singing while dancing.

5. Failure to rise when a lady appears.
6. Two-day beards. A gross exaggeration.

7. Umbrellas. Men catch pneumonia too.

8. Stale jokes.

9. Immaturity. Wait a while.

10. Wise crackers in assembly. Tell us where they are. We could use a few crackers in assembly.

In re the above epistle, we make the same general comment as in a

former issue. Look it up.

Dear, dear Editor, Goodness! In the course of digging around this old earth, we have managed to excavate a goodly amount of dirt and with a supreme gesture of unselfishness we hereby share what we have found and did not find, we agree.

Then there are some things we didn't find out, such as ... Will Jud Meyer always be faithful? ... Who will win the cup on Demonstration night? If reports are true, it will be won by the Freshies, Sophs and Seniors.

Sayings of the Near Great... There will be a meeting of the chorus of the Men's Revue at.... And don't forget the Men's Revue, March 20 and 21.... The deadline for all Tower Light material is.... And please remember that there will be no gum-chewing or unusual dancing.

We give plums to . . . all those responsible for the Tower Light Dance because it was such a delightful affair. More about it in a minute . . . to Miss Weyforth for not calling a special rehearsal since Christmas . . . to sponsors of the Anti-Pun League. Amen! . . . and lastly a peck of plums to all those gallants who realize the damage of snow to evening slippers.

The prunes are stewed for . . . students who make neck-breaking dashes to the library at the end of classes . . . the idea of giving our report cards on Thursdays when we need a week-end to recover . . . health

officers who are organic rather than functional.

YE SNOOPERS.

And now it's about time we got to work. The Parlor has resumed its former popularity. The weather must have had some effect upon the situation. It is the radio, however, that calls Wesley Johnson to the winged chair.

Relics of the lectures of Sir Herbert Ames—Written in the notes of one sleepy listener: Sir Hamuel Soare . . . Numbers of students were caught flirting with Sir Herbert's chauffeur. We didn't know he had

one.

THE TOWER LIGHT DANCE: It has supplied us with a rich fund of news this month, so bless it. There was Dot Healy with another squire,

the Brumbaugh . . . and Mary Sutch had another beau. How does she do it? . . . Quite a number of alumni appeared. There were Jerry Nathanson with Bernice Shapos, Dallas Smith and Mary Osborn, Teddy Woronka and Margie Knauer, and Samuelson with steady Stella . . . The freshmen were well represented. Joe Moan headed the list, bringing another Freshman; Slama accompanied Edgar Perry; Gammerman, Betty Rubin. Freshmen certainly are exclusive . . . But then, so are the fourth-year seniors. Meigs and Davies turned up their noses at bright lights of other years and escorted the Misses Fastie and Schnepfe. Davies spent some of his precious time up in the rafters trying to move a mass of balloons beset with inertia. . . . Evidently the dancing classes were a success; all but three of the pupils were present at the dance.

Rush was right about that communication with the Spirit World.

Our team won on February 21. Whoopee!!

Write us some more letters when you feel in the mood. We may publish them and, then again, we may not. Maybe the next time you see this column the sun will be shining, but we don't ask miracles. See you next month.



# As You Like It



This month I can properly call my column a pillar—because so many people have laid down on me. What's the big idea? I thought, that no sooner would I ask for contributions to the column, than I should be wallowing in mirth and humor up to my ears. But 'twasn't so! You're slipping, my friends, and it's not because of the weather.

Thanks, you loyal guys—all three of you—for not forgetting our dear old humor column. And a banquet to you, Davies, for those ducky little "cuts" at the top of this page. But, really, neither one of these

little fellows looks like me. Do they, folks?

Our"naughtical" minded Commodore Rog Williams sent in this bit of exposition. He wants us all to know why they call a ship a she. See? Why They Call a Ship a She

If you ever tried to steer one, you wouldn't ask

Because it takes so long to get them ready to go anywhere.

They need almost as much dolling up and painting as any woman you ever saw.

It has to have its own way or won't go. They're always calling at some other place. Who ever won an argument from them? Because they frequently toss their noses in the air.

Here's a wave of applause to you, Rog.

Then there's Don, our Freshman Faithful, who sends us conundrums.

Tid: Say! What language does your donkey speak?

Bit: He-bray-ic

Lastly, but far from leastly, comes that beastly subject of report cards as represented by Herbie Stern. Here is his startling observation: "After watching students prepare envelopes for reports, it looks as if everyone is going 'To Sit Right Down and Write Himself a Letter'."

**ENO** 

(Continued on page 36)

# The Rambling Rambler

VELL, believe it or not, spring is in the air. And with the advent of spring, baseball is just around the corner. So-o-o—why not write about baseball? Well, heh, heh, that's just

what I'm going to do.

The schedule for this year is very ambitious. It is all-collegiate with plenty of tough games. St. John's has been added this year, and is going to be played twice: once here and once away. Elizabethtown College will be met twice, as will Salisbury Teachers College, Johns Hopkins, and Loyola. Against Loyola last year, our team, if you remember, won a smashing and surprising 11-2 victory.

As a nucleus for this year's pitching staff, which is the most important part of a good baseball team, Coach Don Minnegan has his fast-ball pitcher, Eddie Brumbaugh. In addition, Coach is working on two promising Freshmen—Cook, a right-hander, and Chester Smith, a southpaw. Should the hitting come along as well as the pitching,

S.T.C. will send on the field a well-rounded ball club.

A number of varsity men are back from last year. Among these are Josh Wheeler, "Pee Wee" Smith, Jud Myers, John Wheeler, and Arthur Bennett. One of our former outfielders, Roger Williams, is back

with us after several years' absence.

About the middle of March, all the baseball men are going to be called out to practice. This is going to be only on the preliminary fundamentals such as sliding and bunting. From then on the men will go to bigger and better things. Finally, there will emerge a team worthy of the school it represents.

MORRIS MILLER.

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(Continued from page 34)

Pretty good, Herb. But what you might have said is: Most report cards are remarkable! Get it?

Well, that's all from the contributors—bless 'em! Now I'll annoy you two poems' worth:

Dr. Jones fell in the well
And died without a moan;
He should have tended to the sick,
And let the well alone!

Little Willie hung his sister. She was dead before we missed her. Willie's always up to tricks Ain't he cute? He's only six!!!

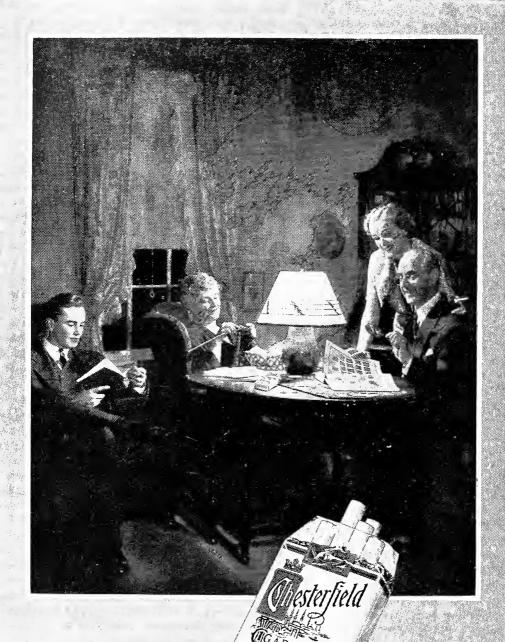
Now I'll close my plethoric expostulations by saying "So Long"—and girls, my leap year advice to you is:

Remember: It is better to have loved a short man than never to have loved a tall.

Your little bundle of wit,

SID TEPPER.

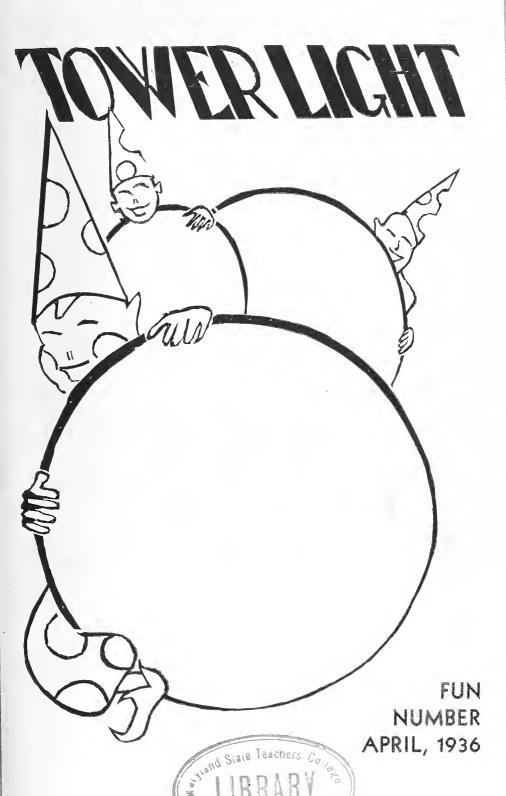




and Chesterfields
 are usually there

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# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College TOWSON, MARYLAND

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1935 Member 1936 Associated Collegiate Press

# THE TOWER LIGHT

Vol. IX

APRIL, 1936

No. 7

# Tracking Down the Faculty

Thas come to my attention that since the Normal School teachers have become Teachers College professors, the more timid of the students run and hide at the approach of an awesome faculty member.

This is very sad to me. Because of an odd quirk in my makeup, I used to fancy that the instructors might be found to be just as delightful, provoking, amusing, and lovable as real people, if studied intensively. My student days at the College are over, so alone I cannot carry on as exhaustive an investigation as would be necessary either to prove or disprove scientifically my bold surmise. I despair of receiving aid from the bulk of the student body, for those few who have ever wondered about the private lives of the faculty are of the firm opinion that all leisure hours of that august body are spent in thinking up pithy comments to write on units; the majority of the students entertain the vague notion that after school hours faculty members become wraiths, or perhaps "grow fleet in our arms, like fairy gifts fading away." But from some conversations I have overheard, I know there are a few who have been struck with the possibility of their instructors possessing human traits common to all of us.

"They must eat," observed one canny Freshman. "They take trays of food in that room at lunchtime, and bring the trays back empty." And from another source I gleaned that two were definitely

suspected of being capable of sleeping.

To those Freshmen interested in pioneering, detective work, or

exploration I appeal for help in tracking down the faculty.

To begin work on this enterprise you need only a well-developed curiosity, and the known peculiarity of one of your "professors" (which makes you suspect hidden human traits and tendencies). Be-

low are the observed idiosyncrasies and identifying characteristics of three of them.

\*1. Will, upon request, make fascinating monkey faces to entertain social gatherings.

Entering Freshmen always mistake her for a student.

2. Is unable to sleep on duck or goose feather pillows.

An authority on handicrafts.

3. Believes so staunchly in "educating the *whole* child" that she enrolled her toes for a course in foot culture.

A stickler for well-annotated bibliographies.

For your guidance in following up a case I give also an abbreviated example of how a written form may be treated. Of course, the names and some of the data are fictitious.

Case Study of	Agatha Hooper (X)
Instructor of	Agriculture
Apparent Chronological Age 80	Actual Chronological Age37
Apparent Mental Age100	Actual Mental Age42
Special Abilities,	-

Reasons for Suspecting Patient of Possessing Human Traits:

1. Shows fondness for peanuts.

2. Laughed at student's pun (indicates sense of humor).

#### Evidence

Remarks

3/6/33

X sat ahead of me at concert—during intermission her conversation with companion did not concern itself with college matters.

3/7/33 X bought, and evidently ate three "hot-dog" sandwiches for lunch.

3/8/33

Overheard X asking Miss Y what happened to Orphan Annie this morning, as X went to big party night before, overslept in morning and didn't get to see paper. X should have utilized spare time of intermission for at least talking over school affairs, if not actually making plans or marking papers.

Doesn't this indicate rather adolescent tastes?

This incriminates Miss Y also.

3/10/33

Saw X ice skating on pond in country in company with Misses Y, Z and Q. X fell down three times in five minutes—giggled continually—addressed the others as "girls."

Maybe they were girls once. Hadn't thought about that before.

3/11/33

Saw X wave to student—saw X offer another student piece of milk chocolate!!

This is sufficient evidence!

3/12/33

X sat next to me on street car, going home; discussed how to make peanut-butter fudge and possible downfall of Capitalist system.

X seemed amazed at my knowledge.

Recommendations: The instructor X shows definite human tendencies, and it is feared that little can be done to modify or obliterate these. It is recommended that she be further watched for a period of one week, and if it is evident that she is trying to behave more as students' conception of a faculty member, she shall be reisolated as a faculty member by the students. However, if she continues to behave as a human being, she shall be considered a human being and a friend, and treated accordingly.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Any student who observes a faculty peculiarity such as mentioned above (see\*) kindly make note of it and send to Tower Light staff, accompanied by instructor's name and an identifying characteristic. The Tower Light will publish such bits for the benefit of those engaged in "tracking down the faculty." We may reach interesting conclusions!



#### OLD LIMERICK

"A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned so what could they do?
Said the fly, 'Let us flee!'
'Let us fly!' said the flea,
So they flew through a flaw in the flue."

## On Afternoon Teas

THERE are teas, and teas. It is all in the way one looks at them. Before I express any feeling on the subject, let me explain that Teas are known also as Affairs, Functions, "At Homes," Occasions, and what not.

Now, to me, afternoon teas are situations in which one drinks tea, eats cookies, and says rather inane things to one's neighbor. The neighbor, more than likely, is so engrossed with balancing a teacup, saucer and spoon (to say nothing of a napkin) with one hand, and holding a cookie with the other, that he can think of nothing but inanities to say in return. Therefore, the conversation progresses not at all.

Tea, it seems, is not an absolute requisite. A rather mild mixture, known as Punch, is often served in its place. This concoction, composed of various ingredients (mostly fruit juices, I am told), is usually subjected to much speculation. Many members of the human race have the annoying trait of always wanting to know, "What is it?" This trait is decidedly out of place at such a function. It might cause some embarrassment.

Cookies appear to be entirely indispensable. This, no doubt, is due to the fact that something solid to grasp, such as a cookie (or perhaps a teaspoon), does much toward preserving morale. Therefore, the cookies we have always with us. One is almost inclined to wonder why Afternoon Teas are not called Afternoon Cookies. But aside with

such idle wondering.

A thing that is characteristic of most teas is an insufficiency, or total absence of chairs. It is bad enough to try to sit gracefully, encumbered, as it were, with the inevitable teacup, saucer, cookies and napkin, but let one attempt to stand at ease with the same impedimenta. And why, in heaven's name, the napkin when one is standing? It does no earthly bit of good, and it is impossible to dispose of it. It is considered bad form to drape it over one's arm, as a waiter would, but that is the easiest method of disposal. It is also bad form absent-mindedly to leave it on a table. One is therefore faced with the problem of whether to accede to form, and be miserable; or to attempt to derive a little comfort from the situation, and be frowned upon by "those-who-know."

To others, however, teas are events not to be treated lightly, but occasions to be prepared for, and attended, with all due ceremony, pomp, and circumstance. If there are any of these whom I have offended, I herewith apologize. Perhaps something is lacking in my

social background.

ELEANOR SCHNEPFE.

# State Teachers College in the Year 7586 A.D.

April 1, 7586 A.D.:

What is thought to be one of the most important finds of the century was announced by Dr. Haven Digger in the latest issue of the Occidental Archaeological Research Journal. The Journal reports that a group of rather large and beautiful buildings was found on the outskirts of the formerly large metropolis of America, known as Baltimore.

The finding of these buildings, which have been identified as belonging to the strata of the second or third millennium, dating from the years 1600 to 2200 A.D., will probably throw a great deal of light on some of the conditions of that former period. We quote from Dr. Digger's account:

"Our investigators have concluded that these buildings were probably the property of some large and powerful potentate, some sultan perhaps, known as TALL, whose name is mentioned many times throughout the building. We believe that the name TALL is not a proper name, but a title applied to the high ruler of the buildings. There were fully 100 rooms in the four buildings found, which could have been the rooms of the sultan's wives or slaves. In the biggest building was discovered a spacious, centrally located chamber, which had crude, uncomfortable facilities for seating. We have concluded that this chamber was the room where a picked audience (friends of the sultan) would view some of the "entertainments" given by him. Two other names appeared quite frequently, the names DOWELL and TANSIL, who were probably lieutenants to TALL. That these three people were engaged in some evil design was practically proved by the fact that we found a large, dark tunnel beneath the building, which probably was the place where the slaves were shipped or tortured. Within the echo of the cries of torture coming from this tunnel, TALL and his associates probably spent hours of leisure with their many Olympics in a large squat building, seemingly designed for such purposes, at one end of the torture passage. Directly north of the main edifice was a building which had many small, cell-like compartments. The purpose of these cells undoubtedly was for the incarceration of the slaves of the estate." [Note: The writers are inclined to agree with this theory.

A few of the other interesting oddities found were: the remains of a primitive sort of cooling system which showed very few signs of use; also a strange heating plant with stores of coal nearby (Coal: a mineral used during that age for heating purposes and now extinct),

and a rather large bell. (Dr. Digger humorously explains that this bell seems to clang loudly and distinctly whenever any member of his expedition has anything important to say. On such occasions, it clanged twelve times in succession.)

The excavators are working diligently upon the find and hope to be able to enlighten the world further in the near future.

L. W. AND M. S.

#### 60 B

## Hot Dogs

In America, hot dogs rank with such foods as hamburgers, ham sandwiches, chili sauce, and onions. They are called in various places hot frankfurters, hot weiners, hot sausages, franks, and red hots. Getting and eating hot dogs requires a very special skill. Just disregard the crowd at the counter and walk up boldly. Ask for "one hot dog with mustard, please." The girl will offer you one, but someone else will beat you to it. Don't be discouraged; keep on trying. You'll finally get it, minus mustard. But then a hot dog without mustard is better than no hot dog at all.

Now buying a hot dog in the school cafe is an entirely different matter. You can tell by the extra twenty people in line that hot dogs are on the menu. Saunter nonchalantly to the end of the line and try to give the impression that you really don't care for hot dogs, but then one has to eat. Inwardly, however, offer a fervent prayer for the dogs to hold out. (They usually don't.) When your turn to order comes, hesitate just long enough and then order, "Oh, one hot dog—better make it two." Once you have your dogs, clutch them tightly and hurry to your place.

At last, you eat. Try to fit the hot dog and roll to each other. Grasp the delicacy firmly in the middle, but don't grasp it too firmly. Measure the width of the dog with your eye and experiment with your mouth to get the right-sized space. Glance furtively about, and then, when no one is looking bite. Now look at your hands, and, oh dear, your mouth. Mustard, mustard everywhere! And you without a napkin. Choose between licking your fingers and rushing to get a napkin. No matter what you do you will wish you had done the other thing. When you finish eating, you will wonder why you are still hungry. Almost instantly you will resolve to buy a ham sandwich the next time.

C. SCHOTTLER.

Ed. Note: This is not an advertisement for ham sandwiches.

# On Forgetting One's Key

F course, everyone at one time or another has forgotten one's key, but everyone also was darn sure that one had remembered to take one's key before leaving the house. On one's return home everyone immediately puts one's hand assuredly into one's pocket to obtain said key, and when one does not find it in one's top-coat, one still retains faith and moves toward lower levels. After examining carefully each pocket of everyone's suit-coat, everyone starts to feel a little sick and cautiously proceeds into those four too many pockets of his waistcoat. By that time all the cheer that everyone had ever possessed had departed from selfsame body of everyone and had distributed itself like the other varmints of Pandora's box. Still Hope lingered, for everyone had yet four possibilities of concealment in trousers so necessary to make suit complete. Oh, dismay! Oh, utter dismay! "God of our fathers be with us yet, lest we forget."

And everyone had forgotten.

What to do! What to do! Everyone looked at everyone's clock which everyone wears on the left wrist. Said clock did show the sickening hour of half after four. Everyone does not dare awaken the folks, for parents might disapprove wholeheartedly of the hour now appearing on the all-too-truthful face of said timepiece. So everyone arouses dormant brain, which hath forgotten key, to thinking of original possibilities of entering house undiscovered. Did not everyone once see another one in same predicament, who, by clever use of hairpin, manipulated opening of door and made unique entrance without shoes, supposedly to keep mat clean? But our everyone can find naught that resembles that of female's oh-so-necessary aid to hair dressing. In the corner, however, was espied everyone's answer—milk bottles. To imitate milkman, everyone had but to rattle bottles and perchance, if fortune were indulgent, Sister Anne might be awakened and come to the rescue. Sister Anne was not awakened, but neighbor Brown opened bedroom window to reproach so industrious a public servant. Everyone did his best to avoid such "censure," and Lady Luck dealt kindly with him. Everyone was now in it, if one may use the vernacular, up to one's ears, for to call Sister Anne would be to further disturb neighbor Brown; to call folks would be to further disturb "piece" of mind of everyone. Perhaps if said victim of circumstance would walk around block, angered neighbor would return to slumber and the coast would be clear to call beloved sister. So everyone walks around the block slowly to give plenty of time to Morpheus and to ponder further upon complexity of life. At last returning from strenuous labor, everyone has made up his mind to rattle door until folks answer call. But it was not to be so.

As everyone again approached the proximity of said hovel, who should appear in the spotlight but one of the municipality's faithful guardians of liberty. Everyone lost little time in getting to the door and shaking it. Oh light, of gracious gleam, never, never before didst thou shine more brightly than when thou "lightedst" the hall that the door opened upon! But light, oh sorrowful, sorrowful light! What thou didst show was indeed irony, for who cometh to answer the door but neighbor Brown. And everyone did beseech one's God and did ask, "Oh, Lord what hath I done that such fate be mine?" And God answered in the form of a sprite. He tickled everyone gently on the nostrils and everyone reached into the depths of one's pants pocket to withdraw handkerchief. From that time and forever did everyone pledge his undying belief to the glory of God, for as everyone withdrew the handkerchief from one's pocket that precious instrument, one's key, that had been called names aplenty, fell from the folds of nose-wiper and everyone retreated to the shelter of his noble domain.

I. Cohen.

#### Noses

The nose is the most unsung feature of the human race or face I should say. I don't understand this, because if other people get as much amusement out of watching noses as I do, surely an ode or sonnet is owed to the nose.

Noses have their peculiarities, though. A nose is an inexpressive feature. It occupies the central part of the face, yet it remains immobile and unaffected by its importance. However, some people possess the ability of showing anger, displeasure, or haughtiness with their noses. Some noses are naturally haughty and flippant—they turn up of their own accord, don't they, Miss Courtney?

The varied sizes and shapes of noses found even in this college is amusing. I have found straight ones; slender ones; small, turned-up ones; broad, flat ones; long, wide ones; and humpy ones of all lengths and widths. One faculty member has a red nose; I can cite a large one belonging to a Senior; a nice slender one of a Sophomore; and a cute

tip-tilted one of a Freshie.

I once read that a nose is an index to one's will. Heaven help or pity some of our wills, then. The only instance where I can see any truth in this statement is in the hue of a drunkard's, which indicates an indulgent spirit. Of course, not everyone would agree on that point.

More delicate characteristics could be discussed, but I'll leave that

to your own thoughts and imaginings.

M. V. C.

# On Bridge

SLAP-SLAP-SLAP-SCR-R-ATCH. "Two hearts"—"By"—"Pass." By their sounds ye shall know them. This, as you of superior intelligence have already realized, is a modern form of social torture known as Bridge. (Why it is called Bridge we have never been able to figure out. All information on this subject gladly accepted.)

The equipment for Bridge consists of a square, four-legged table, four chairs, two packs of perfectly harmless-looking playing cards, pencils, pads, and last, but by all means not least, four people who sit at the four sides of the table with friendliness in their eyes, but hatred and murder hidden in their hearts. Married couples should never under any circumstance be seated opposite one another. However, accidents will happen.

To begin with, it seems that there are two kinds of Bridge—Auction and Contract—very edifying names, to be sure, and extremely relevant to the situation at hand. And woe be unto him who confuses the one with the other. The players are informed as to what type of contest this is to be; the cards are cut, dealt—and the battle is on! (Note—It is an unpardonable offense to deal the cards to the right—they must be dealt to the left.)

Each player picks up his or her allotment of cards and scrutinizes them. It is always possible to tell the seasoned player from the greenhorn by the professional cock of the head, the speculative frown, the twist of the wrist as he arranges the cards. And the bidding is on!

"Hearts-spades-clubs-diamonds-no trumps" go flying into the four winds as the bidding progresses, intermingled with an unintelligible gibberish sounding like "by," "pass," "double," all meaningless to the uninitiated.

The bid is finally taken and "Dummy" lays down his hand. One should consider it an extreme advantage to be Dummy, for then one has an excuse to step out of the fray for a brief breathing spell, while his partner does the thinking for both.

It is here that the different species of Bridge players begin to be noted. The most formidable is the hardened player, who has played for many years and knows all the tricks. It is she who slams cards on the table without a moment's hesitation, she who rakes in the cards with a flourishing sweep and a scratch on the table which is particularly annoying to sensitive nerves, she who counts up the score with such an air of malicious satisfaction, she who usually has the cowering meek partner who—horribile dictu—may be her husband. And heaven

help the poor blundering dolt who "trumps her ace"! It is she who invariably holds a post-mortem after each hand; and in the end, who marches off in glory bristling with self-satisfaction, the winner of first prize.

Another species is found in the slow, timid player, who takes eons of time to decide which card to lay down, and finally after several false starts, lays down the wrong one, and immediately subsides in confusion and disgrace under the withering glare of one of the afore-mentioned Amazons. It is he who is the recipient of many kicks directed at the shins, and he who looks guilty and uncomfortable during the postmortems. And it is he who meekly carries off the booby prize.

Bridge has been held responsible for more inferiority complexes, nervous breakdowns, broken homes, murders and bruises than any other occupation known to man. Has any excuse for it ever been advanced? Why should such seemingly innocent cards make bitter enemies of four supposedly sane people the instant they sit at a bridge table? And why, when one says that he does not play Bridge, is he looked at askance, spoken of in a hushed voice, and made to feel that he should be caged, labeled, and exhibited? It is enough to make one speculate on what the human race is coming to!

Note: The writer does not play Bridge!



## Elucidation

Hast noticed Podlich lately?
He has changed considerately.
And though still he stalks sedately
Through the halls.
His brow is wrinkled, lined with care,
'Tis a ghostly burden he must bear,
And so it's oft he's seen to tear
Through the halls.
Our editor's awful condition
Comes wholly from crazy ambition
To find fun for this month's edition
Within these walls.

MARY OWENS.

## Three's a Crowd

There are now three of them, and three really is a crowd. It happened in New York. A friend of mine committed the daring deed of taking a chance on a collie for me. Taking a chance for me is really

taking a chance. I win. In fact, I did!

Mar was shipped to my home several days later and introductions took place. She met, first, Ginger, who is just a little more than a puppy. Ginger acted, of course, the perfect hostess. I sent Ginger into the house, and next Rolf was brought upon the scene. A gentleman through and through (or possibly just aloof), he waited until he was greeted by Mar before he even so much as deigned to move toward her.

Mar has proved herself the perfect canine conception of Emily Post's ever welcome guest who watches carefully what her hostess does and enters with enthusiasm into the plans made for her. When Rolf and Ginger prepare to play, and bark at each other, she stands off a little uncomfortable, as anyone would, who happened in on what seemed to be a noisy family squabble. When they finish, she almost heaves a sigh of relief as she comes down from the porch to rejoin them.

Rolf, as host, is the example of perfect breeding, but with just the restraint that such a host might show when first entertaining a somewhat diffident, new sister-in-law. He is a dog of keen perception, one who is quick to grasp situations and is almost infallible in making the correct decisions.

Ginger is a piquant little dog who dances gaily from one thing to another. Nevertheless, she is quite capable of serious thinking. She

is a jealous dog and is very fond of Rolf.

When I finally put all three together, this is what I found. At first, Ginger and Rolf stayed together. As Lord and Lady of the Manor, they seemed to say, "You are a guest, and we shall certainly make you welcome—but you are a stranger." So they remained for several days—Rolf and Ginger on one side of the porch—Mar on the other.

However, I think that Ginger has found that three is a crowd. The scene has changed. Mar occupies one end of the porch and Rolf the other. Ginger has strategically stationed herself between the two. Is it because she wants to divide her friendship between them, or is she guarding Mar to make sure that neither Mar nor Rolf has a chance to make the other's acquaintance? I am rather inclined to believe it is the latter.

M. L. Melcher.



# The Ballad of the Proof Readers

'Twas 'round the desk at eventide,
They sat in grim conclave.
And their heads were bowed and their aspects cowed,
As they in a woof were wave.

Their hair was ruffled, their faces drawn And ruffled and drawn were they, But their eyes were bright with a flashing light As they moaned this singular lay:

#### CHORUS:

Oh, we are Ye Ed, and the Artist bold
And Ye Knave of the Tower Light,
And the proof is lost—by a post-clerk tossed—
And we must work all night.

Oh, a question mark and a comma-flock, An exclamation point, A hyphen or two (a period might do) Our eyes spring out of joint.

In a sing-song-chant, through the verbiage rank, We wend our weary way, We'll write on the level of the printer's devil, Or 'twill be the devil to pay.

SEC. CHORUS: (When you get tired of the first one.)

Oh, comma, quotation mark, period, dash—Question mark, colon, point E,
Capital, hyphen, paragraph—(Smash!)
The asylum's the place for all three!

"Oh, write a poem," the fair one cried,
"Oh, write a poem for me."
"No, you write the poem," the others sighed,
"For we can hardly see."

A comma's a comma, and a dash is a dash And often the twain do meet, When the eye grows dim and the wit wears thin, As we pass from sheet to sheet.

CHORUS:

O, ''. —
?: point E
Capital - ¶ (Smash!)
The asylum's the place for all three!

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# Newfangled Notions

Yes, Liz, it's only nine o'clock, I've finished cleanin' around, and I've made my four-layer cake for the supper tomorrow night. I've only just put 'em in the oven. That girl Mary isn't much help to me, but she s the best I've been able to get. Do you know, she'd stand perfectly still by the hour, if I'd let her, and simply wait

for me to tell her what to do next.

And will you believe it, but yesterday morning I went back upstairs to lie down for a short time, and I told Mary I had a headache. About fifteen minutes later, just as I was dozing off—I'd been up so late the night before, we had our card club then, you know—well, anyway, I heard a loud knock on the door. And that little darkey, Mary, practically crept to the door. Judging from what I could hear, some girl was there and wanted me to take gas. Now I did that once, when I had my wisdom teeth out, and I wouldn't want to go through that again. Then she said something about cooking, and Mary told her I had a headache, and she didn't think I'd want to be bothered. Neither I would. But I do like to see these people that come around. I always have such a good laugh when they leave.

Why even if she had some gas to sell for cooking, I wouldn't want it. I have a good oil stove that's baking my cake perfectly right now. And in the winter I have my coal range. Maybe I'd better look at my

cake now. It's been in some time. Excuse me-

Oh, Mary! Mary! Come downstairs and fill this stove right away.

That oil's all gone out again. Hurry!

Dear me! I do hope that cake won't fall now. But the oven hasn't cooled very much. That girl is so slow.

Mary, when you light those wicks again, turn 'em up just as high

as they'll go, but mind, not too high.

Say Liz, look at that black cloud, looks to me like we're goin' to have a storm. My, but we need it. That corn is so parched, I don't

believe it's goin' to "make" at all. And my dahlias are all droopin', and the sweet peas are 'most gone. I wish it would rain for a long time. But I hope we have a nice day for the supper tomorrow. We'll have lots more people out if the weather stays nice. People hate to cook these hot days. They'd rather spend fifty cents and buy their suppers.

What, Mary? You say that girl's back? And wants me to take gas again? And she says that they have pipes that go with it, too? Well, tell her not this morning, I'm baking a cake and don't think I'd be interested. (You watch her when she goes down the street, Liz, and

see what she looks like)----

Do you smell something? Smells like smoke to me. Well, I hope I die, if this isn't a mess. Mary, you turned those wicks too high, and this kitchen is black with soot! I was afraid of this. And oh, that cake has fallen in the middle, and it's black besides!

Mary, call that girl back, and ask her to bring the gas in with her.

I'll use it for the cake I have to make all over again!

OLIVE MUMFORD.

#### <u>യെ</u>

## Course .001—Women in the World Today

Continued from March

#### LESSON II

#### THE LADY

The subspecies, lady, briefly considered, may be resolved into three major types. The first includes women whom we honor or respect for some worthwhile reason. Thus some teachers and most elderly women certainly deserve the title by definition. The second includes women of whom we know so little as to be unable to classify. We might say they are ladies by courtesy. The third group is composed of women of whom, for some reason or another, we are afraid. They are called ladies by policy. Ladies may be identified by their reactions to certain stimuli. Though it is no longer necessary for ladies to be afraid of mice, it is now required that they play bridge and wear earrings. Care must be taken in classifying stray specimens, for mistaken identity can prove exceedingly embarrassing both to the subject and to the observer.

Recapitulation:

Ladies are an achievement of civilization.

Assignment:

Investigate both sides of this situation, however, before you condemn.

# On Cellophane

NEVER go to Saturday matinees. In the long gone past, the matinee was an essential part of myself. I lost that part.

Of course, I did not stop going to Saturday matinees all at once. It was a process, however, which required only three weeks to complete. One word will describe the shameless cause of my loss—

Cellophane.

Once I sat in the muted gloom of a palatial theater and listened happily as lions roared and leading women went melodramatic over a tiny undershirt. If you have ever heard a leading lady go melodramatic over a tiny undershirt—and I am sure you have—you will know that this event does not remind one of the silence of the tomb. But all that was before the invention of a certain diaphanous substance which resembles, in appearance, thin air, and in sound, the tintinabulation of Poe's monotonous silver bells. This transparent nothingness, this

cracklingly vibrating discovery is called Cellophane.

Cellophane was manufactured in the first place, so the perpetrators of the evil say, for the purpose of keeping candied delights and assorted nuts fresh. Don't you believe it. Cellophane is only another diabolical weapon employed by Woman to drive the Saturday matinee-ite insane. I have sat in a theater, listening in awful delight to a romantic scene between Garbo and John Barrymore, when, through the vibrant bass of the impassioned John, sounded a loud noise which has no written description. The sounds, engineered by a woman unwrapping a cellophane-encased portion of chocolates, are so terrifyingly gruesome that it is really immoral. The noise—I am being uncommonly generous when I employ this mild expletive to describe such a Satanic machine—is a cross between the rapid spat-spat of a machine gun and the thunderous clatter of hail on a tin roof. It is like nothing in heaven or the other place. The only thing that could make the situation worse would be for some depraved young scientist to invent an odor for cellophane.

After three Saturdays of listening to cellophanic evidences of trouble in Paradise, I gave up going to matinees and turned to drink. It is only in my most lilting liquid moments that I can forget the horror, which is Cellophane, that haunts me in my sere moments—

which now are practically never.

M C.



## The Red Cross

The Baltimore Chapter of the American Red Cross is planning the Nineteenth Roll Call for the first two weeks in April. Dr. J. M. T. Finney, Chairman for this year's Roll Call, hopes to enroll twenty thousand members. The present membership of fourteen thousand, nine hundred thirty-one members includes residents of Baltimore City and Howard and Baltimore Counties, which is in the jurisdiction

covered by the Baltimore Chapter.

Originally, the Red Cross Society, established after the Geneva Convention of 1863, was intended "to give aid to the wounded in times of war." But since the American Society was begun in 1881, the policies of the society have changed with our developing civilization until now the red Maltese cross on its white background has come to mean not only assistance to the war wounded but also prompt and sustaining help to the victims of public calamity, together with sympathetic care for other injured and unfortunates. Thus, when nature runs rampant from her usual course, flooding towns, inundating rich and populated valleys, rendering homeless and destitute thousands of our citizens, the Red Cross worker is ever upon the scene with his trainload of food and warm clothing, and is accompanied by physicians who furnish medical attention. Quick and immediate action of this type is not only characteristic, but always forthcoming from this organization. Its purpose is to help, whenever and wherever it can do so.

The Baltimore Chapter was granted its charter in 1910 and has since had a constant influence on our civic life. In this respect it is well to contemplate its diversified peace-time program; with its classes organized under efficient instructors, the Baltimore Chapter of the Red Cross teaches the Braille transcription for the blind; first-aid for the injured; home nursing for the sick; rescue for the drowning; and the preparation of nutritive food. This is especially significant to us of State Teachers College, for we are exceedingly fortunate in having a Red Cross course in First Aid instruction conducted under the skillful guidance of our own Dr. Anna S. Abercrombie. A typical incident which demonstrates the worth and merits of such a course occurred last year when Mr. Nathanson, of our College, probably saved a boy's life through the expeditious use of the experience and knowledge that he had gained in first-aid work. Jerry, finding that a boy had fallen and severely gashed his leg, immediately applied a tourniquet and cleaned the wound. Later, the child's father, a well-known physician, stated that this quick action saved the lad from the possibility of more serious complications, if not death.

Included also among the major activities of the Chapter in peace

time is assisting disabled ex-service men and their families. For this duty there is a special department of the Red Cross, called "Home Service," a term which originated during the war when so many families of Army and Navy men needed assistance at home. The Red Cross took up this burden and carried it on during the war, and since its conclusion has continued to do so. That is the story of this organization in Baltimore and elsewhere. Its nature is essentially humanitarian; it is dedicated to the high purpose of trying in some measure to alleviate the burden which upon some is well nigh intolerable. But to support its work the American Red Cross depends today, as it always has, on the American public to stand squarely behind it. Although the Red Cross may be called a semi-governmental agency, inasmuch as it was created by an Act of Congress, and its duties are defined by that Act, it does not and has not received any funds from the government to carry on its work. Membership in the local chapter supports the work, and carries it along.

Let's organize and take out memberships. By so doing we can help this worthy group a step farther along the high road of civilization, making it more powerful than ever in its great work among the unfortunate. Remember that it is on duty every day and every night; whenever the call comes, whether it be an emergency of national scope or that of a single person whose fortunes are at a low ebb, the Red Cross never fails to heed the call. The Baltimore Chapter is calling on

you now. Don't Fail the Red Cross!

HYMAN COHEN. N. Y. A. (Student Red Cross Worker.)

#### <u>್ಲಾಲ್ಡ್</u>

## The Song of Spring

I wake to find the old world gone,
A new one in its place;
The barren ground is covered o'er
With turfs and boughs of lace.
The balmy air is fresh and pure
As spring flies o'er the pines;
A fleecy cloud in sky of blue
O'er-shadows creeping vines.
I hear the rustling sounds of leaves
As nature's praise they sing;
The robins light 'pon beck'ning boughs;
All sing the song of spring.

FLORENCE DILLON.

# THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson

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\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

## What's in a Location?

When the location for our College was selected, the site was chosen by those who visualized the advantages which location near a large center of population brings. Consequently, it requires something very out of the ordinary to prompt unqualified commendation. However, a murmur of approval was audible throughout the entire College recently during the National Flower Show. It was really superb.

## Where Do We Stand?

TN this season of life regenerating, a particularly hardy perennial in nearly every college is the discussion concerning the advisability of pursuing a program of inter-collegiate athletics. Probably the main reason for the continued recurrence of this problem is that there is so much which can be said to support both sides of the proposition. It is generally conceded, on the one hand, that beyond question of doubt there are certain advantages to be derived from inter-collegiate sports. Foremost among those potential services to the college is named the publicity resulting from the successful execution of a worthy athletic schedule. Then, too, there are the ties of cordiality and co-operation which weld a fraternal spirit among those institutions in competitive athletic endeavor. Besides bearing returns to the college directly, inter-collegiate athletics are credited with proving a great benefit to the individuals who participate actively in them: the mastery of fundamental motor and mental skills and habits, the training in organization and leadership, and the adjustment to social situations are all personality builders promoted by such a program.

It is just as generally conceded, however, that there are certain weaknesses inherent in inter-collegiate athletics. For instance, under usual college conditions the number of participants is restricted by four factors; namely, the expense of the program, the size of the squad, the level of the standards of performance, and the variety of sports included in the program. Furthermore, a goodly portion of the athletic budget must be diverted from the purchase of equipment into the channel of traveling expenses and "guarantees" to visiting teams. As in every other intensive activity, the arranging of a satisfactory schedule of hours for academic work, practice, recreation, and sleep is a difficulty

hard to overcome in planning an inter-collegiate program.

Contemplation of both the pictures presented in the preceding paragraphs suggests that in the evaluation of any program of athletics (inter-collegiate or otherwise) there are certain key questions, the

answers to which indicate the quality of the program.

1. Is the program more important than the individual? After answering this question, the Johns Hopkins University recently discontinued emphasizing its football schedule, inaugurated a system of intra-mural athletics, and added five new inter-collegiate sports all on the "game for the player" level, rather than on the basis of "give your all for the college" or "victory for the team at any price." This change in policy involved scheduling games with other colleges which have the same attitude towards sports rather than with colleges of "high standing."

- 2. Do all participants in the sports play in the actual games, or are all but the stars benched?
  - 3. Are participants playing out of their class?

4. What is the percentage of participation? The cost of the program per participant?

- 5. Is the program broad enough to meet the majority of athletic interests and needs (the latter especially where compulsory class attendance is lifted by extra curricular participation)?
- 6. What are the reasons which influence students to participate? To continue participating?
- 7. Do the answers to these questions submitted by participants correlate with the answers submitted by the athletic staff?

Loyalty demands that we support the program now in operation at the College; intelligence demands that we understand and evaluate that system and that we be ever vigilant to better it.

#### 6 B

## Teacher's Oath Bill

The Te-Pa-Chi Club of the Elementary School of the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland, records its firm opposition and protest to the enactment by the State Legislature of any form of law requiring members of the teaching profession in this state to take a special oath of loyalty not required of other classes of citizens. Such legislation is absolutely contrary to the historic liberal traditions of the State of Maryland. We believe that it would be futile and ineffectual in accomplishing its avowed purpose, and that it represents both a real and a potential danger to democratic education by suppressing just and proper discussion of changes and reforms in our political and economic system.

We take this stand for the following reasons:

- 1. Such an oath is an unjustified reflection on loyalty—making of teaching a suspect profession.
- 2. Such an oath is unjustly discriminatory. It is not required of radio directors and movie magnates, who are generally conceded to be more potent than teachers in swaying public opinion.
- 3. Such an oath becomes ridiculous and futile in practice—a mere "rite."
- 4. Such an oath is dangerous to democratic education in that it suppresses discussion of reforms.

5. Such an oath in its administration tends to abuses and encourages espionage by:

a. Threatening academic freedom.b. Creating an atmosphere of fear.

- c. Permitting any group in political control to define loyalty.
- 6. Such an oath tends toward regimentation of education and ideas. (Witness what has happened under Fascism, as in Germany.)
- 7. Such an oath becomes an embarrassment to colleges and universities employing foreign lecturers.
- 8. Such an oath is class legislation; it violates the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

Finally, it is the belief of this group that while laws may be passed to control acts and utterances, they seldom if ever control a state of mind.

#### <u>യെ</u>

# The Library---at Your Service

Andreas Latzko—Lafayette: a Life—Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company: 1936. 402 pp. \$3.00.

Like Colonel Lindbergh, Lafayette's career was more or less pure luck; but in both cases one just can't dismiss the achievements as mere "beau geste." Both had courage and skill. Lafayette wanted very much to learn—he learned well; he strove to serve—he served well.

At twenty-five he was "a hero of two worlds." He lived more than half a century longer—a period that was no dreary twilight. He was the most popular character during the French Revolution, and had he so desired, he could have been the most powerful. Then came the period when he was a nameless convict, exiled in Austria in severest confinement—branded as a Reactionary. He lost his wealth, influence, family happiness, liberty, and his wife faced death on the guillotine. When he was at last grudgingly released, he was forced to live in retirement, because he protested against Napoleon's making himself Consul for life. When the Bourbons fell in 1830, once more he emerged as the one leader whom all could trust. When the bourgeois king proved doubtfully true to democratic ideals, once more Lafayette opposed. When, only a few months later he died, the King was greatly relieved. His funeral, attended with great military pomp, was meant less to honor him than to camouflage his true friends.

He spoke much, but he was no orator; he wrote prolifically, but he was no literary genius; he was a great politician, but he did not create a single new idea; he stood for one principle only—that of political liberty—and he stood steadfastly. Fate gave him three chances to test and put life into his guiding principle, but he did not believe in giving France liberty to save her from a worst fate. He shrank from any move that might be interpreted as personal ambition. "He was not a genius: he was a conscience."

"Latzko's book meant well, and it reads well. It is not great history nor is it great literature. But in the kingdom of historical literature there are many mansions. Latzko's is not one of the most solid and expensive construction, but it will serve and is not to be despised."

HILTON, JAMES—Goodbye Mr. Chips—June, 1934—Boston: Little Brown and Co. \$1.25.

The mellowness of Sheraton highboys and valuable old manuscripts is embodied in the person of Mr. Chips, who does not recall time according to Greenwich but rather from "call over," "prep," and "lights out." For from the year 1870 to 1933 "old Chips," as he was affectionately termed, had been as much a part of Brookfield as the chapel or the cricket field.

The institution had been established in the reign of Elizabeth as a grammar school. It might with some luck have been as famous as Eton and Harrow. Without the luck, it was a good school of second rank, producing many history-making men of the age.

Mr. Chips came to Brookfield when he was very young but gradually established himself, learning much about the lads of the school as he watched them from his bachelor quarters across the field. His special delight was his teas, to which all the boys went at one time or another.

When he was forty-eight years old he lost his bachelor standing. Mr. Chips and a friend went into the Lake District for a short trip. One day while climbing the Great Gable he perceived a lady apparently waving in distress. In an effort to save her from impending disaster he fell and was in turn rescued. His rescuer, with whom he promptly fell in love, was the member of a class that he distrusted—the class of radical women who rode bicycles and talked glibly of Shaw and Ibsen. On the eve of their wedding, his fiance, Katherine, coined the phrase, *Goodbye Mr. Chips*, an abbreviation for a longer and more dignified title.

Katherine conquered Brookfield as she conquered Chips. His sense of humor, formerly very mild, blossomed into richness. Her young idealism worked on his maturity. "And so it stood, a warm vivid

patch on his life." Through the rest of his days she remained his guiding star. Even after she died, in childbirth, he did the things of which he thought she would be proud.

Twice Chips was head of Brookfield, once in 1900 when the head died of pneumonia, and later as acting head during the war. While London was bombarded by the Germans he calmly carried on his Latin class and managed to find in Caesar references to the German method of warfare.

The boys loved Chips, for when a new head asked him to resign, a great protest arose. Chips loved the boys. Snatches of names occurred to him without any effort of memory—"Ainsworth, Atwood, Avanmore, Babcock, Baggs,—Unsley, Vailes, Wadbarn, Wagsdaff, Wallington, Waters Primus, Waters Secundees, Watting, Waveney, Webb." He often gave a particular section of the remembered list to the fourth form Latinists as an example of hexameter, "Lancaster, Latton, Lytton, Bosworth, MacGonigall, Mousefield." Nothing could better give Chips' feelings for the lads than part of his farewell address—"I remember all your faces. I never forget them. I have thousands of faces in my mind—the faces of boys. If you come and see one in the years to come—as I hope you all will—I shall try to remember those older faces of yours, but it's just possible I shan't be able to—and then some day you'll see me somewhere, and I shan't recognize you, and you'll say to yourself, 'The old boy doesn't remember me.' But I do remember you -as you are now. In my mind you never grow up at all. Never. Sometimes, for instance, when people talk to me about our respected chairman of the governors, I think to myself, 'Ah, yes, a jolly little chap with hair that sticks up on top—and absolutely no idea whatever about the difference between a Gerund and a Gerundive.' "

"Goodbye Mr. Chips" is a dramatic presentation of a human being, a vivid human.

MARION CUNNINGHAM.

## Reminders

Books published last year and just added to the Library are really worth reading:

- 1. Duranty, Walter—I Write as I Please—New York: Simon and Schuster: 9135. 349 pp. \$3.
- 2. Masefield, John—Victorious Troy—New York: The Macmillan Company: 1935. 307 pp. \$2.50.

# The College Record

## Girls' Demonstration

ARCH 12 and Girls' Demonstration! Several days of, "Freshmen girls will please remain for only a minute after the assembly," "All Sophomore girls must meet in Miss Neunsinger's room at 3 o'clock to finish their costumes," and "The Senior girls will go to room 215 at 3:15," heralded the approach of our glorious night.

The evening began with entertaining stunts. The Freshmen amusingly staged "Freshmen Olympics" in which they were victorious over the Sophs and Seniors. The Sophomores, marching on to the floor in airplane formation, gave a skit contrasting the bicycle days with those of the airplane. The Seniors certainly upheld their reputation for having excellent preliminary stunts. They followed the Red and Gray Soldier Drill of the Freshman year, and the Indian Dance of last year with "Top Hat"; a different version of the current song and the familiar clog. The lighting was most effective.

Yells! Cheers! Songs! The optimism and hope of each class rose

Yells! Cheers! Songs! The optimism and hope of each class rose to the rafters of the auditorium, and was echoed in curiously deep tones from the balcony. Each class tried to outdo the other in intricate dances, breath-taking stunts, and exciting games; yet, with a friendly

and truly sportsmanlike attitude.

Everyone held his breath. The final score: Seniors 391<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub>; Sophomores 392<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub>; Freshmen 370<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub>. Congratulations, Sophomores!

We agree with Dr. Tall that this Girls' Demonstration was the

best ever.

Anne Dayett. Mary Sutch.

## **Assemblies**

## February 20

Mr. Bryant Mather, a student of chemistry at the Johns Hopkins University, spoke on the geological composition of Maryland. He

was sponsored by the Natural History Group.

As is commonly known, chemists have reduced matter to ninety-two elements. Besides the lithosphere, Maryland may be said to consist of air, atmosphere, and water, hydrosphere. In the two latter many elements are found. In the air we have nitrogen, oxygen, carbon, etc.—altogether a total of seven elements. In much of Maryland's water, sodium, chlorine, bromine and iodine are found.

It is in the earth's crust that the most interesting combinations are discovered. One contains radium and uranium. Mr. Mather went on to outline Maryland's source of other rare elements. All the common metals are present to a greater or lesser extent. Some of them were quite important at one time. The dome of the United States Capitol was constructed from Maryland copper. Baltimore was at one time the world's chief source of chromium, and it is said that \$50,000 worth of gold has been mined in Montgomery County. Traces of all the elements have been found in our state except that strange liquid metal, mercury!

#### March 12

Signor Curturi, the Italian consul, gave us a "historical exposi-

tion" of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict.

Despite England's sympathy with Ethiopia, it was Italy that sponsored the African nation's entry into the League against British opposition. Italy was anxious to maintain friendly relations with Ethiopia, but continual acts of aggression forced Italy to take action.

Italy submitted a memorandum to the League which outlines fifty-one acts of violence on the part of the Ethiopians from 1923 to 1935. Furthermore, it describes the semi-barbaric state of the nation; for example, the prevalence of slaves and slave traffic (the king alone possesses three thousand slaves!). Abyssinia's entry into the League was on condition that wholehearted attempts would be made to civilize her people. Yet in a number of petty kingdoms which were annexed to Abyssinia with Italy's aid, the decrease in population is appalling—in one section fifteen thousand has dwindled to nothing!

Yet, Signor Curturi tells us, the League did not take the memorandum seriously, and Italy had only one alternative. The consul went on to say that Lady Simon's exposé on Ethiopian slavery, the disclosures of Lord Buxton, and the French memorandum give convincing proof that Italy is justified in her action. Italy has two objects in her campaign: (a) civilizing Ethiopia, and (b) making provisions for Italian

expansion and a source of sorely needed raw materials.

WALTER RHEINHEIMER.

## The League of Young Voters

A wonderful comparison of international educational systems was enjoyed by the members of the League at their first meeting in March. This was made possible by their guest speaker, Miss Picard, who is an exchange teacher at the Roland Park Country School, in the place of an instructor who is filling Miss Picard's vacancy in England.

Miss Picard informed us as to the various divisions of English schools. Compulsory school attendance in England begins at the age of five. Children leave the primary schools when over eleven years of age, enter the secondary schools, and usually continue in school until about eighteen years old. The nursery schools are a recent development so there are only a few of them. There are two kinds of elementary schools and these are run by the State. The first is the council school, which is very similar to our public schools but includes some religious teachings. The other is the denominational school of the Church of England, which is similar to the public school except that its teachings are religious. The hours are from nine to twelve and from half past one to four. The subjects in the former type of school are similar to those of our systems. There are no languages and not much in the way of athletics. However, Miss Picard believes that the future will provide these.

After the children have spent five or six years in council schools, an examination, for which any child is eligible, is the means of entrance to the secondary schools. These give "Free Places" (the English use this term instead of scholarships) to the fortunate students, including tuition and books. Not every child is able to have this opportunity. We might consider ourselves very lucky when we learn that in England there are very few secondary schools that are free. During the present economic period of depleted financial resources, patrons and parents of means have contributed a certain percentage of the needed funds.

Really modern schools are growing up in England now. The leaders in education are considering the child's interests in planning the curriculum. Girls are given courses in home economics, and boys in agriculture and other vocations. Those children who are dissatisfied with school probably leave at fourteen or fifteen years of age. Sometimes school work terminates, strange as it may seem, because there are no teachers.

Young people who go to the secondary schools usually stay for four or five or even six years. In this time they are preparing for the first examination given by an outside board, which they usually pass. Instead of graduating the students receive age certificates. If they do not leave school for work, they return for advanced study. At the end of this post-preparatory work they take a higher examination and, if they are successful, they gain college admittance. The colleges do not wish people under eighteen years of age. There are no free colleges, though the government does assist these higher institutions. No students are allowed to work their way through college.

Particular interest in the talk was indicated by the many questions so eagerly asked of Miss Picard.

M. S.

## Basketball Tournament

The evening of February 24 found an excited group of girls representing the Freshmen, Sophomore and Senior basketball teams in Newell Hall dining room. Here we were served a delicious dinner. One of the coaches enjoyed her dinner so much that she completely

ignored the song request to "Stand Up."

At 7 o'clock everyone was in the Auditorium fit as a fiddle and ready for basketball. The Frosh started off in a big way by defeating Soph B, 19–11. Then Soph A played the Seniors—What a game!!! The Sophs were victorious 18–15. Next, Soph A retaliated by defeating the Freshmen 13–5. Yeah, Sophomores! (Perhaps the Freshmen and Seniors ate too much pie à la mode. Is that possible???)

#### The line up:

	-			
	Senior	Soph A	Soph B	Freshmen
F.—	M. Vogelman	M. McClean	N. Howeth	D. Brandt
F.—	A. Boone	D. Shipley	H. McIntyre	D. Hoopes
C.—	B. Straining	E. Cissel	E. Pennington	L. Firey
S.C	-R. Merryman	A. Stidman	E. Ward	D. Anthony
G	A. Dayett	J. Dousha	M. Clark	K. Mentis
G.—	H. Ayres		G. Wilson	A. Mitzel
Substit	utes:			
	Stevens		R. Howard	A. Griffith
	Jones		F. Jones	C. Rosenberg
	Yenkinson			
			Ветту	STRAINING.

## Notes

#### STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS-1936-37

#### General Student Council:

President	Virginia Hagerty
Vice-President	Betty Lee Rochfort
Secretary	Ruth Spicer
Treasurer	Louis Cox
Junior Representative	Frances Jones
Sophomore Representative	John Owens

#### Day Student Council:

President	Roger Williams
Vice-President	Charles Haslup
Secretary-Treasurer	Katherine Parsley
Junior Representative	Edward Hamilton
Sophomore Representative	Bernard Gamerman

#### Resident Student Council:

PresidentElizabeth Cis	ssel
Vice-PresidentJulia O	ver
Secretary-TreasurerDorothy Antho	ony

#### Te-Pa-Chi Club:

LARUE KEMP.

At the March meeting of the Te-Pa-Chi Club held in the Campus Elementary School, Dr. George A. Harap, Jr., who had been asked by the parents and teachers to get the facts of the teacher's oath agitation, gave a brief but very clear and conclusive summary of both the past and present situations concerning the oath bill. At the conclusion of this talk, a resolution condemning such a bill was unanimously passed. (See page 22.)

During the same meeting, Mr. Moser presented a thought-provoking address decrying the distressing fact that in our civilization the advance of the social sciences has lagged woefully behind the development of the natural sciences. This condition is attributed to the current superficial interpretation of the fundamental meaning and significance of science which has allowed chance rather than intelligence to direct its progress. (See the Tower Light: January and February, 1936.) Furthermore, we have not made adequate or general use of the scientific means at our disposal, nor have we escaped retrogression. Can the concept of science as a process—a logical, unbiased weighing of facts, experimentation, and rationalization—be made universal enough to bring about a balance of the sciences? Revaluation of the curriculum, planned education from the cradle to the grave, and training in the method and spirit of science is the answer.

Another of the interesting features of this meeting was the exhibit arranged to show what has been done with the money appropriated by the Te-Pa-Chi Club to the Campus School for the purpose of providing richer experience for the children. The exhibit indicated that in the budgeting of the funds both the aesthetic and the practical aspects of life were considered. A list of the items would include visual education machines, illustrative material, athletic equipment, chil-

dren's books (classic, contemporary fiction, and reference), industrial arts material, musical instruments (including a radio and victrolas with the necessary records), toys, picture frames, and tapestries. Since the children and teachers are trained to cherish each addition to this equipment, the result will be cumulative.

### Philadelphia, Ho!

HELEN McIntyre.

On Wednesday, March 4, a group of sophomore science students and others went with Dr. Lynch to Philadelphia. The purpose of the trip was to visit the Franklin Institute and, incidentally, Independence Hall.

Strange as it may seem, all the students were on time, but—the bus was late. We sang under the leadership of Director Gene Rush, gossiped, and one student even read several pages of "Anthony Adverse"! Mr. Klier, running true to form, took two road maps along to check up on the driver.

We trooped into Independence Hall, listened to the guide tell us its history, climbed all around the liberty bell, peeped through the

massive keyholes, and signed our names in the record book.

The bus, which was late again, took us to the Franklin Institute. After securing our tickets, we proceeded to the Physics Department. There we sprained our index fingers following the directions of the signs, "To operate, press button." Everyone on the trip now has, UNDOUBTEDLY, a thorough and complete understanding of the phenomena of sound, light, heat, and mechanics.

At the planetarium the position of the stars in relation to the calendar was explained, and a changing picture of the heavens up to March 4, 1937, was shown. A year passed while we listened and looked; one bright member of our group remarked that after that length

of time he sorta 'spected he needed a shave.

The group then scattered all over the building—wandering in the medical department, listening to lectures about telescopes and liquid air, watching the revolutions of the planets, examining radio tubes, and running the mallets (locomotives, to you).

At six we ambulated back to the bus (on time for a change) and

made for home.

## A Scavenger Hunt

R. Hunter.

A corpse, a black eye, a horseshoe, a lock of red hair! In search of such things as these the Marshals left Miss Van Bibber, their hostess, at the College Club on March thirteenth. Strange people were accosted; strange places were entered; our members one by one came back

triumphant with a pink garter or a crab claw. Finally all returned to the Club to show the spoils and—eat. Or isn't that important? Let's have another one soon.

### Lutheran Student Conference

From February 28 to March 1 Miss Fastie, Miss Le Sage, Miss Meiners, and Miss Snyder with Miss Neunsinger attended the Lutheran Student Conference for the Middle Atlantic States held at Gettysburg College.

### Eighth Annual Men's Revue

ISADORE COHEN.

On March 20th and 21st, the Men's Club sponsored its Eighth Annual Men's Revue at the State Teachers College. It was an experiment in entertainment which was tried for the first time at the College. The entire production was worked on a student co-operative system and met with unpredicted success. The chorus of singers should be congratulated upon their fine performance, which has not been excelled in the history of the school. The Scenery and Properties Committees deserve all the praise bestowed upon them for the dramatic effects produced through their efforts. We all take our hats off to Mr. Edward MacCubbin for the masterful piece of work that he did in teaching and directing the music of the show.

May I also take this opportunity to thank Dr. Tall, Dr. Dowell, Mr. Minnegan, Miss Weyforth and the other faculty members who gave so generously of their time and effort to make the show what it was.

### <u>್ಲಾಲ್</u>

## The T.L. Movie Bulletin

The Tower Light serves you in another way. We have recently inaugurated a Movie Bulletin Board. Each week we post stills, given by the leading theaters in Baltimore, advertising the worthwhile pictures to be seen. The committee (Miss Rutledge, Dr. Crabtree, E. La Sage, W. Johnson) meet weekly, bringing reviews and comments about the pictures. Then we decide as a body whether it is good entertainment. The clippings and short reviews are to aid (in case you've missed the shows at the downtown theaters) in reminding you to see them at local theaters. By June, we hope to have you acquainted with the complete history of the life of a motion picture. We welcome any suggestions or material from you, since it is primarily your bulletin board.

## Alumni News

### An Echo of the Floods

TNDER date of March 20, Jerry Nathanson, '35, now a student in the Department of Physical and Health Education at the Teachers College of Temple University, writes to Dr. Dowell: "... Last week six of us took the Red Cross First Aid exams. and passed them. . . . Two days ago the floods started up in northern Pennsylvania, and Johnstown as well as the Pittsburgh area was flooded. Numerous injuries and deaths were reported. We First Aiders were rushed up there with the National Guard, and for forty-eight hours we really worked our heads off. We came back here for a day and will shove off again tomorrow for further service. . . . The sight that met our eyes when we first got to Johnstown was terrifying. There were people with broken arms, ribs, legs, heads, etc. Many were suffering from shock and were bleeding. Some were burned, others suffered from exposure. I have never had such valuable experience and practical work. . . . My plans to see the coming Men's Revue are naturally 'blown up.' I'll be upstate 'amid swirling waters and broken skulls'.

## Where the Class of '35 is Teaching

	_
Douglas, Mary Ann	Baltimore City
Duncan, Pauline	Grades one-seven, Harford County
	Baltimore City
	Rural school, Baltimore County
Ehrhart, Marguerite	Baltimore City
Epstein, Jacob	Baltimore City ee, four and five, Anne Arundel County
Evans, WilliamGrades three	ee, four and five, Anne Arundel County
Fantom, Frances	Baltimore City
Farbman, Hilda	Baltimore City
	Baltimore City
Gilbert, Katherine	Baltimore City
Goedeke, Eleanor	Baltimore City
Goldberg, Milton	Baltimore City
Gonce, Dorothy	Baltimore City
Gonce, William	Baltimore City
Goodhand, Elizabeth	.Graded school, Prince George County
Gottlieb, Pearl	Baltimore City
Grauling, Charlotte	Baltimore City
Gray, Caroline	. Graded school, Prince George County

# The Kaleidoscope

(En.—"Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.")

here. Our correspondent states that robins have been seen stalking possessively acrossing the greening campus, that tree buds are abursting, and that Dr. Dowell's desk has been graced with a charming bouquet of skunk cabbage. Anon the nurseries will develop unusual attractions which it is hoped the Freshmen will soon discover, for, along with tulips and crocuses, knighthood must inevitably flower. Already have we caught in the eyes of several sweet maidens that starry brightness, that soft gray dreaminess which is the shining lure to all poor fish.

Master Curland has undoubtedly set his classmates a goodly example with his noble quest for truly beauteous damsels. But (O tempora!) his gleaming armour bore taint of commercialism (O Mores!)—peanut chews, chocolate bars, and soft drinks! While our thoughts are on the Men's Revue it might not be inappropriate to add that a well-known artist, quondam lecturer on Mexico, and advertiser of no little talent, was seen in the wings during one performance gazing at a certain alto classmate with what might not inaccurately be described as ardor.

Diving still more deeply into the Revue maze we emerge from the muck with the following choice items:

- 1. Last year's graduates were conspicuous at both performances. Many appeared inordinately prosperous.
- 2. Alumni of other classes were not infrequently noted. Fully fifty per cent of the male portion of the class of thirty-three was in evidence—Eddie Gersuk and Mike Salzman.
- 3. Sorrowfully we must report that the dapper Mr. Wheatley is just like the rest of the herd. Constancy is not in him. At the moment it's Betsy.
- 4. It was an ennobling experience. "Mighty Lak a Rose"; the sweet maternal expression on the face of the stately Fourth Year Senior maid; Schreiber's curly head peacefully in her lap. It's a pity the audience was not able to see that beatific tableau at the Saturday performance.
- 5. The omnivorous Chet Smith performed a service for the Refreshment Committee (and incidentally recouped the energy lost in slinging around properties) by downing a viscid mass of

slightly overheated ice cream. This willing scavenger is progressing in commendable fashion and, with continued exercise and training, may eventually come to be regarded as a really worthy successor to Davies.

#### And now to romance:

The droning noise over the dormitories is our nurse's knighterrant zooming greeting with his winged steed. At least, we are *told* he is an aviator—and if our last sentence be true he had better be a good one.

Have you seen Archibald? Those deep brown eyes! That wavy auburn hair! It's true, girls, his ears are a trifle large, yet can ye resist his impudent glance when he puts on the dog?

A popular male driver is trying to keep his yellow roadster filled with blondes. Is this a color scheme or some other kind of scheme?

La Owens seems not unacquainted with the advantages of variety: four different boys at as many dances.

Florence O'Donnell rates a notice for daring to ask Mr. Walther, of all people, if he didn't speak.

Windy Gordon eats his lunch practically on the run to Newell Hall. Why?

A red-haired Freshman stalks the halls with stony gaze since she went to Rockville. At this our cynical editor smiles, laughs tolerantly and quotes Shakespeare to the effect that men have died, etc. However, such affairs always strike this writer as singularly pitiful. So much so that we have incidentally made the interesting scientific discovery that teardrops do not cause typewriter ink to run.

## But enough of this!

It is our not altogether unpleasant duty to record that Herr Shpritz was able to announce that the Freshman Dance was a moral success. We travel swiftly. It is not many years since such a statement would have been regarded as patently paradoxical.

Dr. Tall has set forth on the annual round-up (i.e., the enrollment campaign has begun). Her zeal carried her to battle with the Potomac. At present writing we are not yet quite certain about the outcome of the jousting but, after visiting our President in her office on sundry occasions of small pleasure, we are giving 12 to 1 odds on Dr. Tall.

Speaking of campaigns, did Gamerman or Meigs do the better job? Perhaps they may be persuaded to combine their talents in the interests of the College.

And speaking of the Potomac, how did it know this was an election year? Reports indicate that it has left enough material in lower Washington to outfit several respectable campaigns.

It may, perhaps, be remembered that a senior class once publicly held the motto of Maryland to be unprofessional. We hold it a heartening omen that the Fourth Year Seniors in congress assembled have redeemed the noble sentiment, "Crescite et multiplicamini." Details of their plan for the preservation of posterity may be obtained from Mr. Cohen, or a copy will be mailed in a plain envelope on receipt of ten cents.

Ah! Mystery! Why does Miss Tansil go to Washington?

Hail! The conquering heroes come! Seniors all are at last reunited. Student teaching safely o'er, all worries behind—Forward to May Day, the Prom, Class Night, Commencement—and Professionals! Let joy be unconfined.

To all our dear readers who have persevered thus far we wish to announce that a complete key to all esoteric allusions will be found on page forty-one.

#### 62023

## How Much Literature Do You Know?

Name the authors which these statements suggest to you:

- 1. A Knight of old loved to do it.
- 2. A brighter and smarter one.
- 3. II.
- 4. Results of a fire.
- 5. It comes from a pig and a certain Freshman loves it.
- 6. An electric wire.
- 7. And he thinks he is singing when he produces it.
- 8. A popular Baltimore theatre.
- 9. The son of a famous author.
- 10. A part of an automobile.
- 11. Characteristic of an oyster.

#### Answers

1. Shakespeare; 2. Whittier; 3. Mark Twain; 4. Burns; 5. Bacon; 6. Cabell; 7. A. Noyes; 8. Keats; 9. Dickinson; 10. Hood; 11. Shelley.

DON.



# As You Like It



This is the humor edition of the Tower Light. In the preceding pages you have read jokes, puns, etc., so all I can do now is add—a little column addition—eh, what?

Let's start the column bowling this month by adding our tid-bit to the nation-wide safety campaign. All right, you vehicle villains, pull over to the curb and prepare to take a rhythmic spanking.

#### TREES

I think that I shall never see Along the road an unscraped tree With bark intact and painted white That no car ever hit at night. For every tree that's near the road Has caused some auto to be towed. Sideswiping trees is done a lot By drivers who are not so hot. God gave them eyes so they could see Yet any fool can hit a tree.

And now you poor, dear, little innocent pedestrians, read this and leap!

Spring and a million cars out—
Spring when the motors hum—
So if you go out walking—
Spring when you see them come!!!

Take the advice of the elements, my comrade pounders of the pavements; Remember, the year is *leap;* the season, *spring*—Get it?

Now a little homage to April, the foster little mother of all humorists. May we present a little Aprilfoolishness:

"I've lived an Englishman; I was born an Englishman; and I'll

die an Englishman."

Voice from the crowd: "Mon, have you no ambition?"

Teacher: "What was the chief recreation of the old feudal lords?" Frosh: "Riding the serf."

Speaker: "What will the girl of eighteen be three years from now?" Bored listener: "Twenty-one."

Nick-Nacks:

Collegiate viewpoint: It isn't the girl that counts, it's what she stands for!

Wand ad: "Man, honest, will take anything."

Motto for our cafeteria: "What foods these morsels be."

Women who look into mirrors a lot soon get a glassy stare.

Seen on the bulletin board: "Lost a silver Eversharp by a member of Senior 3 with an engraved head."

I've been reading up on Latin lately; here is the fruit of my research:

"Boyibus kissibus sweet girlorum Girlibus Likibus want some-orem Popibus seeibus Kickum Boyum out front doorem."

Well, so long, and if student teaching isn't too tough I'll be with you next month.

Your humor editor,

SID "MIRTH-Y" TEPPER.



## As I Pass By

I am the lashing rain,
Drear and bleak,
Flooding streets
And venting my vengeance
On men.
Impassionate and ruthless,
As I pass by.

Frances Fantom, '35.

It pays to stop at the

# Towson Fashion Shop

511 York Road

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## Spring

Oh lovely Spring that God has sent to man
To cheer his heart and bid him hope again.
Oh mighty work from out the Master's hand,
Thou joyous promise of the golden grain.
Art sprung of soil? Art born of common clay?
Or torn from chilling winter's barren breast?
This life, new born, this golden, blushing May,
With trees and fields in fragrant blossoms dressed
In rainbow hues, as soft as baby cheeks,
And streams a-flowing woke by Spring's sweet breath;
While crickets call out loudly from the creeks,
And tingling earth awakens as from death?
Above all other blessings life can bring,
Rejoice, oh man, and thank thy God for Spring.

DORIS BURTNETT.





1936, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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TOWER LIGHT



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MAY

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Illustrations	Malcolm Davies
	Charles Meigs

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1935 Member 1936 Associated Collegiate Press

# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College TOWSON, MARYLAND



## Autumn

Low flies the loon
Low lie the lands beneath her wings,
Low lie the huddled reeds.
A melancholy finger of the sun
Thrusts itself into the marsh and weeds.
The loon flies low
And shatters the silence with her cry.

GERTRUDE CARLEY.

# THE TOWER LIGHT

Vol. IX MAY, 1936 No. 8

# Gertrude Carley

Iss Gertrude Carley, who recently passed away after a lingering illness, had been Registrar here at the College for nine years. In the time she was with us she built up her department to the place where only a well trained registrar could pick it up and take it to its present level of efficiency.

Miss Carley was a versatile woman with a profound interest in music, art, and beauty generally. Those of the students who visited her in her apartment know what a charming colonial atmosphere it had with its shining pewter, its old maps, and its antique furniture. She never lost her interest in the College, coming back from time to time to revive her associations, to give suggestions, and to imbue us with her spirit. To her this institution was always a personal thing in which she had put nine years of her effort and herself. Her interest in the Tower Light, as in all literary things, was particularly appealing, and from time to time her own poems appeared in its issues.

Miss Carley was large in vision and enthusiasm; she was a dreamer but a practical one. Her poems show her idealism; her life showed unusual ability in practical management of affairs. We miss her.

LIDA LEE TALL.

## **Poems**

EDITORS' NOTE—The following poems show Miss Carley's literary ability and versatility.

## To An English Bishop

(He was standing on a corner)

I'm glad I'm not the daughter Of a Noble English Bishop....

I wouldn't mind his apron,
Though to
Its use
I'm blind;
I wouldn't mind his collar,
Buttoned
Carefully
Behind.

I wouldn't mind his hairless head, Nor how He wore His face; I wouldn't mind his sermons, Typed well By me With grace.

I wouldn't mind his long, black coat, Nor wrinkles In his Trousers (?); I wouldn't mind his funny thoughts Nor how He failed To rouse us. I wouldn't mind his manners If he Were the worst Of satyrs, But doggone if I'd ever sew The buttons On his Gaiters!

Refrain (to be sung with a gay lilting air):
Oh, I'm glad I'm not the daughter of a
Lordly
English
Bishop . . . .

Nantucket Island, July 12, 1927.

### I Know

I know where the fairies hide . . . .

They're tangled in your wavy hair, I know for I have seen them there; Sometimes they nestle down behind Your eyes and make them very blind To all my mischief when I tease, Forgetting "thank you" and the "please"; Sometimes they're sitting in your hands Cleaning little golden wands.

Again I've seen them in your shoes
They make you skip and nearly lose
Your DIGNITY—that quaint, tall thing
You carry with you when you bring
My porridge to me in my bed
When I've a cold and must be fed;
And when you're almost cross with me
They tickle your tongue and shout with glee!

I know where the fairies hide—Do you?

Or you?

Or YOU?

## A Tragedy

Do you know what has happened under the hill? They say that . . . . .
I heard that . . . . .
They're all of them whispering
Pan's heart is . . . . .
Pan's song is . . . . .
Pan's pipe is . . . . . still!

#### **&**

## A Memorial Loan Fund

A very touching tribute has been made by friends of Gertrude Carley who for nine years served this college so efficiently and loyally as its Registrar. It is in the form of a Student Loan Fund, the idea having originated with Miss Carley's brother, Edward K. Carley of Richmond, Virginia. In his letter he said, in part: "You recently had occasion to express your feelings with regard to my sister, Gertrude Carley, particularly as concerned her devotion to your school. Probably she was never happier than when she was working for the school and the interest of the students. To the end that this obviously mutual regard may be perpetuated, I would like you to accept the enclosed check to be used for the establishment of a Scholarship Fund as a memorial to her."

Mr. Carley's check of \$250 as the nucleus for the Loan Fund was immediately supplemented by a contribution from Dr. Grace Baker who has been Miss Carley's housemate for many years. Dr. Baker writes: "On many occasions she (Miss Carley) asked me to make certain that when her affairs were settled something from her would

go to the students. That is why I am sending this check."

Since the receipt of Mr. Carley's letter the amount has been raised to \$400 by other devoted friends of Miss Carley. The fund will be known as the "Gertrude Carley Student Loan Fund." Loyalty is a precious thing. We speak about it on so many occasions to the students. Do the students, too, sense the spirit of loyalty to them on the part of the staff?

LIDA LEE TALL.



"I should like to rise and go Where the golden apples grow;"

## Travel Fever

Note: The following article is composed of interesting and helpful travel hints and suggestions found in the current issues of some of our contemporary periodical publications.

PRING and Travel have always gone hand in hand. They are just as inseparable as Romeo and Juliet, hot dogs and mustard, bread and butter, and other such well-known couplets. Rarely in spring, and especially in May, do you find one who can escape the urge to travel. As The Highway Traveler says, "Maytime brings more than the flowers nurtured by April's showers. It brings a mighty urge to be out and away over the highways of the pastoral countryside—out, as a banal phrase has it, 'to commune with Nature'."

Perhaps this tip from *Sportswoman* will hit the spot with you. "If you've a taste for mountain fastnesses and modern conveniences and the best society in the world, the spring may be the time to stay right in the U.S.A. All up and down the Appalachians (can be sung to the tune of Swanee River) those particularly American semi-wildernesses are breaking into azalea, dogwood, laurel, rhododendron, and

something which is a shade of purplish pink."

Even if you are fortunate enough to enjoy these lovely sights, will your travel fever be appeased? Oh, no! As the days become balmier, the urge to be off and away becomes mightier. For most of us it persists all through the summer, growing with the season. By the time June has come, many of us will be imbued with the spirit of pioneers. "On to Oregon," the hardy pioneers of old placarded their prairie schooners. Now, The Journal of the National Education Association tells us, "Pioneer trails still lead to Oregon. Oregon—enchanted land beyond the Rockies that attracted the pioneers—now beckons to the nation's teachers for the Seventy-fourth Annual Convention of the N.E.A. to be held in Portland, June 28-July 3. Those who travel to Portland this summer on smooth highways, ribbons of steel rails, or by air will wish to refresh their minds as to the stirring history of the western half of our nation."

Perhaps, your travel fever is of a foreign species. If so, summer may find you in some romantic port far from the United States. According to *Sportswoman*, "This year there are over four hundred cruises to choose from—a cruise to suit every taste—every pocketbook. Do

you know which one will suit your requirements?"

Germany will probably be very popular this year. "Why?" you ask. Travel gives the answer. "Olympic year is the World's Festive Year in Germany. The Eleventh Olympic Games are centered in a grand programme of exciting attractions. German genius for organization has timed these events so that you can enjoy them during a glorious vacation in Germany."

But how will you travel? *Travel* thinks that "Ulysses is the model for all travelers to follow. He did not know (or care) whether the gulfs would wash him down or whether he would reach the happy isles. Any new thrill (such as German sport) in one's traveling is

reason enough to sail."

And speaking of sailing to Europe, here's a helpful suggestion offered by *Sportswoman*. "A good preview to a trip to Europe is a visit to the Frich museum. The set-up compares quite favorably with a luxury liner—except that only one deck is open to you, the attendants don't serve tea, and some of the furniture is roped off. However, the floor will have that most charming of all qualities in floors: it will be on the level."

Of course, as this article subtly suggests, the real floor will not always be level. In this event, you may be forced to remain in your cabin. It is then that you will appreciate friends who read such advertisements as this one from *Travel*, "Daily bon voyage delivery on board of steamers each morning to the cabin. Corsage or a vase of flowers." I might add that the minimum charge is \$3.50 per day. If any of you are still interested and eager to be appreciated by a traveling

friend, I shall be glad to supply the address of this advertiser.

Today, a new mode of travel is becoming popular—travel by air. This innovation is fast teaching the modern traveling public of the pleasant freedom and relief of traveling light. No longer are eight trunks necessary for a 'round-the-world tour'. New Horizons tells us that air travel can save you about seven trunks because "Airliners take you from one place to another so quickly that you have no chance to wear out your vacation clothes before you get to the place you were supposed to spend your vacation."

Another thing that has bothered travelers before has been passports. But don't let this bother you. On the routes of the flying clipper ships in this hemisphere, according to *New Horizons*, "The majority of countries need simply a transit card for identification. And this is one of those very things that travel agents do remarkably well."

Nor need you wonder about the different kinds of money you will encounter on your trip. Dollars, pesos, pounds, lira, bolivars, milreis, guilders, gourds and soles all work out very simply if you take the advice given in *New Horizons*. "The thing to do is to take Traveler's checks in small denominations, or, if you contemplate an extended stopover, a letter of credit is handy."

Attention, shoppers! Here is a very practical suggestion from Harpers which may help to temper your shopping expeditions. "If you've a weakness for shopping, Yokohama will prove your undoing. Don't say you haven't been warned. Silks, jewelry, lacquerware, carvings, and paintings—they're all incredibly lovely and temptingly

inexpensive. In all the lands of antiquity you will find strange and beautiful things to buy, so do try to exercise control at the start." Sportswoman supplements this thought with "If you're wise, you may decide to buy your Swedish glass and Moroccan leather right in the United States, and bring home only a very special and talented collection of impressions."

And now, attention everyone! From Harpers comes this important thought. "In any event, wherever you may go, don't fail to take your camera. If you haven't one, beg, borrow, or even buy one. Even if you've never before clicked a shutter, you can hardly help taking interesting pictures, what with cameras being so foolproof and scenery so breath taking. And do you know about flash bulbs which permit

snapshots at night or indoors?"

Another contributor to *Harpers* has written "I do not despise guide books; they are, for many reasons, indispensable, but for a more sensitive insight into the ways of a people new to one, I recommend a different kind of book. This, then, is how you who are unable to journey may allay your travel fever. No matter what your travel whims may be, a good travel book will do much to satisfy them. Take an equal part of history, mix generously with sporting events, add glorious scenery, fun, and adventure, and you have a trip made to your choice."

But, whether traveling in fact or in fancy, you will in all probability find this passage from *Sportswoman* to be true. "There is said to be nothing new under the sun, and you'll agree in many parts of the world that this seems true. Also, you'll find, of course, that some of the

oldest things under the sun are the newest to you."

Virginia Hagerty.

#### @ O.

## Note of Pessimism

Now's the time for Wanderlust—yes, While the spring rains lay the dust, While hot summer's still ahead Picnic while the ant's abed. Smell the flowers before the bees, Go with Spring across the leas, And as you swing along the lane See clumps of green on the trees again. And while through cool damp wood you trip, Just think—you're probably catching grippe.

MARY OWENS.

# The Log of a Mountain Cruise

This is the log of a trip that was planned with a two-fold object—recreational and educational. Paterfamilias plotted the cruise after several nights of deep study of road maps, circulars, and

gasoline stations.

Like the finished product of a chemist who starts a bit of exploratory work, our final plan contained but little of the original ingredients. The recreational element lost all of its basic qualities and finally emerged as a mixture of tenseness, fright, and near tragedy. The educational element was diluted with so many extraneous substances that it evolved into a harrowing adventure.

The crew of the ship consisted of the skipper—paterfamilias—mother, grandmother, myself, and a French poodle. I was the one to

be educated.

Now for the log.

July 1, 193-. We set sail in a model T Ford. Catonsville reached under full steam. This is not an exaggeration, for the skipper, absent-minded as a college professor, overlooked refreshing the radiator. Several minutes lost in replenishing water supply. Set sail again. Road maps forgotten. Retraced course. Over half-hour lost. All nerves are a bit tense. A six o'clock departure finally becomes a nine o'clock one. Under full sail again. First port—Frederick. Refueled. Ship's carburetor leaks. Forge on, however. Hagerstown sighted. Cheers from rear seat. The skipper takes most of the commands now from over his shoulder. Pull into nearest quay for repairs and night's rest.

July 2. Up early. Skipper brings ship to hotel door. We move out majestically toward Cumberland. The mountain climb puts severe strain on our bark. The scenery is gorgeous. Sun paints the sky scarlet. Mountain peaks rise in distance like French cathedrals. Peace seems to reign. Bang! two tires collapse. The radiator cap under pressure of steam pops high into the air. The French poodle joins in the chorus.

One hour delay.

Paterfamilias grits his teeth, "We will make Winchester, Virginia,

or bust." The Model T seems to echo his sentiments.

Off again. It seems that we climb one mountain after another. Now and again we flash by an orchard, all abloom. Shades of night are falling. Mother suggests stopping at a wayside inn. Skipper, his face set in firm lines, overrules proposal, "We must go on," he hisses. Midnight. It is just one mountain after another. Nerves are ragged. Mother recalls her early suggestion. Not a soul sighted. Three o'clock in the morning when we see a hill-billy trudging back from sweetheart's home. "Youse are on the wrong road to Winchester," he

sleepily informs us. Retrace course and finally land in Winchester at

five o'clock next morning.

July 3. Plumbers visit hotel early in morning and ply their trade in most disturbing fashion. Arise out of sorts. Hotel clerk informs us that we are too late for breakfast. Eat sandwiches on curb. Don't dare speak for war clouds darken the skies. Mother now in charge of ship. We are on our way home. Somehow the car travels faster and smoother.

Hit Harper's Ferry.

Grandmother sights bear in woods. Skipper opens throttle wide. Scouts idea of bear, however. Reach home as night descends. My education was enhanced but slightly. Thrills replaced repose. Skipper declares trip was huge success. Mother takes issue sharply. "If we had stopped at 'the wayside inn,' the adventure would have been perfect," she avers.

K. Morrow.



## The Traveler

#### DOWN BELOW

When earth again begins to breathe, then I With steady stride a winding white road climb Through avenue of pale frilled trees, where time Is scaled by shadows flung as sun drifts by.

Straight up that hill I fly to where the sun Lives all day long with her own sister light, The golden flower whose petals a promise bright Of shining life swift nod to everyone.

#### FAR OUT

Dream of the silently moving green sea, Lolling between her two distant strange shores, Swelling in sunlight from her dark floors, Prickling with raindrops, or on a wind spree.

God, send a ship that shall lie with the sea, Following the tide to the farthest new land, Surging with wind in his wild swirling hand, Swelling with swell of the long green sea.

MARGARET COOLEY.

# Up Charles Street

(By a travler who remained)

Tony, the flower vender, beckoned to me as I ambled up Charles Street. Always on his usual corner, he spreads good cheer to everyone with his lovely flowers. His jonquils are the first signs of spring; in fact, each season is ushered in by his sweet blossoms. On a day like today, when the streets are full of people walking and driving, it seems hard to believe that just fifty years ago, this great boulevard was only a country road. The only landmark of the old road is an old rowboat full of blooming flowers on the lawn of a residence. Now, the street has almost everything on it from the modern to the primitive. There are schools, churches, museums, libraries,

night clubs, a park, shops, and many houses.

Charles Street has a tempo all its own; one that influences the people and streets around. The people seem to love it and love being a part of it. Every Easter, young and old don their new finery and parade up and down this thoroughfare. The people themselves make it what it is—the axis of our city. Every profession is represented here—from the doctor to the shopkeeper. Most of the young people are students of the neighboring colleges. Fraternity houses and dormitories furnish homes for the out-of-town students. As I walk down the street I meet many types of people from every profession: lawyers, doctors, professors, laymen, religious leaders, Catholic sisters, and, last but not least, our street curiosity, an actor of the long forgotten silent movie days.

As for the homes that line our street—they vary from the most imposing to the simple and plain. There are many large apartment houses, stone, brick, and marble, which are very "sky-scrapery" and impressive. Some of the larger private residences are noted in the Encyclopedia Britannica for being some of the most substantial ones in the city. Farther down, I come to my house—one of those plain, simple red brick domiciles in a block with many others like it (but mine has white marble steps and a brass railing). There is no room left for building purposes—all of the ground not covered already by buildings is taken up as lawns and campuses of public or private institutions.

My opportunities for entertainment are many and diverse. Good times can be found by all at any time in my neighborhood. During the winter, the Sports Center is the headquarters for ice-hockey games and skating; but in the summer, Mayfair Gardens, a supper club, makes a grand substitute. Night clubs, here and there on our street, furnish dancing and dining places for the gay and frivolous. Three

movie houses are always popular places for entertainment and amusement. The Guild Theatre, our show house, is famous for its plays which are put on by local and national talent. Lakewood Swimming Pool, the favorite meeting place of the young and old all during the summer months, is always a place of beauty. Libraries—Enoch Pratt, circulation, and private ones, afford much help during the leisure time; museums—Baltimore Art Museum and the Museum of Natural Science are "meat" for me in my more cultural moods.

When I first moved into this neighborhood, I visited a church a Sunday to get acquainted with them all. Most of the denominations are represented, as is shown in this list of our places of worship: St. Michael's and All Angels, St. Mark's Lutheran, Seventh Baptist, University Baptist, First Methodist, Wilson Memorial, St. Peter and St. James, and the Episcopal Cathedral. What surprised me most in regard to all of the churches that I have visited has been the music. The organists and singers are exceptionally good, and compositions rendered exquisitely by greatest masters of church music are offered by all. Most of the church buildings, made of marble or grey-stone, are large and have large congregations.

People with growing children should be "pleased as Punch" with the educational facilities. An elementary school for the children, Seton High School, a private school for girls, Goucher College, and Johns Hopkins University, higher schools of learning, cover the whole field of education. Libraries and museums help all of the students when

it comes to research work.

Chain stores, small grocery stores, Green-Fairbanks, and North Avenue Market sell groceries of all sorts. Hucksters bring fresh fruits and vegetables from the country twice a week. Several restaurants and dining rooms are on Charles Street and the neighboring streets, and are very much in vogue during the months when the families go away leaving the fathers behind.

I fear our neighborhood will repeat the history of other communities. Probably business will take the place of the houses; shops, the place of residences. How I hope that we, the present citizens of our community, will be able to keep our street as it is today—the

proud, beautiful axis of our fair city.

L. HEADLEY.



# Cheap Travel

HEAP? It's even profitable! At least it was for me. I left home with \$10.30 and returned after an absence of six weeks and a trip of over 2,000 miles with \$11.20.

Yes, hitch-hiking is a cheap method, but profitable only if one has relatives along the path of travel. If one really has a desire for "bumming" it, he can make his expenses almost "nil." I actually spent on

the whole trip about \$26.00. A brief account will explain.

I left home one morning early and arrived in New York that eve-Due to the fact that the officials of the Grand Central R.R. do not like people to sleep in their stations, I was forced to spend the night on a bench in Central Park. The next day I arrived in Boston. I had spent only \$1.50 so far. I couldn't find my aunt's home, and was apprehended by a man in a blue suit with brass buttons, because I looked suspicious on the dark street as I walked close to the houses to see the numbers. After the guardian of the peace searched me and my bag, and I proved my innocence, he helped me find my aunt's home. She was not in. Neither was any one else. So the man in the blue suit, etc., took me to the police station and let me sleep there. It wasn't bad at all. Try it sometime. Next morning I saw my aunt. She was leaving that day for Gorham, N.H., which was my final destination in New Hampshire. I could have gone with her but I decided to stop in Nashua to see another aunt. My cousin was there, and in a few days her mother came for her. Again I could have gone to Gorham. Instead I stopped in "The only Henniker in the World." My uncle is the police force there. Another cousin was there and when her husband came for her I went on to Gorham, and then decided to go to the World's Fair. Of four nights on the road I spent two in police stations (at my own request) one in a "Community Home," and the other night I got a room. In Chicago I paid twenty-five cents a night for a room—it was clean, too. I stayed there for a week. On the way home I spent one night in a police station, got a room the next night for fifteen cents, and the third day I was home.

Hitch-hiking has its advantages. One can meet many types of interesting people. Some will talk you to death; some will rarely speak. Some will ask you to drive. Some will treat you to lunch or dinner. Some will invite you to stay at their homes. Some will stop before you ask them. More will keep going after you ask them. Hitch-hiking in this manner is very interesting and educational. One can learn many

helpful things traveling in this manner.

In all my days of hitch-hiking I have never had any trouble with people who picked me up.

To any one who would like to try "bumming" it, let me give a few hints.

1. Be clean, always.

2. Never ask to sleep in the police station of a big city. They have enough business. The small towns are glad to help out.

3. Don't hesitate to sleep in Community Homes. They are usually

very clean. They even make you take a bath.

4. If a person wants to treat you, let him.

5. Never take a room for less than twenty-five cents, and be

careful when you go that low.

6. If you are picked up by a salesman who is half tight, sing. That will slow him down about ten miles per hour. I sang for twenty-five miles one night. I had to sing because the fellow I was with was playing the mouth organ while he steered the car with his knees.

## See Maryland

"I'm going to save my money and go abroad." This is quite a favorite saying among the prospective teachers at State Teachers College. But, why wait until several years have elapsed to begin traveling? There are many picturesque spots within a radius of a hundred miles.

Some pretty Saturday or Sunday drive to the western part of your State. Near the foot of South Mountain is a road which seems to lead nowhere. Follow this road and you will find yourself climbing hill after hill, each of which is covered with trees of all sizes. At the top of the mountain is the second monument erected to the memory of George Washington. The marker is a circular structure of native stone. It had fallen into decay, but through the efforts of patriotic citizens a C.C.C. detachment from Fort Frederick was called to restore it. As a result of their efforts the memorial now stands on the mountain in the same form as when first built in 1827.

Members of the community purchased ten acres of land encircling the marker and deeded it to the State of Maryland with a stipulation that the monument be rebuilt and a park created. Not only have these provisions been carried out, but an improved road to the site has been

constructed.

Take this drive soon, see the Barbara Frietchie country and avail yourself of the opportunity to visit the restored landmark which originally was erected twenty-eight years after the death of the first President.

IRENE SHANK.

### I Must be Out

EDITORS' NOTE: The following poem, recently published by the poetry magazine, *Decimal*, a quarterly of Newport, Rhode Island, was written by Mary Ann Douglas of the class of 1935, a former Editor of the Tower Light.

When great winds rise up and sweep through the night I must be out running Somewhere on a hill; Not just watching, Listening, Cold and still.

It is always when great winds swirl and cry out I must forth and find you
To run with me, and feel
The sweet mad ecstasy that we knew well
As children who hand in hand
Raced the wind's swell.

I must be out running Somewhere on a hill, Not just listening, Waiting, White and still.



## On To Washington!

The dull gray sky which seemed to be reflected in the waters of the lake would have made the day very depressing had it not been for the hues of the surrounding trees. Overhanging the stone walk and even the edges of the lake, slender branches covered with delicate pink blossoms bowed, while merging into and completely inclosing the cherry blossoms was the new spring green of the buds that had just come out on the other trees. The frame for this picture was a wide expanse of emerald grass broken only by more of the fresh tinted buds which stood at attention on either side of the winding roads. In following one of these roads a startling contrast to the bleak sky offered itself, a blaze of magnolia trees came into view and with the vivid coloring added its part to the delight of the day.



## Wonderland Around the Corner

ALL roads lead but to the grave, nevertheless you might as well see as much as possible while on the way. Now is the time to see the world, and never was there a more wondrous sphere to explore. Neither has it ever in the past been so easy to travel as today. Steerage or first class—by tramp steamer or canoe—tin lizzie or on the thumb—it is no matter how you go, but go! Teachers can talk glibly about Japan or Puerto Rico, Russia or the South Sea Isles, but how many of you have seen these places for yourselves? Don't wait until you are fifty to check up on the geography books—do it now!

And incidentally, do a bit of planning for your trips. There's no disgrace in being ignorant about Arizona if you've never been there—but woe to him who returns without having seen the Grand Canyon. There are two accepted ways of making trips. One is, just to drop everything, grab your camera and toothbrush, and dash away across the country in search of adventure. To be sure, this lack of system, has its disadvantages. When you get back—there is always some place that you missed. But there is a certain gallant bravado—a carefree nonchalance and abandon about—such impetuousness, that has a fascination at times almost irresistible. The other way, and really the only sensible practice for long trips, is to plan your travels ahead of time. Guide books, geographies, travel booklets, nature manuals and road maps all may be studied carefully. But for traveling near at home, I repeat, the "Let's up and dash away" method gets results—and surprises!

It isn't necessary to go far from home to see the world. As little as two or three days of determined footwork, leisurely plodding up sidestreets and alleys, with the resolve to notice what you see, will reveal to you some amazing aspects of Baltimore City. You will also acquire

a profound sympathy for the beat patrolman.

Your city is a vast industrial and commercial center; if you don't



believe that, just glance through the yellow section of the telephone book. Baltimore has its foreign quarters, as well as New York City. Baltimore has its slums—not strictly tenement houses, but still the very highest class, slummiest of slums. Walk up and down through the negro sections—back of Fremont and Harlem Avenues; see the Italian quarters south of Baltimore Street, around Gough and Exeter Streets, or the Polish and Lithuanian neighborhoods of Camden; visit the great oil refineries of the Continental and Standard Oil companies; trek down to the shipping terminals and talk to the stevedores on the docks of the Baltimore Mail Line. The little peninsula whose tip is Fort McHenry is one of Baltimore's oldest settlements; besides being a great railway center, it is curiously drab to explore. Get a good map—and then study it. There are free maps in every gas station. Just ask.

Vary your explorations of the city with tramps through the surrounding counties. Don't aim to get some place . . . take it easy. What can you see along the way? As 'city guys,' it's surprising how ignorant we are of the most elementary facts of rural life. Looking at an emerald field of young green shoots, I said, 'How fast the grass is coming up!' 'This is winter wheat,' said my companion. There is so much to learn!

The country has no roar of traffic, no street cars or belching smokestacks—but other sights and sounds call for interpretation. Birds, trees, flowers, and insects are there; the camera you carried in the city is still good, but add to it binoculars and pocket magnifying glass. And what sort of teacher is he or she who doesn't collect an occasional specimen or three from along the roadside?

So the wanderlust is in your blood, inherited no doubt from adventurous, nomadic ancestors of centuries past. Therefore, when you come to a road you never passed before, take it! Otherwise, you are wasted. There is no thrill quite like that of being lost. And you soon find there is no case for fear. Instead, you gain a new independence; you become free!

## Travel in the Antarctic

Y experience through travel may be expressed as Bruce Reynolds says in his A Cocktail Continentale—"It is a grand and glorious feeling to have been nowhere and seen nothing. The prize dumbbell of the crowd! In conversation, about as important as a freckle on a gnat's knee. As useful as a glass eye at a keyhole. And so green you thought buttermilk came from butterflies."

Impressed by my lack of the cosmopolitan touch and ability to talk glibly of Mozambique and all points east I secured an interview with one who has really traveled. The subject of my interview was Captain William F. Verleger, ex-commander of the Byrd expedition

flagship, Jacob Ruppert.

Early in February, 1934, Captain Verleger, who had safely landed the Byrd party on the Ross Barrier after terrific difficulties with crumbling ice, prepared to return to New Zealand before the long, sunless

Antarctic winter set in.

"We had concluded a final broadcast from Little America and, after goodbyes to Admiral Byrd and his party, a dog team started to bring another officer and me to the Jacob Ruppert lying just off the barrier. We lost our way in the snowstorm and I became thoroughly chilled."

Later Captain Verleger contracted pneumonia and was desperately ill. A few days later the ship encountered a howling storm and the captain was washed from his bunk by a tremendous wave. "Somehow or other I managed to stagger up to the bridge and take command of the vessel. The storm finally waned and I was carried below. But I couldn't seem to shake off the effects of my illness, so Admiral Byrd ordered me to come back to the United States. I protested, but finally decided that if I wanted to keep on living I had better return to this country."

Captain Verleger retired from the navy in 1924 as lieutenant, but his taste for strange lands, so characteristic of those who travel, led him to apply for the captaincy of the Byrd flagship. He was selected from a long list of candidates for the post, although members of the expedition receive only a nominal salary for their labors—one cent

each per month.

At the Bay of Whales great difficulties were encountered because of the constant breaking up of the ice from the edge of the barrier. Here the captain had his first escape from death, when the Jacob Ruppert was endangered because the ice was caving in again. Captain Verleger leaped across to the barrier surface leading six other men, and began to loose the cables. As soon as the ship was free it steamed

away because of the danger. When the captain and his men started inland for Pressure Ridge Camp, they were obliged to leap across a slowly widening chasm, and within a few moments the ice upon which

they had been standing collapsed into the sea.

The captain describes the Antarctic as a place of "desolate grandeur." The Jacob Ruppert sailed from Boston in October, 1934, carrying ninety-nine men, and reached Antarctic waters in December. One thousand miles south of New Zealand the ship began encountering icebergs, and from that time Captain Verleger lived in a region where the sun never set, and cold and ice were everywhere. "One day, I remember, we encountered 4,200 bergs in twenty-four hours," the captain recalled. "They ranged in size from masses of ice a hundred feet or so in diameter up to high mountains fifteen miles long and a mile wide." The ice conditions made travel extremely difficult, but the Jacob Ruppert went farther into these uncharted seas than any other ship had previously been able to penetrate.

Captain Verleger lives in New Canaan, Connecticut. He has

recently been made Admiral of the State of Nebraska.

M. Cunningham.

#### 600 B

## A Story of Red Sunday

"TICTOR ALEXANDROVICH, we meet tonight at half-twelve in Cherapova," whispered Matvaoff, and then slipped away quietly down the boulevard, unnoticed. Victor Alexandrovich walked, seemingly entirely disinterested, onward as if he had not heard what the speaker of a moment before had said. But his mind was working actively as he walked. This was December, 1904. The Tsar had promised the peasants of Russia the long-sought-for reform, but instead, he appointed General Trepoff, a most vigorous reactionary, as the new chief of police. Something had to be done. The Tsar promised one thing and did another. This was not good. The meeting would settle that. The Tsar had overstepped his bounds. He had fooled with them long enough. They would make plans—secret plans in the dark woods of Cherapova and then....

"Dobra Vetchra Mat!" greeted Victor Alexandrovich casually, as he entered the low narrow door of his rather comfortable shelter. His mother kissed him tenderly on the cheek and he returned the embrace. "Supper has awaited you these last two hours," she spoke

gently in Russian.

"I am neither hungry nor could I eat if I were," answered Victor Alexandrovitch. His mother looked at him, afraid to ask what she longed to know. He read it in her soft eyes and continued, "We meet at midnight," he spoke solemnly. "I must be there. We must plan. You are to keep the girls within doors tonight. There may be trouble."

· His mother did not answer. She busied herself with her supper even though he did not wish food. She was hardened to such occasions. They had been going on for many years. First, Abraham, her husband, went; now Victor, her young son went. She was afraid, but she said nothing. The Russian men fought in the revolution with arms; the Russian mothers fought with their hearts. It was a noble cause. She could not say nay. And if she did—he was his father's son.

He ate his meal mechanically. He was in another world. He did not notice his mother, but her eyes were constantly upon him. Life was so treacherous. She had nursed him for all these years. This might be their last night together. She dared not sigh but bled in-

ternally.

The moon had already risen high in the heavens when Victor Alexandrovich left for the meeting place. In his boot was concealed an ugly rabbit knife, in his jacket, an automatic. He looked neither to right nor left. Many faces he passed were familiar to him, but he did not greet them, no-nor even nod. It was better that way. If no one recognized him he was glad. The swine who spied for the Tsar would sell one out for five roubles.

The woods were dark. He could not see ten feet in front of him. He could see no fires, no guiding lamps; yet, he walked hastily, certainly onward as if he were led by an inner spirit. Then, from utter darkness he found himself in the midst of his comrades who had gathered here for the same purpose. There was no light. It was a good hiding place. It had to be. The business was illegal. It had to be a good hiding place.

Victor Alexandrovich was an honored member. He had studied in Germany. He knew the ways of secret organizations. He was a district leader, but this was not a district meeting. This was more

important. This was a state-wide meeting.

They had waited long enough. Word had come from the leader to march on to St. Petersburg, and march they would, but, the time was not ripe at present. They had to wait the signal from the Center. "Be prepared!" said the leader, "any day now."

January 20! January 20, 1905! Orders from the Center. on to St. Petersburg!" One hundred thousand strong they marched, and Victor Alexandrovich marched with them. All of five hundred miles—by train, by wagon, by horse, by foot—in two days! No rest!

January 22! January 22, 1905! They marched into St. Petersburg. All one hundred thousand! All unarmed! They wanted reform. They would get reform, or else . . . .

The "holy man," he who had been selected by the *leader*, led them. Straight to the tremendous square before the palace of Nicholas II, in the city which had been built almost two centuries before by Peter the Great, they marched silently. There was complete organization. The priest called a halt when the vast army reached the palace. Alone, he stepped forward from the throng and addressed the palace doors. "Nicholas II, Tsar of All the Russias, we would have audience with you!" And Tsar Nicholas II appeared on the balcony surrounded by an armed guard.

"You have audience!" he shouted, "Proceed!" And the "holy man" proceeded. "We have gathered here from the ends of your vast Empire. We are poor. We ask not food. We are shelterless. We ask not shelter. We are alive. But we do demand liberty. Long have you sworn your allegiance to us. Long have we given our allegiance to you. We have defended you from your foreign foes. We ask but little. Give us our freedom! Give us our promised duma. Give us our speech

and press.'

"You have come from afar and I have not been warned. You gather here and demand liberties on the moment's notice. But I do not refuse. Remain outside. Within the hour you shall have your answer." And so they waited, gullible ones. Had they not yet learned the falseness of their tyrant? Had they not yet learned of his deceit? Oh, poor wretches, never shall that day be forgotten, that Red Sunday, for without a word of warning, from all sides, from east, from west, from north, from south came the guard; came armed resistance, and without a word, they opened fire upon the defenseless masses. They shot them down heartlessly, in cold blood. The streets were stained forever by the blood of the fallen on that Sunday. Eighty thousand received liberty that day; that liberty that comes when all trouble is over; when peace comes at last. They were the fortunate.

#### **& © \_ 3**

## Our Alumni

Gross, Helen	Grades one-three, Harford County
Hale, Ruth	Grades one and two, Baltimore County
	Baltimore City



## Why Not a Garden?

Tresponsibilities or your pocketbook determine for you this summer no "sand between the toes," console yourself with a garden. It may vary in size from an old dishpan in a sunny window to patterned borders; but whatever its size, it will bring an immense return in satisfaction. There is no activity upon which you spend time, thought and energy, that brings such dependable results. From the following simple suggestions you may cull an idea that will inspire you.

A woods corner:

Select a shaded corner against the house and cover about three inches deep with leaf mold and earth brought from the woods. Plant ferns as a background and fill in with bloodroot, hepatica, saxifrage, spring beauty, May apples, Jack in the Pulpit, wild geranium, and wind flowers. This garden of wild flowers will return each spring without cultivation, and will let you know what is blooming in the woods. Such a bit of forest at one's door recalls many joyous outings and is an incentive for more.

A souvenir rockery:

Plan a rockery to be constructed of stones brought back from walks and automobile trips. These little bits of many places, chosen for their variety in form and color, offer an interesting background for your sedums and rock plants and are a memory book "written in the rocks."

A water garden:

Sink into the ground in a sunny spot a large bucket, tub or even an old bath tub. (Butter tubs can be bought at the chain stores for a quarter, and old bath tubs at junk yards for a dollar or less.) Decorate the earth around the edge with rocks and plantings of moneywort. This plant will trail around the rocks, into the water and bear delicate yellow blossoms. Put a foot of rich earth into your receptacle and plant water lily roots—one for a bucket; five for a bath tub. Add some goldfish to increase the charm, and a few aquatic plants that rise above the surface, such as arrow lily, water parsnip, water hyacinth and water poppy. You will have a garden that will flourish with almost no attention. There can be no drought for such a garden, nor do devouring insects trouble it. The birds and dragon flies that come to enjoy it are a great addition to the pleasures it will provide you. A miniature rainbow garden:

An uninviting sandy but sunny spot turns into a garden of white, pink, red, yellow, and orange glory if you sprinkle it with portulaca

seed (Mexican roses) and water it regularly.

In his essay upon the American Scholar, Emerson says, "There is

virtue yet in the hoe and the spade for learned as well as for unlearned hands "

Thus it is apparent that young school teachers should find a gardening hobby a fine balance for the study and human contacts which make the professional side of their lives. Try it once. You will never be willing to give it up.

HELEN C. STAPLETON.

#### 6 U

## "Away To the Gaspe!"

THE Gaspe Peninsula up to 1928 was an unknown and isolated country. Today it is the delight of tourists from all regions. In 1920 the Department of Colonization, realizing the need for this region to be opened up and allowed to develop along normal lines, began the construction of a road around the peninsula. Later the Department of Roads finished the route, and in 1928 it was thrown open to traffic. It begins at Riviere de Loup and extends into New Brunswick.

The inhabitants of this region are French Canadians, hard working and friendly. There is something very pathetic about these people; they seem so utterly cut off from the modern world, yet you feel certain they experience a subconscious longing for it. This may be because there are few automobiles (the ox-cart and horse-and-buggy suffice), and no means of communication except the mail. The villages are widely separated and consist of only twenty or twenty-five houses. But always, no matter how small each community may be, there is a

church about which the village life seems to revolve.

The region itself is most beautiful. The St. Lawrence River accompanied us to Gaspe, and there it met the Atlantic Ocean. At times we drove only a few yards from the river; on one side the rocky coast, on the other—a sheer mountain wall. At times we left the level river drive and steadily climbed steep mountains not knowing what would greet us at the top. Sometimes it was a level stretch. At other times, it was a sudden drop. Now we were on the top of a mountain looking down upon the treetops and gazing at mountain peaks behind us, and the great St. Lawrence before us. Now we were in a valley hardly able to see the top of the mountain, with a dense wood on either side. We went through such villages as St. Fabien, Trois-Pistoles, Grande-Vallee, Madeleine, Restigouche, and many others, all beautiful in their French simplicity and strange folk-lore.

It was an invigorating trip; the old in sharp contrast to the new, the beautiful mixed with the ugly, and the evidences of gradual awak-

ening after centuries of dozing.

DOROTHY FASTIE.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson

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\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

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#### Travel and Study

It is generally conceded that there are three ways in which teachers can most profitably spend their summers: travel, study, and work in some other field. Greatly to be desired is the combination of two of these avocations. Consequently, the "study as you travel" courses now being offered by many universities are becoming increasingly popular. Look into them.

#### A Traveler's Tale

THERE was once a man who was captain of a stout ship. Able he was, and wise, but years were bending his shoulders and bleaching his beard, so he called his nephews before him and spoke to

them in these words:

"My boys, the time has come for you to prepare yourselves for the responsibility which will be yours. When I am gone, you will be entrusted with this noble ship; you will determine her course; you will be accountable for her cargo. Therefore, I am sending you to a place of learning where you may be instructed in the arts necessary for the proper management of the ship."

The nephews were deeply moved by their uncle's words and, assuring him of their desire to live up to his hopes and expectations,

they hied themselves to the place of learning.

Many years later they rejoined their uncle, and after they had all

greeted him in the proper manner, he said unto them:

"My nephews, it is fitting, while I am yet here to help you if need be, that from now on you take complete charge of the ship with no interference from me except in case of emergency."

So it was that the old captain retired to his cabin, and the nephews

took upon themselves the directing of the steady ship.

A long while they sailed without mischance, when suddenly they found themselves in the midst of a sea of water spouts, one of which

hit their vessel squarely and raised dreadful havoc with it.

The old man was disturbed by the unseemly gyrations of his boat, and he scrambled on deck to see what his nephews were doing to preserve the ship in this time of peril. He found them deeply engrossed in various books upon the history of ship carpentry, the principles of oiling troubled waters, and the philosophy of mathematical, astronomical, and radio navigation. When he rebuked them for thus occupying themselves at such crucial moments, they replied unto him, saying:

"My dear Uncle, there are, as our noble instructors have always told us, any number of possible solutions to this evil which has befallen us, and all of them have their good points and their bad points. What we must do is gather the facts of the situation, consider each suggested solution in a perfectly neutral manner, consider the traditions of this

ship and then act in a totally non-partisan fashion."

"But, my nephews, our vessel will go to pieces entirely if you do not quickly close her leaks, clear her decks, replace her sail, and lay a

course out of this storm-swept area!"

"Now, now, Uncle! You are trying to indoctrinate us! You must follow the example of our worthy professors who presented to us all

the facts they knew and then told us how we could get still other facts; only when we knew all the facts were we to use our own immature minds to reason the whole question through and arrive at the solution. Strange to say, however, we never had what were considered enough facts to attempt to answer any such vital question as the one we are now facing, and so we are quite unprepared to handle this situation."

And the old man's heart was so full of disgust for the teacher of

his nephews that all he could say was:

"Hell!"

**RES** 

# The Music Educators National Conference

#### A Symposium

#### MUSIC EDUCATORS IN NEW YORK

THE week of March 29 to April 3, 1936, during which some eight thousand music educators from all parts of the United States convened in New York City in the interests of music, afforded a rich feast of musical and educational features. The occasion was, as the National Conference President, Herman F. Smith, said, "A three-in-one combination of convention, festival, and school."

From the wide range of topics, speakers, round-tables, demonstrations, and musical events, music educators received sufficient guidance, thought-stimulation, and inspiration to carry them back to their own communities believing more firmly than ever in the purpose of their national organization; namely, "to make music a living force in the life of the nation and of every citizen by discovering, encouraging and developing, as a part of the educational routine, every child's interest

and talent in music."

There were moments during this conference when one felt inspired, even carried away by just being a part of a great audience in which music was the common interest. To hear three thousand elementary and highschool children raise their voices in song, accompanied by a highschool symphony orchestra, at a festival given by the New York Public Schools in Madison Square Garden, was an experience not soon to be forgotten. To be in the audience when children presented Dr. Walter Damrosch with a beautiful tribute for all that he had done to enrich their lives musically, gave one the feeling of having participated in an historic musical event. To hear Mrs. August Belmont, Chairman

of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, with all her charm, her beautiful speaking voice, and perfect diction, was a privilege. Mrs. Belmont at the National Conference Dinner challenged the group to awaken within the youth of today a desire for the best in music, that such an institution as the Metropolitan Opera Company may live and contribute to making America a great musical nation. To attend the International Folk Festival at the Metropolitan Opera House and see the dances of Arabia, Armenia, Bulgaria, Denmark, England, Finland, France, Germany, Scotland, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States, made one realize that the New York Folk Festival Council, through its many member groups, is weaving into the pattern of American life the music, the dances and the best of the cultures of the people who are helping to make the United States of tomorrow.

And so one came away from such a rich experience, marveling at the perfection of performance of not only one choral group, but of many such organizations; of not just one band but of the many instrumental ensembles, heard during the week. One realized, as never before, that it is to such school organizations as these that we must look for the fostering of musical art in America.

HAZEL MACDONALD.

## HOME THOUGHTS ON THE MUSIC EDUCATORS CONFERENCE

Apart from sheer pleasure, one derives from a national music conference emotional and spiritual stimulus, and new and challenging ideas.

One comes away with renewed pride and faith in music as a chosen profession; one has experienced the *esprit de corps* that develops with finding oneself a member of a company of many thousands who have a common purpose; one has felt pride in the accomplishment of fellow teachers as exhibited by the work of many choruses, orchestras, and bands; and one is glad to be among those to whose teaching is entrusted the beautiful art of music.

This sounds like smug complacency. Not a bit of it. There is another emotion, engendered by a music educators conference, which is not conducive to any reclining in placid satisfaction. The conference suggests too loudly, "Go, and do thou, likewise." Perfect, indeed, must he be in his own conceit, who is not filled with the spirit of emulation by such rich and varied offerings, who does not have new vistas open up to him.

Specifically, for me, the conference did several things. First of all, it reaffirmed my faith in the slogan, "Music for every child, and every child for music." Secondly, as the Glee Club may suspect, it renewed my determination to set an even higher standard for our performances. And the sight of so many gowned choruses rewhetted my desire to see our Glee Club gowned in academic costume, so that we may look as much like a unified ensemble as we hope we sound. Finally, visits to the National Broadcasting Company's studios, and some demonstrations there, opened up possible new opportunities for usefulness in the field of educational broadcasting.

EMMA WEYFORTH.

#### MUSIC EDUCATORS CONFERENCE

The current issue of *Musical America*, after devoting several pages to the Music Educators National Conference, regrets that it has not been able to so much as mention all of the events. Attending the conference, I could but regret that it was impossible to be present at all of the sessions. Even so, I came home with food for thought. I hear again, in memory, the music performed by various school organizations, or recall the ideas presented by leading music educators. To bring you anything of the music is impossible in writing. I must content myself with the educational theories.

The entire membership of the conference is devoted to the ideal of music for everyone. It is not agreed upon the philosophy of teaching music. One group seems to believe that the love of music is a fragile thing. To these people the teaching of technical facts seems very dangerous. They are certain there will be unhappy results. The other group believes that the love of music is innate and that it seeks expression. To them, it becomes a matter of course to teach facts or skills whenever they may be contributory to freedom of musical expression. Judging from the audience reaction to speakers, this latter group is in the majority.

Attending sessions of the instrumentalists, I again found two opposing theories, only now pertaining to the development of musical expression through instruments. Perhaps they are specific examples of the general philosophies referred to in the foregoing paragraph. Be that as it may, some instrumentalists believe in class lessons on heterogeneous groups of instruments. They feel that the chief object is to become acquainted with instruments and to learn something of what it means to play in an orchestra or band. Really learning to play

the instrument may come at some future date. Other teachers are equally devoted to class lessons, but only on homogeneous groups of instruments. They believe that time and effort expended should enable the student to play well, whatever he attempts to play at all. To them, haphazard results are the foe of musical growth and also of musical appreciation. It is obvious that these teachers do not lack for numbers in their organizations as is shown by the marvelous band of the Joliet Township High School. This band is the outcome of experience in music and careful teaching from the grades up.

Finally, the conference is gradually developing the music departments of the schools into a peoples' conservatory. Eventually this will lead to a non-professional, music-loving, music-performing, and music-consuming public, to be found alike in city and country. Hence, I am convinced more than ever, that all who teach music must demand of themselves and of their students the best, be it in choice of music, or in manner of performance. To this end, you, the students of this

College, may contribute.

ELMA PRICKETT.

EN (1)

## The Library---at Your Service

CLEMENS, SAMUEL L.—"The Innocents Abroad"—New York: Harper and Bros.: c. 1911, 409 pp. Two volumes.

"Excursion to the Holy Land, Egypt, The Crimea, Greece, and Intermediate Points of Interest." Thus was Mark Twain

tempted to go abroad in 1867.

The Quaker City left New York in June, 1867. One of Twain's first experiences was that with the captains. Each time he did something, a different captain would correct him until finally, "Now I ask you, do you think I could venture to throw a rock here in any direction without hitting a captain of the ship?"

"Well, sir; I don't know, I think likely you'll fetch the captain of the watch, maybe, because he's a-standing right yonder in the way."

Several nights at sea, the party danced on the upper deck. The

description is rich:

"Our music consisted of the well-mixed strains of a melodeon which was a little asthmatic and apt to catch its breath where it ought to come out strong; a clarinet which was a little unreliable on the high keys and rather melancholy on the low ones; and a disreputable accordion that had a leak somewhere and breathed louder than it squawked. The Virginia Reel, as performed on board the Quaker City, had more genuine reel than ever I saw before."

Twain's description of one of the passengers is amusing: "The Oracle is an innocent old ass who eats for four and looks wiser than the whole Academy of France would have any right to look; never uses a one-syllable work when he can think of a larger one, and never by any possible chance knows the meaning of any long word he uses; or ever gets it in the right place; yet he will serenely venture an opinion on the most abstruse subject, and back it up complacently with quotations from authors who never existed, and finally when cornered will slide to the other side of the question, and come back at you with your own spoken arguments, only with the big words all tangled, and play them in your very teeth as original with himself."

The descriptions of France, Spain, the Azores are likewise exceedingly humorous. If you've never before had the desire to travel, you will after reading this book. Twain's style will never grow old. It is still as fresh and clever today as it was in 1911. If we can't go to Europe in actuality, we can at least go merrily on à la Twain.

#### Other Travel Books (already reviewed):

- 1. Anne M. Lindbergh-"North to the Orient"
- 2. Rockwell Kent-"Salamina"

#### A Guide to Educational Features of Baltimore.

Made by Freshman I and IV: State Teachers College at Towson: 1935-36.

The guide has as its purpose to aid students and teachers in finding authentic information on Baltimore. The guide has been compiled as a result of a felt need to know Baltimore better. Dr. Tall first expressed the need, and it was realized in actuality by Miss Bersch, who directed the preparation of this document. It includes associations, banks, cemeteries, churches, government of Baltimore, hospitals, hotels, industrial organizations, libraries, markets, monuments, museums, notable Baltimoreans, parks, radio stations, residential districts, schools, theaters, transportation, and water supply. Each student shared in making the guide, which contains much worthwhile information. It is shelved in the reference room. Read it and know your Baltimore.

#### **ENO**

Hubby and friend wife were going over the family budget. Frequently, he ran across an item, "H.O.K."

"My dear," he said, "what is this H.O.K.?"

"Heaven Only Knows," she replied.

## The College Record

#### Assemblies

March 20

Ponsored by the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity, Dr. Ivan E. Mc-Dougle, Professor of Sociology at Goucher College and Research Professor of Pennsylvania Relief, gave us one of the most thought-provoking and dynamic talks of the year—"Facing Reality."

"This is a terrible age to live in." Economically we are living in the Twentieth Century, but socially we are still back in the days of the Confederation. Laws enacted for the purpose of alleviating distress fail to accomplish their aim. In the midst of this hopeless muddle unemployment mounts steadily and will continue in that course. To illustrate, the constant decline of hand labor—all steel tops on Chevrolet cars are made by 72 men, who merely press a few buttons; a new experimental tire plant utilizes only  $2\frac{1}{2}$ % of the labor required in existing factories. With the recent labor turmoil in Akron, there is no doubt that plants will be renovated, thus removing  $97\frac{1}{2}$ % of the labor.

Has the business slump hit the manufacturers? Let us see what sort of profits are made. The manufacturing cost of a package of cigarettes is three-eighths of one cent. A tube of shaving cream costs no more than one cent to make, excluding the container, which costs more than the contents. Face creams can be made for seven cents, minus the cost of the jar.

With the apparently exorbitant profits on the one hand and dire need on the other, what is the Maryland legislature doing in regard to the unemployment problem? Numerous reports and recommendations made by various committees of experts have been heedlessly turned down by the legislature. Instead of facing the situation squarely, the Maryland lawmakers are spending their time in aimless bickering, ignoring every proposal because of the chicane of some lobbyist. No doubt at the end of the session some new law will be concocted in fifteen minutes, the time required for the late Gross Receipts Tax. We are faced with the question of what our legislature will do, when they apparently fail to see current trends and problems. In one of the committees Dr. McDougle found that only a single member had read a book within the last two years. What is the voter's problem "when the master minds of the legislature do not have a platform worthy of a first-grade primary school pupil?"

#### March 24

Dr. Florence Bamberger talked to us on "Teaching Tolerance Through the Social Science Approach."

We know that there are fundamental similarities in all societies. Beside the biologic function, we have the urge of people to live together, and the realization of the need to preserve the group by creating norms and standards. These facts may be put into basic patterns, as for example: "When men live together closely they need a lot of care for property." Obviously, there are innumerable ways in which this protection is carried on. If the child in the schoolroom is impressed with the realization that all societies have fundamentally the same aims and purposes regardless of the exterior emblems, rituals, or signs employed, his viewpoint of alien societies will be decidedly more sympathetic. Thus we shall produce individuals who are truly tolerant.

#### April 6

It is always a pleasure to have Dr. Weglein, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Baltimore City, speak to the College. His talk on April 6 gave a very encouraging outlook for the city students and for the county students who are planning to teach in Baltimore City.

According to Dr. Weglein, more changes in education have been made in the last thirty years than were made in the preceding 300 years. In recent years great stress has been laid upon the teaching of Social Studies-educators believe that this branch of education makes a great contribution to good citizenship. Increased emphasis has been placed upon the training of teachers, principals, and supervisors. Subjects of controversial nature, presented impartially from every angle, are finding their way into the various curricula. Teachers are continuing extensive study after leaving college. Beginning teachers are realizing the value of methods set up by outstanding educators, and are willing to conform to definite rules of procedure. Each of these changes indicates a decided growth and improvement in the teaching profession. But before a teacher can hope to achieve great success she must be well acquainted with the aims and objectives of public education in the United States, of the school system in which she teaches, of her particular school in the system, and of the subject that she teaches.

> Walter Rheinheimer. Sarah Strumsky.

#### Notes

#### The Traveling Faculty:

During the Easter vacation our instructors scattered themselves over much of the North American landscape. The South called Dr. Crabtree to Jacksonville, Florida. Miss Rutledge was content to stop at Charleston, South Carolina, while Miss Steele and Miss Hill journeyed to Virginia to visit Miss Sperry. In the opposite direction went Miss Munn, Miss Kestner, Mrs. Brouwer and Miss Giles. The first two went to Long Island—Bridgehampton and East Hampton, respectively—and Mrs. Brouwer and Miss Giles betook themselves seven hundred miles to Michigan. Not so distantly strayed Miss Blood and our Registrar. Miss Blood surveyed Allegany and Garrett counties from a pleasure rather than a geographic point of view, and Miss Tansil attended a convention of Registrars.

#### Biology Teachers' Convention:

Several members of the Natural History Group attended some of the sessions of the Third Annual Biology Teachers' Convention, which was held at the University of Maryland, College Park, on April 18. Dr. Lynch presided at the afternoon session. Among the lectures illustrated by slides and motion pictures was a most interesting one on the development of the oyster, by Dr. R. V. Truitt. Dr. Truitt will come to the State Teachers College on May 19 to speak in the assembly.

#### Bon Voyage!

Our nurse, Miss Powers, was married during the Easter vacation to Mr. William Miller at the home of her mother in Norfolk, Virginia. Mr. Miller is in aviation work in Chicago. "Miss Powers" will leave us in June. Although we shall all miss her greatly, we sincerely wish her success and happiness in her new career.

The marriage of Miss M. Eulalie Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Brooke Smith, to Mr. John Evans, Jr., on March 21st, at Rockville, has been announced. Mr. Evans is the son of Dr. and Mrs. John

Evans, of Baltimore.

#### Class Officers (1936-1937)

JUNIOR OFFICERS
President—Edith Jones
Vice-President—Walter Ubersax
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Treasurer—Charles Hopwood Social Chairmen—Alma Taylor Rebecca Howard

#### SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

President—Catherine Schottler
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Social Chairmen—Sarah Hatton
Mary Owens

#### Impressions of New York

New Yorkers never seem to lose their hats—we did, many times, and felt dreadfully conspicuous. Broadway at midnight is great funwe liked the lighted fish sign best. A senior boy has all the statistics concerning it. Why don't New Yorkers ever know where anything is located? We adopted a motto, "When in doubt, don't ask." Considering the habits of taxicab drivers, we can't understand the population of New York soaring to such heights . . . we narrowly escaped violent death many times. You don't think the tall buildings are as tall as the picture books showed them until you get to the top of one of them. The skyline at night is more thrilling than the post cards could ever show. The ferry boat ride to Staten Island is keen, and if things work your way, the round trip can be made for only one nickel. You can wander for hours underneath Grand Central Station. It takes just one minute and a half to shuttle from Grand Central Station to Times Square, ask Miss Woodward. Why did Hopwood ever go to Chinatown? Chinese music played on a Chinese fuerta (flute to you) is bad enough, but the Funeral March is execrable! And Chinatown is as thrilling as some of the stories about it-two senior girls can't be wrong. Boys at Newark Normal School were called from classes to dance—music has Sutch charms—and got credit for the classes. The Statue of Liberty is all "lit up" at night to express the "spirit of America." Miss Rutledge has become the New York Policeman's Guide. The New York trip did have its educational values—witness a solid group discussion at 2:00 A. M. The Ile de France really is some little boat! With plenty of money we should like to live in New York in one of the \$10,000 a year Park Avenue apartments-after all, we were only there five days.

ELEANOR SCHNEPFE.

#### The Campus School

Announcing the Campus Chronicle: "the newspaper for pupils who care." This hectographed publication of irregular date of issue is administered by Linn Hover, its editor, ably assisted by a canny Business Manager and a cracker-jack corps of reporters, most of whom are members of grade seven. The Tower Light wishes its esteemed contemporary every success.

Spring is reflected in the rooms and activities of the Campus School. Rock gardens, aquaria (balanced, of course), potted plants,

insects, and cut flowers all abound in greatest profusion correctly arranged. College students will get many useful suggestions from a tour of inspection. Spring has brought conservation week, which focused the efforts and attention of the pupils upon the enhancing and preservation of school and home grounds.

During the past month the various classes have been exceedingly active in the preparation of plays. Among those presented were Briar Rose and Rip van Winkle.

#### The Orchestra

This is a trying time of the year for us. The winter heat puts our piano out of tune so much that we can no longer use it with the organ. Rehearsals have to be divided. We are hoping for several sunny Mondays so that we may rehearse in the auditorium, where the organ and

piano will be more nearly in unison.

For the first time this year, all of our second violins are with us. Many uninitiated think the second violin is "second fiddle." Actually, this is not true; second violin is more difficult than first violin from the ear standpoint, though easier from the technical. Besides, a good second violin part connects the high first violin part to the heavier instruments of the orchestra, making for a unified whole.

We are hoping to give some time before the close of the year to

rehearsals by the string ensemble.

Malcolm Davies conducted the Orchestra at the rehearsal on Monday during Miss Prickett's attendance at the Music Educators National Conference.

## Kaleidoscope

"Cada uno es como Dios le hizo, y aun peor muchas veces"—Cervantes.

As we were saying when we were interrupted, the Seniors are back and the male Sophomores are departed to do battle in the just cause of democratic education. Of the former, nothing need be said: they will make their presence sufficiently known. (Kindly endure practices of Light, Oh, Gracious Glow! Its pseudo-heroics are designed to steel the heart for the parturition pangs of June 16.) The Sophomore student teachers went cheerfully forth, eyes shining with youthful idealism. Even Miss Birdsong was deeply impressed by their fine spirit. She personally joined in the inspiring send-off tendered them by the denizens of the lower men's room.

While we are in a pedagogical frame of mind let us express our horror at the subversive propaganda emblazoned upon the walls of a science lecture room. "Successful education disturbs, upsets, and leads to change. Veritas vos liberabit." Is this not a tactical blunder on the part of the Opposition and a frightful oversight on the part of the Orthodox?

We find that large portions of our field have been appropriated this month by our neighbor, As You Like It, and a New York Tripper. Concerning the New York Trip, however, we have discovered two

heretofore unpublished bits which we present forthwith.

The two girls who went to Chinatown and the Bowery at midnight were trailed by a policeman (cop, bull, brassbuttons, bluecoat) for one of two possible reasons. Since it might be just as insulting to hint that they appeared to need protection as it would to announce that they seemed suspicious characters, we shall not mention their names. Besides, we don't know who they were.

The other bit is rather vague. It seems to be concerned with conventional gatherings in hotel rooms at late hours. We gather that the boys were reluctant to go back to their own drab stalls. But

really we know nothing. No one will talk.

This is May. This is the month of Walpurgisnacht, "when anything is rather more than likely to happen." This is the season when the lambs are fattened for the June matrimonial market. This is the time of whirling Maypoles, the Internationale, red riots, and the great god Pan. This is the Essence of Romance. Therefore!

O lieb' so lang du lieben kannst! O lieb' so lang du lieben magst! Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt, Wo du an Graebern stehst und wagst!

Which, freely, is love while yet you live. Examples:

Term papers or stimulating skirmishes with Cupid? That is the question. To be a realist or to be a sap? The sun is warm, and the sap flows out into the glen, his typewriter left poised on "the Khedive of Egy." Alas, the maid of March is forgot! The swain whose burning glance was so scorchingly portrayed last month has deserted his class. The mistress of May is a Freshman, and a fellow-artist. But what of Fischel? And how long can the devotee of Cytherea continue successfully to dodge three instructors at once?

Although our commentator on New York had the advantage of being on the spot, she has not followed the situations through. We are able to report that the girl with the oft-punned name has received a missive via letterpost from the Newark violinist. The visit is to be

July 4, even as previously reported.

of uncouth language (to put it mildly), while the other leaned against a fence and calmly contemplated him. When the vociferous (oh, boy!) one had run out of words and breath, the silent one said, "Are you troo?" "Yes." "You ain't got nuffin' more to say?" "No." "Well, all dem tings what you called me, you is."

I hope I'm not starting a fad, but lately limericks have crept insidiously into my consciousness, and they will out. Here's another:

Cleopatra, who thought they maligned her, Resolved to reform and be kinder; "If, when pettish," she said, "I should knock off your head, Won't you give me a gentle reminder?"

There is a fable going the rounds that a certain young Freshman one day sat on his watch all the way to school because he wanted to be on time. Mr. Meigs could learn something from such an example.

It seems that even fifty years ago there was such a thing as Pun, but then it was called a play on words. Witness this example:

Two brothers there were of Sioux City; Each one thought the other tioux pretty. So each took his knife And the other one's life. Now which of the toux dioux yioux pity?

Since this seems to have deteriorated into a verse column, might as well go the limit and finish off with another lyric.

Little Willie from his mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking, in his childish error,
It would cure his whooping cough.
At the funeral Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown,
"Twas a chilly day for William
When the mercury went down."

Conclusion: Read the third sentence in the first paragraph of this column, and maybe you'll feel a little better.

M. C.



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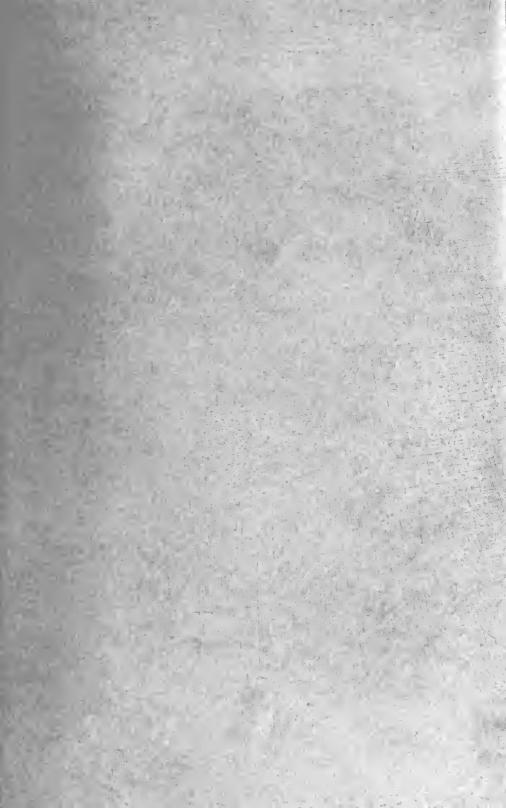
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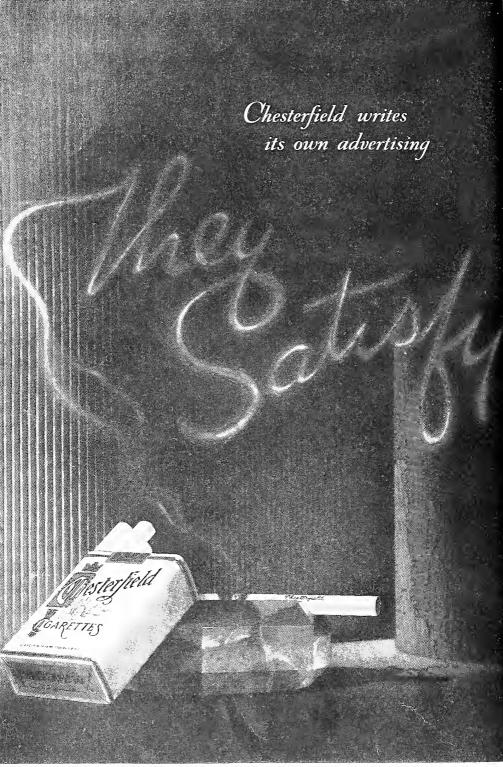
#### Sport Signs of Spring

The girls of T.C. are blooming with their baseball bats. The meaning? Spring is here. Again, we shall see our campus brightened with tan, orange and green dots. As to baseball, we are hoping to see a Babe Ruth flower from the players. At the hedge near York Road, we see sprouts growing. Their purpose is to get a ball over a net. Volley ball is another sign of good weather, and if sunshine continues soon we shall see students practicing their necessary tennis strokes. At present the courts are under the gardener's care. We could aid him by wearing tennis shoes and thus help keep our courts in good condition!

The A.A. has budded out with a new set of officers.

President—Pauline Mueller
Vice-President—Betty Straining
Secretary—Adele Mitzel
Fall Manager—Dorothy Hoopes
Winter Manager—Hazel Naylor
Spring Manager—Louise Firey
Hiking Manager—Miriam Farwell





# TOWER LIGHT



GRADUATION



JUNE, 1936

Miss Munn

## THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College TOWSON, MARYLAND

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## THE TOWER LIGHT

Vol. IX JUNE, 1936

No. 9

## "He Also Serves---"

You, too, have served; you, too, have waited. You have waited for that letter which was so long in coming. You have waited for that call which seemed never to become the reality. You have waited for that look on the doctor's face which seemed to say, "He will be all right, only let him sleep." You have served.

And now, these fragrant spring blossoms bursting forth over the campus also seem to say, "We, too, have waited." Those first crocus blooms on the hillside, those fragile violets in the glen, those golden dandelions on the green repeat as they lift their clustered heads to the warm protecting sun above, "We must serve now, for it has been a long

time that we have waited.'

We, too, have waited. We have known the same anxiety that you knew when you waited for that message, for that voice, for that look. We have been just as patient as those early spring flowers which had to wait until it was really safe for them to serve. But, we have liked waiting. We have made friends, we have spent such pleasant days together, we have learned so much to give others. We shall miss those good times, we shall be deprived of those close friendships we have valued, and we shall look back longingly over those years we have waited. Yes, we too have waited. Now, we wish to serve. We wish to help others bear the suspense as you have borne it. We wish to help them be as patient as those early blossoms. It has been a long time we have waited. Now, we wait to serve!

JANE BARTELL.

## Each Day, a New Day

N graduation day there is advice to be had for the asking from all one's friends. Life has a technique which makes for success if one can only find it, and Plutarch has said, "Character is long standing habit." Goethe wisely remarked: "What each day needs, that shalt thou ask, Each day will set its proper task." A Modern advises: "Never do today what you can do tomorrow, but never put off till tomorrow what should be done today." But such terse maxims demand elaboration if one's philosophy is to be worked out consciously and followed in thought, in word, in action, so that it may lead on to success. One might well ask one's self "What is success?" It is a relative term certainly to be defined by each according to his urges and satisfactions. The money reward so often confused with success, may mean little to one person but all to another. Yet, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Beauty may be absolutely necessary to one and austereness and law and order to another. I can give you no wisdom more potent for your thinking, oh, Students of the Class of '36, than a poem from the Sanskrit that was sent to Dr. William Osler by de Haviland Hall and mentioned in the great physician's virile address called "A Way of Life" delivered to Yale students years ago:

#### "THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
Look to this Day!
For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the
Varieties and Realities of your Existence:
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendour of Beauty;
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And Tomorrow is only a Vision,
But Today well lived makes
Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And Every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well therefore, to this Day!
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn."

Your friend, always, LIDA LEE TALL.



LIDA LEE TALL President



LOUESA J. KEYS Senior Class Adviser

## To the Class of Nineteen Thirty-six

In the Journal of the National Education Association for April, 1936, Dr. C. A. Beard makes these statements: "For the training of minds, a trained mind is required. For the dissemination of knowledge a mastery of knowledge is required. The union of the trained mind and knowledge makes scholarship. So the teacher is under obligation to be a scholar—not a pedant but a scholar dedicated to the cultivation of the mind and the transmission of knowledge . . ."

This is a bit of philosophy to write upon your hearts; one by which

to live and grow.

A trained mind continually adds to itself. It is an open mind: one willing to search out and to seize upon every opportunity for improvement; one that uses all its forces and thirsts for more. Mastery of knowledge is a life-long process. Formal training can only lay a foundation on which to build, hence the most valuable training comes from life's

experiences.

You go forth now, each to find his own niche, each to assume new responsibilities in the teaching world. Every experience will give something to you and take something from you, but the trained mind accepts the new as material with which to build more than is lost. Wherever life may lead you, with whomsoever you may be associated, make an earnest effort to have every contact broaden and deepen your understanding, give all you have that you may build more, and scholarship will be the result.

On such achievement education depends.

Louesa J. Keys.



#### Class Song of 1936

The class of '36 is fine We'll try to prove our name We'll stand by Alma Mater true And thus we'll share her fame. We're small but like the jewel We'll glow with all our might And from our Alma Mater true We'll carry forth her light.

ELINOR WILSON.

DORIS MIDDLETON.

## To the Fourth Year Seniors



N September the seventh, nineteen hundred and thirty-two, more than two hundred students climbed the curving road past the larch tree and the honeysuckles for the first time and entered the open doors of the then State Normal School. Scattered among this freshman class were twenty-two young people, who were unacquainted with one another and who felt their strangeness in the college that was so different from the high schools from which they had been graduated. was, nevertheless, these twentytwo freshmen who were destined

to become the second fourth year senior class in the college.

The importance of the second fourth year senior class is not in its position in the college, but rather in the achievements and in the contributions of its individual members. Let us push back the curtain of the past and catch a glimpse here and there of the fourth year seniors. On many occasions during the past four years these students may have been seen acting as presiding officers with various student groups. A wealth of titles can be found after their names in the annals of college and class organizations. At soccer and at basketball the cheers of spectators have acclaimed the skill of two of them, or if the scene changes to the quieter atmosphere of the science classroom it is one who, with quick strokes, puts a diagram on the board that makes a puzzling question clear. If the class is one in history instead of science, it is another, when the discussion has reached an impasse, who moves with rapid steps to the map to point out the historic situation. At the time that the glee club and orchestra broadcast, or when they transport the students and faculty beyond the walls of the auditorium with their music, some fourth year seniors are among the performers and frequently one is soloist and another the accompanist for the occasion. Just before last Christmas, when the art rooms during free periods were a-buzz with designing, block printing and the cutting of paper, fourth year seniors were the leaders in making Christmas cards for the benefit of the Tower Light. Once a month some late afternoon or on Saturday morning, one

might hear such mystic sounds as these—"quotations capital T t-w-o hearts quotations dash quotations capital B dash"—issuing from a room on the lower floor of the Administration building. This is not a peculiar form of telegraphic message carried on by fourth year seniors; instead, it is just two of them, the editors of the college magazine, reading proof. These suggestive sketches are but a few of the many ways in which the fourth year seniors have impressed themselves upon the col-

lege life.

As the years pass, the students who know you, Fourth Year Seniors, will go out from the College. Faculty members, who can recall your questioning, your various points of view and your help especially in trying and unexpected situations, will grow fewer. Faces strange to you will take their places. Inasmuch, however, as your ideas and your efforts have served to influence the life of the College—to establish its standards and its policies—new students will walk in your footsteps and, unsuspecting, will listen to your voices echoing within these walls.

To you I say,

"The course is finished. Let us bow our heads And stand awhile in silent reverie, Here, in the shadow of your Alma Mater, And dream the dream of all you mean to be."

In your dream of the future it is this that I would have you remember. Your undergraduate course only is finished. Graduation exercises are appropriately called commencement. The title of the degree which you merit is derived from the term baccalaureus, used in the guilds and in the early universities to designate one who had completed certain studies. Baccalaureus really meant a beginner. After attaining his rank, the baccalaureus was permitted to give some instruction himself while he continued his studies. Your studies are not finished. Whatever are the degrees that you attain, whatever is your status in the profession of teaching or in life, there is a world of knowledge about you that you have scarcely touched. You must go on learning, if you would serve best!

ANITA S. DOWELL.



#### Au Revoir!

The days have grown to weeks, to months, to years—the years, so seemingly short, have led to commencement. We know that we are about to enter a new adventure. It is hard for us to express our feeling... there is a joy... a saddened joy which fills our hearts. Life it is—but a life that takes one from a world of memories to one that is new and strange. Of course, we shall always be a part of you. Before we go we feel the need to express our appreciation to those who have helped us to succeed. To those we send a message of gratitude.

It would be futile for us to try to express in mere words what we, one and all, should like to say to our President, Dr. Tall. To know her is to honor her. We, who have felt her influence so often, cannot fail

to have assimilated some of her ideals and principles.

Miss Keys, our honorary member, has been a blessing to our class in many ways. She has been more than a teacher to us; she has been our

friend, our guide, our courage.

To those of the faculty, who have labored so diligently for our success, we extend our sincere thanks. We all wish that we had the simple greatness that pervades this body and we hope that they have not labored in vain.

To the whole College we leave our record of virtues and faults, as

well as our loyal love and a promise to keep your spirit with us.

Paradoxical as it may seem we are eager to leave. We hunger for the new beyond. We live for the joy of seeking. We seek for the 'joy of living.' To quote Richard Halliburton, 'Realize your youth while you have it. Don't squander the gold of your days, listening to the tedious, or giving your life anew to the ignorant and the common. These are the sickly aims, the false ideals of our age. Live! Live the wonderful life that is in you. Be afraid of nothing. There is such a little time that your youth will last—such a little time.'

Now we, the Senior Class of 1936, purposefully and joyously go forth to seek new worlds of love, friendship and beauty. We sign off enthusiastically because we are anxious to carry your principles to

lands where they are needed.

EDWARD BRUMBAUGH.



## Chronicle of 1936

1. It came to pass that on the sixth day of the tenth month of the thirty-third year of the Twentieth Century of our Lord!

2. There registered in the Auditorium of the Maryland State

Normal School a shy and unassuming group of younglings.

3. And they were gathered together as Freshmen in the name of "1936."

4. Yea, for one whole week there were celebrations likened unto dancing and singing and the Lighting of the Way.

5. Unto the class of 1936 was given by the most high priestess of the House of Tall, a prophetess of the House of Keys, Louesa.

- 6. And so it was that they took from their tribe leaders unto themselves.
  - 7. The chief being of the House of Brumbaugh.
- 8. And to record their acts, they did choose one Mackey Hergenrather.
- 9. Thence the tribe of 1936 ventured into Normal and found it unto their liking.
- 10. And verily they did enjoy themselves on that day of days known to all as Campus Play Day.
- 11. Likewise thereafter did the Freshmen settle deep into the Paleolithic Age and chromosomes and the turmoil of the World Today.
- 12. And behold, after four months had passed, 1936 welcomed joyously the holy day of all the year—Christmas.
- 13. And there came to pass in the first month of the thirty-fourth year of the Twentieth Century of our Lord, the sixty-eighth anniversary of their beloved House.
- 14. And lo! on that eighth day of March—Girls' Demonstration Night—the tribe of 1936 was victorious.
- 15. And behold there were to be seen on the sixteenth day of that same month, the male members of their tribe participating in the long waited Men's Revue.
- 16. And when this was celebrated verily did they set aside the twentieth day of April for their dance in order that they all might gather together as one.
- 17. Time passed and it became a necessity that the tribe part, each unto his separate way for three long months.
  - 18. But yea, each forswore he would return before many moons.

SELAH.

1. And so it was that in the tenth month of the thirty-fourth year in the Twentieth Century, the tribe of 1936 again gathered, now under the name of Juniors.

2. And lo their chief remained unchanged.

- 3. And now the Juniors sat back while attention was bestowed on members of other tribes.
- 4. And behold, diligently did members of their own tribe labor over those never-to-be-forgotten units.
- 5. And it came to pass in the course of time, a day on which some of the tribe were to embark on a new and trying journey.
- 6. And they trod the path to Student Teaching sometimes with light hearts, sometimes with weary ones.
- 7. It was Christmas again—and the most high priestess of the House of Tall said unto them: "Betake yourself to a happy and joyous holiday."
- 8. Thence came another joyous Girls' Demonstration Night with 1936 as Indians turning the souvenir of victory over to the Senior tribe.
- 9. And so it was that during the next month their House became known as the Maryland State Teachers College.
- 10. And solemnly on the first day of May did the tribal leaders accept many responsibilities.
- 11. And gladly they did bestow on one Miriam Vogelman the highest of honors—President of the Students Association for Cooperative Government.
- 12. And then they did choose one Doris Middleton as President of the Resident Student Council and one Hortense Jachman as President of the Day Student Council.
- 13. And so it came to pass that on the eleventh day of the sixth month the dearly beloved tribe of 1935 departed from their midst.
  - 14. And there was great mourning.

SELAH.

- 1. And now on the sixteenth day of the tenth month of the thirty-fifth year of the Twentieth Century!
- 2. The tribe of 1936 did come together joyful, for they were the leaders giving words of wisdom.
- 3. Once again did the tribe assemble for a dance to which other tribes also were invited.
- 4. And to their members traveling the winding and hilly road of Student Teaching went very best wishes.
- 5. And verily, after a hard struggle with the streptococci, pneumococci, and typhus baccilli, the Senior sections were victorious.

6. And lo! it was time for the Old English Christmas dinner and festival—the last to be witnessed by the whole tribe of 1936.

7. Thence on to the last Girls' Demonstration Night. Members

of the tribe marvelled at the sight.

8. And to their own Section Six do they owe much, for was it not many of their girls at whom all wondered for their fine participation in the gym stunts?

9. And behold there came a very fine Men's Revue.

10. And lo! it came to pass that once again the Seniors did labor very diligently in the study of a scroll by one Monroe.

11. And also a trip to the city of cities—New York—a trip filled

with wonderment.

- 12. And truly a fine speech was given at the convention by one Mary Sutch.
- 13. And verily did they set aside the sixth day of May on which to put into the hands of leaders of other tribes their responsibilities.

14. And verily from Section Four did come one Rhoda Brookhart.

And joyously did they hail her as Queen of May.

- 15. Likewise on that same day, 'twas a lovely sight to behold fair members of the tribe paying tribute to the merry month of May.
- 16. And now—unto Section One is the tribe indebted for six very beautiful voices.
- 17. It is said that the greatest number of student officers came from Section Two of the tribe.
- 18. And though quite small, Section Three shone also. For it gave one Benjamin Novey to the basketball team, one Marguerite Schorr to keep their sheckels, one Catherine Rine as head of the Marshals.
- 19. And lest they be forgot, verily did the tribe welcome joyously the support and help of the Special Seniors and the Fourth Year Seniors.
- 20. And now they did set aside the fifth day of June for their biggest celebration—The Prom.
- 21. But mingled with all this joy came the sorrow of bidding farewell to members of the House soon, yea, too soon.
- 22. Also mingled in this sorrow was the dread of Professionals. And they were sore afraid!
- 23. And alas! it did come time for the tribe to part, each unto his own path.
- 24. And as each parted, he did swear in his heart always, yea, in all ways, to remember the tribe of 1936 and the days among the other tribes of the House.

AMEN.

Thus endeth the Chronicle of 1936.

## The College in Review



### Freshman:

Please excuse me while I croon Never mind I'll be a Sophomore soon.



### Sophomore:

Who says that I'm a dumb-bell?
I may look funny, but I sure feel swell!



### Junior (or Senior):

This younger generation causes a sensation When I was a Freshman we lacked their inflation.



### Fourth Year Senior:

I'm a Fourth Year Senior; in Who's Who You will find me under Cock-a-doodle-do!



### One of the 9:05 Brigade:

Ho-hum, the alarm sounds from afar, Oh, well, there's always another street car.

### The State Teachers College

at Towson, Maryland

Commencement Activities, June Eleventh to Sixteenth

### 1936

### **PROGRAM**

Thursday, June 11

Visiting High School teams arrive (our guests at Newell Hall)

6:00 р.м.—Dinner in Newell Hall

7:00 P.M.—Senior Class Step-Singing

Friday, June 12

9:00 A.M.—State Volley Ball Meet (Stadium Athletic Field)

8:00 р.м.—Supper on Campus

Saturday, June 13-Alumni Day

3:00- 3:30 P.M.—Reception in Sarah E. Richmond Hall

3:30- 4:30 P.M.—Class Reunions

5:00- 5:45 P.M.—Business Meeting

6:15- 8:30 р.м.—Dinner, Music by College Orchestra

9:00-12:00 P.M.—Dancing

Sunday, June 14

4:00 P.M.—Baccalaureate Service, Auditorium of College Sermon by Reverend T. Guthrie Speers, Rector of

Brown Memorial Church

Monday, June 15-Class Day

6:00 P.M.—Campus Supper and Class Night

Tuesday, June 16—Commencement Day

10:30 A.M.—The Procession of Guests, Faculty and Students will form

11:00 A.M.—Commencement—Campus (weather permitting)
Speaker—Dr. Owen S. Lovejoy



### Installation of Officers

To the tune of "Stand Up and Cheer" the two graduating classes of 1936 took their places in the Auditorium for the May Day Assembly. After the singing of the class songs the significant ceremony of installing officers for the coming year was carried out. The retiring presidents of the Student Councils and of the Classes introduced their successors and they in turn acquainted us with the other officers.

Edward Brumbaugh as President on behalf of the Class presented Dr. Tall with a check for a hundred dollars worth of books for the library—to be selected at the discretion of a committee already appointed. This gift, he reiterated, was in keeping with the class ideals—to help the student body to seek and find truth that they in turn may lay broad and deep foundations upon which to build happy, useful lives.

Following the installation ceremonies the senior class were entertained by the faculty at the annual luncheon.

### **2023**

## The Senior Banquet and Prom

At last, after three years, the time we've longed for and anticipated with more pleasure than we can express—the Senior Banquet and Prom—has come and gone.

But has it gone, shall we ever forget this one big night, our night? From the banquet with its savory food and witty toasts through the four hours of dancing in the scenic beauty of breaking dawn, it was all we could ask for; it met all our anticipations. There were no cares, no sorrows, no disappointments; we were as one, a happy, joyous group with all else forgotten under the romantic spell of Apollo and Aurora.

LARUE KEMP.

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### Three Wishes

That there shall be beauty for your eyes; That there shall be truth for your ears; That there shall be happiness for your heart.

## Concerning the Glen

THE State Teachers College at Towson is one of the few institutions of the State that can offer unusual opportunities to its students for • outdoor education in science, the practice of conservation and restoration of natural resources, as well as real enjoyment of living in

the open.

Ever since the State Teachers College has been located at Towson, there have been children, students, and faculty who have enjoyed the less formal parts of our large campus where Nature had full sway. But there were times when paths were so overgrown with weeds that few possessed the courage to seek the lovelier spots in the woodland areas.

Year after year individuals and small groups at the college attempted to open the way to the parts of the campus where all might learn from Nature, share in its restoration, and re-create their own lives. Often their efforts were in vain. The labor of many hands was needed.

Our recent gains have been stimulated by the misfortunes of our neighbors. The Federal Government in its attempt to give work to the unemployed has made it possible for us to carry forward our plan for the development of the Glen so that many may avail themselves of its advantages. The Works Progress Administration has made the greatest contribution to our project.

We gratefully acknowledge the aid of public-spirited citizens and organizations who have cooperated in the fulfillment of the plan. Special services were rendered by the State Forestry Department and the Extension Service of the University of Maryland in our earlier stages of development. A permanent record will be made and kept of all dona-

tions and services.

The Glen Project represents varied interests. There will be approximately twelve thousand feet of nature trails included in the campus. Eventually these will be bordered by wild flowers and trees typical of Maryland and the regional area. Some paths will be designated as training trails, similar to those in Bear Mountain Park where people learn the flora and fauna of the region. Our plan provides for the development of ecologic spots, in which plants may be labeled for the convenience of study. The State Game Department has authorized the College to make our campus a bird refuge. We have already posted signs that are labeled "Bird Sanctuary." The botany pool and streams will typify some phases of fresh water life.

Opportunities for outdoor recreation will be furthered by the location of several groups of fireplaces in different parts of the Glen. They have been planned to accommodate large groups of pupils, students, or

sponsored organizations.

There will be a lodge about forty feet long and twenty feet wide containing a large fireplace. This may be used for open-air classes, an outdoor museum, or recreation. Pure drinking water will be piped to the building and to a lower level in the Glen.

The Council Ring will be used as in the past for ceremonies and

other programs. One never cooks food in the Council Ring.

The natural bowl near the spring forms an amphitheatre. Here one may enjoy open-air plays, festivals, dances, concerts, and story hours.

You are invited to make suggestions of suitable names for the

trails. These will be posted as guides for the Glen.

Explore the Glen. Discover a place you would like to develop and enjoy. Adventure awaits you.

STELLA E. BROWN.

### @ O 23

### Musical Inertia

What "strap-hanger" has not had the somewhat annoying experience of being thrown toward the front of the trolley when the brakes are suddenly applied by the operator? This is one of the numerous examples of inertia continually manifesting itself in our everyday life.

Music shows at least one aspect of inertia. It must keep up its motion until a cadence brings it to a natural stop. I shall never forget one evening, because of this 'musical inertia.' Just as a fine symphony orchestra was excitedly approaching a magnificent climax, the instruments gathering themselves for a great musical spring, the listeners, breathless and stiffened in their chairs, awaiting the impending crash, the radio stopped dead! We looked at each other's faces, and found such comically dejected expressions that the emptiness was quickly erased by our merriment. But that lost feeling had been there, nevertheless.

What was the reason for this? It was simply that the music had been carrying us along; its speed had grown and grown, taking us with it; then, unexpectedly, the radio had slammed on the brakes. The music

stopped, but we kept on going.

Fundamentally, the only difference between the inertia mentioned in the example of the street car and that in the case of the symphony orchestra is that the former was physical; the latter, psychological.

EDWARD MACCUBBIN.

# How Interesting are the Contents of a Schoolroom Waste Basket

To was adark and dreary day in the little country schoolroom. Not a sound was heard except the beating of the rain on the tin roof, and the childish scratching of pens. Sally Ann Blake was bored. She hadn'tmoved from her seat in at least a half an hour. She had drawn pictures, looked at books, worked 'rithmetic, and written notes till she could sit still no longer. Furiously she bit down on the point of her

pencil. Then her hand flew up.

"Teacher, kin I borrow Sam's knife and trim my pencil?"—Teacher said she might. Sally finally reached Sam, looking over everybody's shoulder as she walked down the aisle. Oh, if only something would happen, or make a noise! Knife and pencil in hand, she reached the waste basket. A crumpled piece of paper was on the floor, and Sally dutifully stooped to pick it up. Glancing at it, she saw the word "fight" written, and being at once interested, she unfolded it and read: "I love Mary more than you do. I'll meet you on the old baseball diamond tonight at ten, and we'll fight. If you don't come, you're a double-eyed coward. Bill."

Being entertained at last, Sally began rooting in the basket. She saw the marks of a drawing. It was a grotesque figure of a girl stalking across the room with a whip in hand. She had horns, pop eyes, spectacles, knot on top of head, and mouth wide open. Underneath was

written, "This is teacher."

There was a small balled up piece of paper, and Sally loved the mysterious. Carefully she unfolded it. Romance at last, for there was a picture of a heart with an arrow through it! It was Jimmy's scrawl, so of course, it was to Ruth. "As sure as the grass grows around the stump, you're my darling sugar lump." Under it was Ruth's answer: "Aw, Jimmy, did-ja really mean it?" Then there was an arithmetic test torn in half, with an "F" on it. That meant that Willy would get a whipping when he took his report home. Little fat Plumpy had written to Burton that if he didn't stop sticking pins in her she hoped he'd have flat feet, and she'd tell the teacher too!

Then she found three sheets all twisted together, where Junior had been practicing writing excuses like his mother. Among blotches and smears, these said, "Dear Miss Wise: Pleast excuse Junior from school

today as I am awful sick. Truly yours, Mrs. Smith.'

"Oh," Sally almost squealed. "Here's a piece of creamy stationery like teacher uses. Gee! It's got writing on it, too! My dearest Henry—I've thought about you all day long, but there hasn't been a

minute—'' And right there was where Sally made a mistake. She giggled long and hard, and very gleefully, with the piece of cream stationery right in her hand. Suddenly teacher's voice cut through the room like a knife, "Sally!"

"Ma-am?" meekly asked Sally.

"Go to your seat! And you may spend the next recess at work."

"Yessum. But, teacher, who is Henry?"

Teacher's face screwed up in a knot. Then it got red, and then it looked like a thunder cloud. And suddenly, Sally was in her seat, very, very quiet. And not a sound was heard in the room, but the patter of the rain on the tin roof and the childish scratching of pens.

L. R. HEADLEY.

### 6 O

### This Teaching Job

You're living to teach (Or so they say) You adore your darlings more Day by day.

Those lesson plans are just a joke (In fact they're really a work-a-day joke). You may sweat and toil but who minds that; In the middle of June, you bought a new hat.

Then there are charts, demonstrations, and fairs. And "Remain after school"—just adds to your cares.

Refrain: Chanted Paper, on the floor, please close the door. There'll be no talking, enough of this squawking We need some books, hang your coats on hooks.

So you pray, 'til you hair turns gray.

Yes, I'm teaching to live but I surely would give My ink stained and tired right hand—
If I only saw—a man without flaw
Who'd endow me a narrow gold band.

## "Believe it or Not"

ASEBALL has changed a lot in the past fifty years; so much so that the present fan would hardly recognize the old style, either the

game or the field or the players, as baseball.

It was customary in the old days to play the game on a grass diamond (billiard board fashion), with the base line being a narrow path outlined on the diamond, and the pitcher's and catcher's boxes simply worn places from use. Just before the game it was the habit of the grounds-keeper to roll the greensward, and this was done by a horse pulling a heavy roller round and round until the diamond was finished.

A very estimable gentleman, Mr. Duncan Clark, who was a resident of Baltimore, was an eye-witness to the following story which he related. Mr. Clark was a gentleman of the old school of Civil War days who afterward made his home in Baltimore. He was a delightful companion and had an ardent interest in sports, particularly baseball and lacrosse. In the latter sport he was for a great many years an

adviser to the local squad.

Back in the early 'nineties Mr. Clark was attending a game of baseball in Chicago when the White Sox were hosts. It happened that the usual performance of the horse dragging the roller around the diamond obtained, but in this case, as related, the horse, which was hitched up to the roller, was a white horse with a lame right foreleg, which caused a distinctive and characteristic limp. The fans knew the old horse as "Charlie." In about the third inning, as the game proceeded, a White Sox player attempted to steal second base. A low liner from the catcher was thrown to the second baseman, and as he advanced to catch the ball, the runner and the second baseman collided. The second baseman, with his left knee flexed, met the runner with a blow in the front of the right thigh of the player sliding. The ball was caught, and the player was "out" in ordinary baseball parlance; in reality was knocked momentarily unconscious. Upon getting up and brushing off his clothes and being walked about by other players, he broke loose and started to hobble towards the bench. At this point a bleacherite, with keen observation and quick wit, disappointed somewhat by the player failing to make the base and more or less in derision, yelled at the top of his voice: "Yea, Charlie Horse." This was suggested, of course, by the characteristic limp that the player had in going to the bench and which was similar to the limp of the old white horse, Charlie.

Ever since this time, in all athletic circles, the characteristic contusion to the muscle of the thigh, and sometimes other sections of

the body, is referred to as a "Charlie Horse," which term is now accepted as a definite entity (such as Coles' fracture, for instance), it being a contusion with bruised or lacerated bundles of muscle in the parts receiving the blow and is accompanied with great pain and temporary partial paralysis, which is the cause of the characteristic limp known as "Charlie Horse."

Dr. Ronald T. Abercrombie,
Director, Department of Physical Education and Athletics,
the Johns Hopkins University.

### @ @ B

## Paper Clips

The monotonous clicking of adding machines and the pounding of typewriters ceased abruptly. The five o'clock bell was ringing merrily, telling the office force that another day's work was done. Jerry, oblivious to the sound of the bell, continued checking that last batch of bills. At the end of five minutes he heaved a sigh of relief and prepared to leave the office. He always worked that five minutes overtime. The boss would reward him some day, he thought.

"Anything else today, Mr. Sullivan," said Jerry, casting a hopeful

glance at his boss.

Apparently provoked at the interruption, Mr. Sullivan looked up

wistfully from across the aisle.

"Why, yes, Kelly," came the reply, "I won't keep you long. There are a few matters I'd like to talk over with you."

"Recognize this?" asked the boss as he picked up an important

looking paper and handed it to Jerry.

"Sure, that's the return slip for that shipment of baling wire. You remember—the gauge was too small for our use. Anything wrong?"

'Just this, Kelly. You've cost the company exactly thirty-three

dollars by making a careless mistake."

"What do you mean, boss?" Jerry only called Mr. Sullivan "boss" when he was excited.

"To be brief, Kelly, you sent that wire by express instead of freight. The difference in cost is thirty-three dollars."

"Gosh, I'm terribly sorry. I'll—.

"Now don't worry, son. Just forget the whole matter. We all make mistakes."

With a prayer of thanks in his heart and a happy grin on his face,

Jerry turned as though to leave.

"Just a minute, Kelly. One other thing."

"Yes, Mr. Sullivan," replied Jerry smiling.

"Do you know what these check marks mean?" said Mr. Sullivan in a none too friendly voice, pointing to a memorandum slip lying on his desk.

Jerry shook his head negatively and the boss continued, "Each check mark there represents a wasted paper clip. Listen, Kelly, economy is one of the essentials of successful business. I try to make it the basic principle of my department. Yet you sit over there and throw away paper clips by the dozen—let's see—here's eighteen to be exact. I won't stand for it. If you can't uphold my standards, I'll employ someone who can. That's all."

With eyes nearly popping and mouth agape, Jerry merely stared at the boss. Then realizing that the conversation was at an end, he turned

on his heel and left the office.

Ten minutes later, Jerry was seated on a street-car, homeward bound. Here, at last, he had an opportunity to meditate. Eighteen paper clips at twenty cents per gross. That's about seven for a cent. Eighteen would cost about two and a half cents. Hmm—two and a half cents. Thirty-three dollars. Oh well, tomorrow was pay day.

FRANK CHREST.

### @ (J)

### The Storm

Dark clouds have snatched the pale moon from the heavens, And, screening her from sight, Brood o'er the humid night.
All nature holds its breath; awaits with sickening fear The dread storm's fight.

A wild wind ushers in the fierce battle; Sharp lightning proves its birth While thunder rolls with mirth. Cold rain pelts roughly down; drenches in ruthless play The helpless earth.

The moon is loosed from storm clouds' cruel clutches, And, beaming from on high, Reveals a starlit sky. All nature springs to life; is wreathed in happy smiles. Sweet calm is nigh.

VIRGINIA HAGERTY.

## Concerning the Bachelors

'GGLES' peps up the "Dark Town Strutters' Ball" and tennis

🛶 courts like a professional.

In a body with more wiggles than a snake's, mix a leaning toward "social drama," an Irish tenor voice, a movie director's temperament, and a cunning smile. Then pray—because you've got "Quinn" (spelled C-o-h-e-n).

This horseman never misses an opportunity to make a "Cole" in

soccer. Come out sometimes and see Mel-"vin."

She is especially averse to the art of the pun, but suffers few reverses in writing verses; and she plays the piano just as "coolly."

The curly-lashed Romeo with the violin and the test tube is our

class "optimist."

The little girl with the big voice has a back that would put a ram-

rod to shame.

One of the Six Solid Citizens (she is also a G-burg) is probably the best-natured girl in the whole College. Have you ever seen her in a hurry? (Merely a rhetorical question.)

Our "Ned Sparks," with a yen for Norway and plenty of rhythm,

makes a swell book reporter.

The Thinker can answer so many questions that he has earned the above mentioned dubious title. He can also sleep with the silence of a veteran—thank goodness.

Wee-French of the G-burg variety certainly go for the Marines,

n'est-ce pas?

We wish one guy in our group would stick to his music and let the puns alone.

Mr. Walther's understudy in hand dramatics can post a wicked

poster.

His smile looks cute even when he (not the smile) is wearing a baseball suit. He's a good fellow too.

Ever hear the baseball manager croon? No? Well, Don't!

How did Jawn's "buttahfly dance" ever get completely rehearsed when the danseuse was one of those people who insist upon between-class cigarettes?

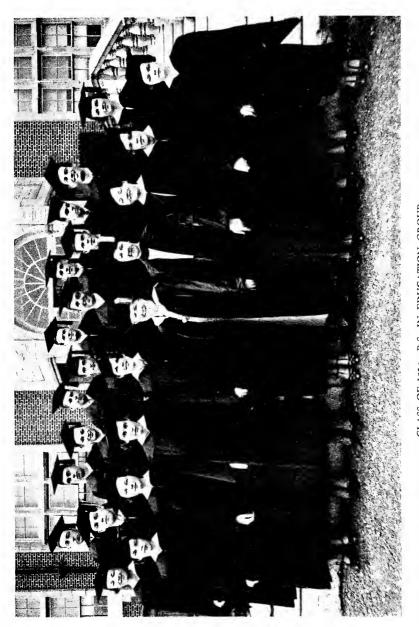
Billy Bunch is more "curious to know" than any woman ever was. We're curious to know how he looks when playing basket-ball, and

where he got his rosy cheeks and curly locks.

Our bar-room tenor makes an excellent cheer-"lieder." "Whimpy"

has a unique summer hair-cut too

"Cinder" is famous for her line, "If-you-don't-want-to-buy-the-fish - lady - don't - bend - 'em - I'll - put - 'em - back - on - the - cart-



CLASS OF 1936—B.S. IN EDUCATION GROUP

CLASS OF 1936—THREE YEAR DIPLOMA GROUP

and-someone-else-will-buy-the-darn-stuff." She can play the piano too like nobody's business.

"Dimples" believes in art for art's sake, no humming during the

symphony, punny rhymes, and a variety of facial expressions.

Josh, our master of ceremonies, doesn't seem to get fed right at home; so he has to eat his pencil or pen during class time. Weren't his legs cute in that King Cole costume?

Serenity-on-a-monument would make an interesting cheer leader.

Yaroots would come prepared even for that, though, we bet.

E.M. and M.C.



## Senior Happenings in the Dorm

Every night now, the dead silence of slumber is broken (on the Newell Hall sleeping porch) by the two original melodies of a Senior miss. Ask Betty Straining if her words aren't an outgrowth of one of her courses.

Frances Waltemyer is doting these days on the word 'peach.' We think the word has an intrinsic phonetic value. (First name, Milton.)

'That would tickle pigs' and 'I'll laugh a week' belong to what

Senior in the dorm? We call her Dee.

Gene 'rushes' around in High these days. I think he likes cherry

custard when Peggy's along.

The dorm has been used for lots of things. This year the prize should go to Will and Steve whose daily rummage sales are quite upsetting (for their roommates).

A certain Freshman lad is doing quite nobly with his ailment.

Some call it Waters-on-the-knee.

What two Senior lasses have *hidden* musical interests? One prefers a Harp-er,—listening Hilda? the other—a clarinet (Bob, for short).

Who is our prize cradle-snatcher to date? She robbed a squirrel's

nest-poor little Ned!

Who couples the first telephone booth at 6:45 every night? We thought life began at 40—try to keep up with the Joneses.

Why do the Senior Four girls prefer open cars?—Perhaps it's be-

cause they are open-minded.

A member of Senior 6 has developed a sudden and unusual interest in the glen project? Dee-Dee! Ayres is applying for a position as chap-

erone and guide. (Such airs!)

What fourth-year Senior in the dorm is so sympathetic with the Temperance Movement that when she was asked at breakfast if she would pour drinks, exclaimed, 'Poor drinks!'—Does she fear to be Dissie?

### Meditation

I walked along meditating A step to a thought, But all my deep thinking Availed me nought.

I sought a way out Yes,—but where? It seemed without doubt Life itself was bare.

It pays to meditate a little Upon problems to cope, As they test man's mettle In a world filled with hope.

ISADORE STEIN.

### <u>യെ</u>

## As I Pass By

I am the wild wind, Fearful and shrill, Chilling the souls of men And forcing color to the cheeks Of little children; Cruel and overbearing, As I pass by.

I am the wafted snow, Jewel-like and glistening Hiding the ugliness of earth, faintly tinting The burdened branches. Cleansing and concealing, As I pass by.

I am the sweltering sun, Torrid and unconquered, Burning the hides of all To shrivel Their very being. Scorching and exhausting, As I pass by.

### Orientale

Mercilessly sizzling sun, Heaving camels, Drifting sand, Waste.

Hordes of hungry-looking humans, Shrieking merchants, Rumbling carts, Hell.

Cold, white, stony pyramids, Black jade idols, Golden domes Grandeur.

Luscious lips and lilting music, Soft brown bodies, Pulsing hearts, Romance.

Cryptic mastery of the cosmic, Psychic knowledge, Mysticism Power.

S. COHEN.

### **ENO**

### To a Dream

Let me sail to that new land,
Quiet dreaming,
In moonlight gleaming,
Where white waves roll up the sand.

Let me lie 'neath high dark tree, Sadly singing Music, bringing Peace and dreamful rest to me.

MARGARET COOLEY.

## A May Day Ballad

Again we celebrate the May With gay festivity, I'd like to take you to the scene; Come away with me?

First we see the campus In all its spring array, Then we spy the May Pole—What a lovely day!

We see the children's faces, Adding to the scene, Brighter than the sunshine, Waiting for their Queen.

We hear the sound of music, Then wait expectantly, Across the verdant campus Bright colors we may see.

The May Court is approaching, How lovely they all look; Perhaps this is a picture Taken from a book.

With song and dance we greet her, This lovely Queen of May, Happier she—or—happier we? I cannot truly say.

Of course no day would be complete Without a bit of fun, So part is quite spectacular—By Josh and the white mule done.

Among our skilled performers, We find bold Robin Hood, We even hear Long John admit "I guess he's pretty good."

MAY QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS



CAMPUS ACTIVITIES

A highwayman comes riding by On a bicycle built for two, And he closely followed by A reckless wrecking crew.

As we are leaving this gay scene, We feel a vague regret, And murmur with the gathered crowd, "The very nicest, yet."

FRANCES WALTEMYER.

### 8 U.S

### Course .001---Women in the World Today

### FEMALE RELATIVES

Female relatives are acts of God. You cannot be held morally responsible for them. There are several isotopes, but all forms can be known by their insistent solicitude for what they consider your welfare.

Sisters are why combs were invented. Sisters would discourage all

men from matrimony were men not idealists.

Aunts send you lachcrymatious cravats on Christmas and birthdays—when they don't forget. Aunts know everything. Go to the aunt,

thou sluggard.

Female cousins are aunts' daughters. They have the disconcerting habit of growing up at which time they may become embarrassing. The unwary have been known to marry cousins.

Nieces are girls that call you uncle and solicit pecuniary contributions ranging from nickels for ice cream cones to something more than that for wedding presents.

Wives may also be included in the category of female relatives, but

it is doubtful whether mothers-in-law classify.

All these creatures have been studied by your professor on numerous journeys into the jungles of the Greater Family Quarrel and the Lesser Family Squabble. Although the language of the region is often incomprehensible it was found that one password sufficed, "Yes." The information presented here, it must be understood, was acquired only after many painful weeks spent far from the civilization of Man. Recapitulation:

Female relatives are unavoidable.

Assignment:

Find out how Buddha, John the Baptist, and Ulysses tried to solve the problem.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson

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\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

## Ring Out the Old - Ring In the New

With this issue, Volume Nine of the Tower Light is complete. It will be remembered that in the beginning of the year certain objectives were enunciated toward which your magazine was resolved to strive. In many directions the progress has been indiscernible; along other lines, it has approached those goals. The staff wishes to express its realization of the fact that any degree of success with which the activi-

ties of the Tower Light have been accompanied is directly traceable to the cooperation, the good will, and the hard work of the students and faculty of the College.

Yes, Volume Nine of the Tower Light is complete; but there are

many volumes yet to be written.

### 6 C

## What Will Your Answer Be?

And let ours also learn to maintain good works for necessary uses, that they be not unfruitful.

Titus 3:14.

In the course of seventy commencements, over six and one-half thousand people have graduated from the institution which is now State Teachers College at Towson. For hundreds of years, millions of students annually have become alumni of various places of higher learning throughout the world. Why then, should the graduation of less than one hundred persons from Teachers College in 1936 occasion especial remark? Is custom the explanation? Will the Class of '36 be wished well and encouraged to attack noble and difficult tasks merely because the same invitations have been given to the preceding classes? Let us hope not, because there are sufficient bona fide reasons upon which the world can base its challenges without resort to any habitual cordialities.

There are noble and difficult tasks to be accomplished; there are high places, opened by death and created by an expanding society, to be filled. Not only is there room at the top, but, what is probably more important to those graduating at the present time, there is pressing need for plain classroom teachers in Baltimore City, and a crying need for alert, thinking citizens all over the United States. Then, too, there is a need for failures. The world needs people who "never amount to anything," yet through their very failure to achieve what the world calls success, actually succeed in demonstrating what is really lacking.

Youth of '36, how shall we respond?



## Our Alumni

## Washington County

THE Washington County Alumni Unit held its annual luncheon at the Hamilton Hotel, Hagerstown, on April twenty-fifth. Sixty members and their guests enjoyed all the pleasures of such an occasion; delicious food, artistic table decorations, and an attractive program. Miss Lois Helm, President, presided as one to the manner born. Miss Rhodes sang two numbers most effectively. Mr. Brumbaugh, President of the class of 1936 at State Teachers College, expressed his pleasure at being with the group and complimented them on their loyal support of our college. Miss Munn urged all alumni to continue their education in order to live fuller lives and to rise in their chosen profession. Miss Scarborough, efficient field worker and member of the faculty at Towson, set forth very clearly the aims and ambitions of the Alumni Association, distributed and explained a most important questionnaire, and gave out circulars for the June program. She urged all to come to our reunion on June 13 and stay at the residence halls which will always have a welcome for graduates of our College. The occasion would have been perfect had it been possible for our President, Dr. Tall, to have been one of our number.

We congratulate all Washington County graduates on the splendid

work they are doing to further teacher training in our State.

## Anne Arundel County

The Anne Arundel County Alumni Unit held an enjoyable and inspiring meeting at the Old Brick House, the attractive Colonial home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Conrad Stoll, on April 27. Mr. John T. Stone, presided.

The most important items of business transacted were: consideration of the needs of their Alma Mater, the vote to contribute to the Culture Fund of the College, the sharing of experiences with representatives from other County Units, and the election of officers for the year 1936–37: Mrs. Ethel Nowell Andrews was elected chairman; Miss Ethel Cole, secretary, and Miss Doris Owens, treasurer.

Mr. F. Conrad Stoll, Mrs. W. Hampton Linthicum, and Miss Marjorie Starkweather entertained the group with music and readings.

Refreshments were served.

Dr. Lida Lee Tall was unable to be present, but sent a letter, which was read by Mrs. Clarence E. Eason, president of the General Alumni

Association of the college. Dr. Anita S. Dowell, Miss Mary H. Scarborough, Mrs. Myrtle Markley Groshans, Miss Mary Grogan, Miss Hilda Kestner, Miss Hattie Bagley and Miss Elsie Amoss were guests of the unit.

### The following members of the unit were present:

Mrs. Robert Moss	Miss Ethel Cole	
Mrs. Gladys Moore Tyler	Miss Laura E. Robinson	
Mrs. Annie Norfolk Grimm	Miss Erma Cromwell	
Miss Etta Beerson	Mr. and Mrs. John T. Stone	
Mrs. Ruth Parker Eason	Mrs. Madge L. Bernhardt	
Mrs. Melva Schneider Viscocil	Mrs. Grace Upton Schnepfe	
Mrs. Delma Brown Linthicum	Mrs. Esther Parker Fuchs	
Miss Marguerite Norfolk	Miss Winifred C. Boettcher	
Miss Doris Owens	Miss Mabel Harrison	
Mrs. Elizabeth Flowers Gunderloy	Mrs. Violet Hofferbert Ross	
Miss Emilie H. Sahlin	Mrs. Julia Tisdale Norman	
Mr. William B. Evans	Mrs. Elizabeth Hopkins Crisp	
Miss Hazel Barnes	Mrs. Ethel Nowell Andrews	
Miss Margaret Nowell	Miss Helen Cole	
Mrs. Mildred Ray Celia	Mr. Robert Norris	
Miss Eleanor C. Brown	Mrs. Mazie Smith Stoll	
Mr. Hammond Cantwell	Miss Lillian May Hardesty	
Mrs. Anna Welsh Morton		

M. S. Scarborough.

## Where the Class of '35 is Teaching

Himmelfarb, Rose	Baltimore City
Hoffman, Morris	
Hoppert, Mary	Baltimore City
Horsman, Augusta	Baltimore City
Hyatt, Rose	Baltimore City
Irvin, Mae	Baltimore City
Jacques, Jane	Gr. 5, Washington County
Jacques, Mary	Gr. 1, Washington County
Jacobson, Rosalie	Gr. 6, Prince George's County
Karpa, Bertha	Baltimore City
Keir, Ruth	Gr. 3. McDonogh School
Keller, Dorothy	Baltimore City
Kemmerly, Catherine	Baltimore City
Knauer, Margaret	Baltimore City
Lambert, Helene	Gr. 6. Carroll County
Leonard, Nellie	
Lewis, Mary Stewart	Baltimore City
Lewis, Klora	Special classes, Frederick County
Loos, Eleanor	Gr. 1 and 2. Baltimore County
Looyman, Frances	Baltimore City
Lorenz, Dorothy	Baltimore City
Lowe, Virginia	Gr. 1-7, Harford County

## The College Record

### Notes

### Good Luck!

Emily Ross, one of last year's graduates, was married this spring to Mr. Baron; Josephine Wolfe to Mr. Travers; Helen Rullman to Brooke Smith.

The Tower Light wishes them every success.

#### Recreation

The Fourth Year Seniors, because of reasons the reader may guess, held their recent kitchen party to be of twofold value. While the fudge was boiling and the fruit salad accumulating, they betook themselves to the front yard where they amazed the neighbors with the masterly way in which they performed Little Sally Ann, and Looby Loo. Four years' labor is not lost, is it, Miss Daniels?

#### Dinner

The Father and Son Dinner so successfully initiated last year was served again. The program included a tour of the W.P.A. Glen Project, a baseball game, and informal entertainment by the Sons. It is to be hoped that this affair will always have a place on the calendar of the College.

#### Steel

Not long ago a group of the men students toured a section of the Bethlehem Steel Mills. They returned with surprisingly different reactions. One said, "No wonder a crowbar costs so much." Another remarked that making steel was not work in which he cared to participate, while a third just said, "Ain" it wunnerful."

#### Visitors

A delegation of students from Wilson Teachers College of Washington visited Towson on Thursday, May fourteenth. The students of our College enjoyed their fellowship and hope they will return.

#### Rural Club Dinner

B. Royston.

Although the year is not quite over, the Rural Club had its grand finale on May second, in the form of a dinner to celebrate an outstanding accomplishment: the Glen Project.

This remarkable piece of work was made possible by our adviser, Miss Brown, who for many years had dreamed, and has with the help of the Federal Government and cooperative friends realized her vision. She spoke to us at length regarding this beautiful fifty-five thousand dollar improvement.

Miss Dorothy Becker, a graduate of 1934 and an honorary member of the Rural Club took us over the road which she had travelled since she left us. We wondered when she had finished how a teacher could see and do so much in two years.

Mr. Broome, Superintendent of Schools in Montgomery County, and one of the outstanding educators of Maryland, gave us a very delightful, informal speech. The subject of his talk was, "You don't know the answer."

Miss Scarborough spoke about a personality garden. Miss Diefenderfer expressed herself not only through words but through the excellent dinner she gaves us.

Wheeler and Rush furnished spice for the occasion.

### Chi Alpha Sigma

EMILY LEWIS.

At the most recent assembly sponsored by the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity, the Honor Society of our school, Dr. Dowell introduced to the student body the following new members, all Seniors.

Marion Cunningham, Ella Mackey Hergenrather, Mary Sutch, Larue Kemp, Sarena Fried, and Catherine Rine.

Other Senior members of the Fraternity are: Miriam Vogelman, Muriel Jones, Hortense Jachman, William Podlich, Isadore Miller, Malcolm Davies and Emily Lewis.

The Fraternity is now looking forward to the annual spring meeting which will be held on June 6, on the lawn in front of Dr. Tall's home. At this time new members will be initiated and officers will be elected for the coming year. This meeting will also present an occasion for a delightful reunion of friends.

### **Assemblies**

April 21, 1936

The short play "Lima Beans," supervised and directed by Mrs. Stapleton, was a gay presentation of the first quarrel between a newly married couple over the lowly vegetable, lima beans. The story was amusing and greatly dependent upon intonation of simple words for successful presentation. The acting of Miss Beverly Courtney and Mr. Isadore Seeman deserve much praise.

### April 27 1936

A much discussed but always popular topic "Manners" was the subject of Miss Rutledge's talk. Manners are often associated with many shallow subterfuges and banalities. For instance at Vassar College it was absolutely indecent for a student to leave the dormitory without wearing gloves! Often we find ourselves greeting persons in a mechanical manner entirely lacking in sincerity. But "etiquette in its truer sense, is concerned with those rules of the 'game of life' which make it easier and simpler for us to mingle with one another." As Emerson said, "Manners are the happy way of doing things. If they are superficial so are the dewdrops that give such a depth to the morning meadows."

### March 31

"An Adventure with the Devil Worshippers of Kurdistan" was the intriguing title of the talk given by Dr. Cyrus Gordon. Dr. Gordon is an archæologist, and it was in 1931 that these adventures befell him in Iraq. This strange country, made famous by T. E. Lawrence, has many bizarre ideas of ethics. Banditry is almost held in high esteem—the best practitioners of the craft dig holes under the doors and after greasing their bare bodies to facilitate entrance, crawl through

the opening into the dwelling.

Our speaker's guide had been a renowned bandit but had been caught and publicly flogged. This had brought him into disgrace with his colleagues, and thus it came that the bandit directed Dr. Gordon to the Kurdish devil worshippers. These people turned out to be quite innocent. They worshipped the devil because "since God is all good and the devil all evil, it is the latter we must propitiate to keep harm from us." On the way to and from his destination the archæologist was lavishly entertained by the local chieftains. However lax their treatment of marauders may be, these tribesmen have the highest sense of honor in caring for guests. At one place Dr. Gordon awakened one morning to find two guards standing over him—they had been there all night for his protection.

### The Campus School

The final Te-Pa-Chi Club meeting of the year was held on Tuesday, May 12th, Mrs. Paul Criblet, who was introduced as President of the Woman's Club of Towson, gave a delightful talk on "Home Training for Citizenship."

The Campus School will be represented at the Playground Athletic Meet which will be held at Patterson Park on Saturday, May 30th.

close by the middle of the month. Several clubs have contributed their surplus money to the milk fund. The Boxing Club is holding a special bout for this worthy cause.

The next issue of the Campus School Chronicle is expected to appear

within a week.

The Campus School rock garden, at the edge of the parking space, is in full bloom, and growing more beautiful every day. Don't miss

seeing it.

The closing Exercises of the Campus School will be held on Friday June 12th, at 10:30. According to custom the program will be in charge of the Seventh grade, with music the predominating feature. The following selections have been chosen from "Tunes and Harmonies" of the World of Music Series (Ginn and Company) as suitable for the occasion: Morning Serenade, The Pool, A Russian Folk Tune, and A Solemn Pledge. Rehearsals are now under way.

#### **&**

### Do You Read the Tower Light?

From cover to cover a good magazine is good. Quite frequently one judges magazines first from the standpoint of attractive appearance. In that the Tower Light excels. The cover, a hard finished paper, is usually made up of a quite simple design that is worked around the name of the magazine. At first appearance then, I should say, the

Tower Light is the aristocrat of magazines.

Within the cover lie the many different articles. A variety of appropriate subjects, humor, college news, short stories, poems, editorials and athletic notes are regular copy. Certainly this wide range is sufficient to entertain any reader for an entire evening. Besides being entertaining, the Tower Light is educational. Summaries of assembly programs are presented and can be referred to for information. This saves individual note-taking during the assemblies. Book reviews of the new books of the library are given. This affords the individual a chance to see just what new books the library is adding as well as samples for personal needs.

The Tower Light is an excellent medium through which the reader may relieve himself of obsessions; a given space is devoted in some issues to "Pet Peeves." We propose a "Forum" in which the discussion of various topics and problems may be carried on. What would

you like?

This, then, just about sums up the Tower Light. It is a magazine of character with something to please all, from little sister up to grandfather, and a permanent record of the happenings of the "good old days" at Towson.

## Notes from the Glee Club

THE Glee Club is always a busy organization, but recently we have been more than busy. Commencement music, election of officers, May Day, and Cockeysville are the things that are keeping the Glee Club members on their toes.

We have held our election of officers for next year with the follow-

ing results:

President—Leonard Woolf
Vice-President—Ellen Pratt
Secretary—Geneva Lee Wilson
Librarian—LeRoy Wheatley
Tower Light Representative—Doris Burtnett

Tower Light Representative—Doris Burtnett
On Friday, May 8, we held a concert at Cockeysville, Maryland. Our program consisted of:
Salutation—A Choral Prologue
ConfessionSchumann
Jeanie with the Light Brown HairFoster-Nevin Semi-Chorus
O Lord Most HolyCesar Franck
O Light, Gracious Glow
Morgen Muss Ich Fort Von HierSilcher Quartet: I. Cohen, R. Williams, E. MacCubbin, H. Silver
Come Back to Sorrento Ernesto de Curtis
Dominic Provenza
Keep on Hopin'
Two Little Love BeesOperetta "Spring Maid" Reinhardt Trio: D. Provenza, L. Donner, H. Stern
Go Down MosesSpiritual
Joshua Fit de Battle
De Old Ark's A-Moverin'
Dedication
Loveliest of TreesDuke
Oleta Hood

May Day Carol		
	15	
Spring's a Lovable Ladye Dear		
Catherine Scho	ottler	
Hey Marinka	Bohemian Folk Song	
Girls' Chor	us	
Charming Chloe	German	
Lovely Spring		
Galway Piper	Irish Folk Song-Treharne	
Glee Club		

As a result of this little concert, we now have ten dollars more to add to our fund, which we are saving for Academic gowns for the Glee Club.

With May Day and Cockeysville events of the past, we are settling down to intensive work on Baccalaureate and Commencement music. The programs will include:

Gloria Patri	Palestrina
O Lord Most Holy	Cesar Franck
O Light, Gracious Glow	
Echo Song	Orlando di Lasso

The Glee Club extends its best wishes to the graduating class and hopes that its contribution may add just a little to the all-important closing events.

### **യ**മ

## Four Things

Four things a man must learn to do If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

## O Yes! The Orchestra



would like to be forty—members, not years old. This article is for all prospective orchestra aspirants entering next year, or for those bashful (?) or conceited players of instruments who are in school but feel that the orchestra would take up too much of their time. To you, then, if you don't care to read this article, all right, but think a bit about joining the orchestra next year.

A short review of a few incidents in the school year from an orchestra member's point of view might be enlightening to

you who sometimes stop, look and occasionally listen to the orchestra in assembly.

September—Those first rehearsals—Not uncommon are such happenings as: coming in when you shouldn't, tuning at the wrong time, or playing at A when you should be at B. But don't worry, they stop—they stop or else—.

Freshman Mothers—Free meal—It's all right—you don't get much to eat—(No reflection on the meal but rather on the amount of time we have to eat)—And well enough. There is nothing so complacent as an orchestra player that has finished a good meal. The worst can happen and would, were it not for the admonishing glance of the director.

Christmas dinner—same complaint—Playing in the balcony—some fun serenading in reverse: i.e., from the balcony downwards instead of from the ground up. (It's safer! Harder to toss flowers still incumbent in pots.) Now the show begins: The Halls are Decked with Holly eighteen times to the tune of the gr-rand old Welsh air. (The orchestra left off the ''and'' and just said ''gr-r.'') The brass section has ''smoke in its eyes'' after the photographer takes the official photo. (Why won't he use Photo-floods instead of flash powder?)

Radio broadcast—One occasion where Miss Prickett won't stop us to "go back to three measures before A and try to play as if it is a composition, not a bowing exercise."

May Day—Pomp and Circumstance—(no, not the procession but rather Elgar's piece) only played fifteen times this year. One trouble about this May Day business: how can a fiddler look at the music, watch the procession, see the director and keep the wind from blowing Elgar's dignified opus from one's stand without losing one's sangfroid (Yes, it's French).

Commencement—Outdoors maybe—and with luck it will rain. Nothing is more fun than to attempt to collect music, grab stand, instrument and case and run between the drops of rain to the Ad building. The least you can do is break a string; the best, is to stumble. And until you have played, with the elements raging outside and had every third measure punctuated with a thunder clap, you don't appreciate the meaning of playing "under difficulties."

Is it worth it? Well, orchestra members think so. If you would like to play but think two hours a week is too much of your precious time, don't join. But, if you like to play—even if you only get a squeal when you pull a bow across the strings or an unearthly wail when you blow a sax, join the orchestra. Here's a chance to learn something about music other than that Bach is the name of a musician, not a light alcoholic beverage. Here's a chance to improve your playing and above all to have a good time. But as the plate at the head of the article is trying to: || (repeat). A || look at the music and you'll not B|. Although there's a | (bar) at the beginning of each piece and a || (double bar) at the end, the 'bars' are down to you if you want to join the orchestra. If instrumental music is your f (forte), don't try to 'soft pedal' your ability.

MALCOLM DAVIES.

### <u>್ಲಾಲ್</u>

Youth (to fair companion)—Have you ever tried listening to a play with your eyes shut?

Voice (from behind)—Have you tried listening to one with your mouth shut?

### TRUE

College is just like a washing machine; you get out of it just what you put into it but you'd never recognize it.

A report from our own Loyola states that the three desires of the college man of today are: The pigskin, the sheepskin, and the skin you love to touch.



## As You Like It



ROM a Men's Club meeting of three or four years ago comes this story (it's still good): Mr. Walther was asked to speak, and—wonder of wonders—he consented. When time came for him to talk, the men leaned back and waited expectantly. Mr. Walther began, "Have you ever heard the story of Romeo and Juliet?" The men grinned; this was going to be good. "Well, it's like this," continued he. "Romeo came to call on Juliet one night. He climbed up to her balcony, looked behind her through the window. 'Isn't your mother home? he asked. 'No,' replied Juliet. 'Isn't your father home?' 'No.' 'Isn't anyone home?' 'No!' 'Well, you know,' said Romeo, 'I didn't come here to talk.' And I didn't come here to talk," ended Mr. Walther, and he sat down.

Reflections on human nature (by Philosopher Wheatley):

The average man is afraid to wear the kind of hot weather garment he'd like to. It isn't the heat; it's the timidity.

Bass drummers now propose charging so much per pound for their services.

Living within one's income means living without worry—and lots of other things.

Long as I've been going to school, I still do not know how to calculate the horse-power of a donkey engine.

It seems almost impossible to write a column now without putting in verses.

Affection is a noble quality;
It leads to generosity and jollity,
But it also leads to breach of promise
If you go around lavishing it on red hot momise.

(The verse is dedicated to Malcolm, but only because it rhymes with his name).

The Baby
A bit of talcum
Is always walcum.

L. W. and M. C.

A farewell note from your regular columnist is in order. He says:
An old joke always comes back—so does your humor editor.
Thank you, Margaret Cooley and you, Roy Wheatley, for carrying on so nobly. To the student body, may I thank you for your occasional hee-haw. And to you, dear and best beloved grads, farewell—until I see you on next year's alumni mailing list.

Your mite-y editor, SID TEPPER.

#### **&**@\_\_\_\_\_

## Sport Flashes

Baseball is in the air. Already our varsity squad has participated in four major contests. Fortune has not favored our boys in these battles although we did defeat St. John's powerful nine in a hard-fought game. The other three contests ended in defeat for our team. Despite the losses, the team has been playing fine ball against superior opposition. Ed Brumbaugh has pitched the calibre of ball that is the envy of all prospective pitchers. Every team that we have played has respected and admired his form. It is usually the failure to hit in the pinches that has cost us a victory.

At present Ed Hamilton and Allen Harper are leading the batting order. Both of these men have improved tremendously since the beginning of the season. This improvement is attributed mainly to their adoption of the short, snappy swing that is advocated by Coach Min-

negan.

Although the team has started on the wrong foot we are looking forward to a flashy finish. The eleven is composed mainly of Freshman and Sophomore members. This means that next year's team should be

far superior to the present one.

The school spirit shown by the students during the games has been recognized by the squad and I can assure you has been much appreciated. Let's keep up this enthusiasm and root our men on to victories in the remaining contests. The team can win; let's make them!

MELVIN COLE.



### The Group Theater

By RUTH NELSON, actress of the Group Theater—as told to Blanche Klasmer

BOUT five years ago three men, Lu Strossberg, Gerald Crawford, and Harold Clurman, organized a group of actors and playwrights into one great company. Before they started, every Friday evening a large group of actors were invited to meetings conducted by these three men at which lectures were given. Later twentyfour actors were chosen to join the group. They had no money and no play but were impatient to get started. Fortunately the Theater Guild gave them Paul Green's "House of Connelly," because they were unable to use it themselves. Since they were now faced with financing their play, they hired a barn in the country with a few contributions which they had received, and began preparation. Besides intensive rehearsing, they devoted their time to classes of acting and of voice. They brought the play to New York and were given the use of the Guild's Theater where they presented it without any scenery for prospective backers and producers. Besides assistance from individuals, the Group Theater was once again helped by the Theater Guild which offered to back them to the extent of fifty per cent. The play, which incidentally, featured Franchot Tone, ran on Broadway for four months and then went on tour. Following this substantial foundation came other famous productions; namely, "Men in White," which won the Pulitzer Prize and "The Case of Clyde Griffiths" which is now enjoying a successful run in New York.

Every summer for two months the Association members and five apprentices go to the country to prepare for the play of the following season. Here they study, rest, write and rehearse. If a playwright is writing a play and is not sure how to end it, he often gets the actors on the stage and lets them make up lines extemporaneously. These summers

offer unique and valuable experiences.

There are several factors to which the Group Theater attributes its success: the personnel has remained intact in spite of individual offers at higher salaries; the members refrain from type casting; that is, one player does not always play the same kind of role. With good luck, good talent and good sense, the Group Theater has become the most outstanding company of its kind.



## The Library---at Your Service

#### Five Books to Reread

o select just five books to reread is very difficult but I shall reread these five because they present life differently and at the same time

similarly.

Carolyn Miller's Lamb in His Bosom, Mary E. Chase's Silas Crockett, and Ellen Glasgow's Vein of Iron, depict past ways of life that are simple and at the same time refreshing. Each of them describes the perseverance of generation after generation sticking to the same style and pattern of life. Each is beautifully yet simply told.

I should like to reread Marcia Davenport's Mozart. Miss Davenport does not present Mozart ideally or with a great deal of sentiment, yet Mozart can never die because of her efforts. A man who died so

young but who accomplished so much is indeed a genius.

And finally I should like to read again Anne M. Lindbergh's, North to the Orient. Because the Lindberghs are famous, one is glad to see how human and how humble they are. The book is not full of technical language but clearly and concisely expressed. It is always remarkably fresh, no matter how many times you read it.

Probably none of these books will ever become masterpieces, yet

each one is an interpretation of life that is truly worthwhile.

W. J.

Lawrence, T. E.—Seven Pillars of Wisdom—New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.: 1935. 672 pp. \$5.

CARREL, ALEXIS—Man, The Unknown—New York: Harper & Bros.: 1935. XVIII, 346 pp. \$3.50.

KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA—Selina—New York: Harper & Bros.: 1935. 304 pp. \$2.50



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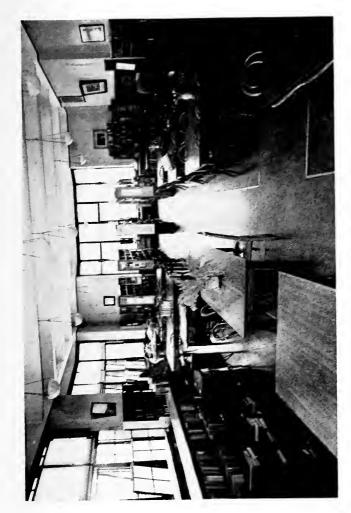
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